

THE
Sixth Volume
OF
LETTERS

Writ by a
Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty Years,
Undiscover'd, at

P A R I S:

Giving an Impartial ACCOUNT to
the DIVAN at *Constantinople*, of the
most Remarkable TRANSACTIONS
of EUROPE; And discovering several
INTRIGUES and SECRETS of the
CHRISTIAN COURTS (especially of
that of FRANCE) continued from
the Year 1659, to the Year 1682.

*Written Originally in Arabick, Translated into
Italian, and from thence into English, by the
Translator of the First Volume.*

L O N D O N,
Printed for HENRY RHODES, at the Corner
of Bride-Lane in Fleet-Street, and RICHARD
SARE, at Grays-Inn-Gate in Holbourn, 1703.



T O T H E
R E A D E R.

AS superfluous as *Prefaces* seem, yet there is one thing which makes it in a manner necessary to prefix a few Lines to this *Volume*, in regard there is an Occasion given by the Objections some Gentlemen have been lately pleased to make against the Style of the *English* Translation. These Persons having by a very costly Inquisitiveness, found and procur'd the *Italian* Copy of these *Letters*, and compar'd them with the *English*, pick many Faults in the latter, which they would fain improve to the lessening the Reputation of the *Turkish Spy*, or at least to the heightening their own Characters as *Wits*

To the R E A D E R.

and *Criticks*, *Masters of Languages*, and the *Grand Patentees of Humane Sense*.

In the First Place they say, the *Italian* Translation keeps close to the Original *Arabick*; whereas the *English* abounds too much with *Anglicisms*, which are not sufficient to express the *Authors's* Primitive Sense.

How Impossible a Thing it is, to please all People in Undertakings of this Nature! Formerly they were offended that so many *Turkish* and *Arabick* Words were left untranslated. And that being answered in the *Preface* to the *Fourth Volume*, they have now form'd New Arguments out of that very Answer, to assault us on the contrary Side, and tax us with being too *Vernacular*. 'Tis true, the *Letters* they have sent to the *Bookseller* on this Account, are not subscrib'd at Length. Yet by Accident, one of the Gentlemen's Hand-Writing is known.

And

To the R E A D E R.

And tho' we acknowledge him to be an Ingenious Person, and a Man of Learning; yet I believe he would be unwilling his *Letter* should here be expos'd in Print (or the *Original* shew'd to some that know him, and perhaps may claim an Equal Rank among the *Criticks*.)

But to come to the purpose; I have often heard *Translations* blamed for keeping too close to the *Original* Phrase, but never any before this, for a Negligence that is absolutely necessary to retain the Sense of a *Foreign Author*. All the World knows, there is a vast Distance between *Arabick* and the *Languages* of *Europe*; and if the *Italian Translator* was more exact in forming his Words up to a near Imitation of the *Eastern* Proprieties of Speech, no doubt but Impartial Men will rather Censure it as a Fault, than cry it up for an Excellency; since nothing sounds well in any *Language* which is not deliver'd in the *Natural Idiom*.

To the R E A D E R.

Every thing ought to be writ in as Familiar a Style as we Discourse; especially *Letters*, which are but a Proxy-Method of Conversing at a Distance. And he that Translates out of one *Language* into another, ought to aim Chiefly at this, That he be sure to retain the *Original* Sense, and render it smooth and easy to the Reader. The Flowers of *Arabia* and *Italy*, when once Transplanted to our barren *English* Soil, lose their Vertue and Beauty, till they are Naturaliz'd: What then must we expect from their Weeds? Doubtless, there are some Peculiarities in all *Languages*; and to Translate *Verbatim* from so Remote a *Tongue*, would sound as harsh as *French* does in an *Englishman's* Mouth, when he pronounces it as 'tis writ.

What I have more to say is, That as this *Volume* contains a *History* of things transacted within the Memory of most Men now living; so the Two succeeding *Tomes* fall
down

To the R E A D E R.

down lower and nearer to the present Times: Giving an Account of Events whereof many have been Eye-witnesses, and wherein not a few have had a Personal Share either by way of Action or Suffering, Profit or Damage; which must needs afford Delight to thinking Men, since there is nothing more Agreeable to Mortals than to reflect on the former Passages of their Lives, according to that of the Poet :

Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Besides, for the farther Encouragement of the Candid Reader, he may assure himself, that toward the Conclusion of the Last *Volume*, he will meet with several *Secrets* between the *French* and *Turkish* Courts, which will discover the true Source of the *Present War* between the *Emperor* of *Germany* and the *Grand Signior*; and give a Glimps of the Private *Machinations* and *Springs* which have put all *Europe* into the *Hurly-burly* 'tis now in.

To the R E A D E R.

I have but this more to say, That
we hope to be more Speedy in pub-
lishing the Remainder of these *Let-
ters*, than we have hitherto been in
the Former *Volumes*. Reader, A-
dieu.

A T A-

A

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LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *P A R I S*.

V O L. VI.

B O O K I.

L E T T E R I.

Mahmut *the Arabian at Paris, to Dgnet Oglou, his Friend at Constantinople.*

IT makes me smile sometimes, when I reflect how often I was put to it for an Address suitable to the Manners of the *Nazarenès*, and the particular Mode of *Paris*, when I first arriv'd at this City: For, thou know'st we had other Employments, than to learn Fashions and Conges at *Palermo*. The Mind of a *Slave* is dejected

B

under

under the Circumstances of his *Captivity*; so that he has not Leisure to regard any Thing, but how to accomplish his daily Task, and to please his *Patron*. All his Study and Care is bent upon this, and there's no Room left for Generous Thoughts; Neither has he Means or Courage to venture on Projects, or improve the Present Occurrences in order to his Future Happiness: Nay, he hardly dares think of ever being Happy again. This was my Case, and I believe 'twas not much better with thee.

Yet, notwithstanding all the Rigorous Usage I had, the *Bastinado's*, Kicks, Bruises, Cuts and Wounds, I receiv'd from the Hands of that Barbarous *Giafer*, my *Master*, which made me sometimes Incapable of doing him any Service by Day, or of taking any Rest my self by Night, I was resolv'd to find some spare Time for *Books*. I rose Early, and went Late to Sleep; neglecting no Moment, wherein I could apply my self to Study. The Acquaintance I had with that *Sicilian* Carpenter, our Friend, was of Singular Advantage to me in this Kind: For, thou may'st remember, he was well stock'd with many Ancient and Learned *Treatises*. He furnished me with *Plutarch*, *Polybius*, *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other *Histories*. All which, and many more, I devour'd with Greediness; for I had a strong Appetite to Knowledge. And after my *Redemption*, I pass'd away some Time in the *Academies*, where I learn'd the Knotty Tricks of *Logick*, how to split *Moods* and *Figures*, and chain one Impertinent *Syllogism* to the Tail of another to Eternity. I also ran through a Course of *Philosophy* and other *Sciences*. Neither was I altogether Ignorant of *Men*: For the Reading of *Histories*, fits a Man the better to make Practical Experiments in the Affairs of the *World*. To which also, *Philosophy* is not a little helpful, in directing our Observations on the various Tempers of *People*, Mens Personal Dispositions and Singularities, with the

the Humours and Customs Peculiar to this or that Nation. For these things depend many Times on the Difference of the *Climate*, the *Nature* of the *Soil*, the *Qualities* of the *Air*, and the *Manner* of their *Diet*.

But neither *History*, *Logick* or *Philosophy*, were able to efface the Impressions of my Early Years, or unteach me the *Manners* in which I had been Educated from my Infancy. I brought *Arabia* and *Constantinople* along with me even to *Paris*. And because I had not been used to dissemble the Profession and Carriage of a *Mussulman*, during my Thralldom in *Sicily*; I was at a loss in my Deportment, when I came First hither.

How often have I been like to discover my self by Pronouncing the Sacred *Bismillah*, either when I sat down to Eat, or put a Glass of Water to my Lips; or when I begun any other Action of Importance? So likewise in uttering the *Handillah*, after a Repast, or when any Thing happen'd which prompted me to praise *God*.

When I met any of my Acquaintance in the Streets, I was apt to forget that I had a Hat on. And instead of putting off that, according to the Fashion of the *Franks*, I laid my Hand on my Breast, and sometimes bowed so low, that my Hat fell off from my Head, before I was sensible of my Error.

If I had Occasion to address my self to a *Person* of *Quality*, I was ready to take up the Bottom of his Cloak, Gown or Robe, and to Kiss it in Token of Reverence, as the Custom is in the *East*, when we salute the *Grandeess*. Nay sometimes I could not forbear falling on my Knee, or prostrate on the Ground before *Cardinal Richlieu*, and those of his High Dignity. All which, nevertheless, passed only for Clownishness, and want of *Courtly* Education, which teaches the Nice *Punctilio's* of Address. They took me for a Kind of *Moldavian* Rustick,

without any farther Jealousie. Or perhaps, they smil'd at all this as some Singular Caprice or Humour, like that of the *Philosopher Pasicles*, who coming to salute a Great Captain, and the Ceremony of those Times requiring him to touch the Captain's Knee, he laid his Hand on his *Genitals*. At which the Captain being affronted, and thrusting his Hand away with Scornful Words; *What!* says the *Philosopher*, *does not that Part belong to you, as well as your Knees?* It often diverts my Melancholy, to consider how many Errors of this Kind I have committed, not through Ignorance, or any Cynical Humour, but only in pure Oversight, and Forgetfulness.

It was a long Time ere I could frame my Fingers to handle a *Knife* and *Fork* at *Meals*, as is the Universal Custom in these *Western Parts*; Whereas thou knowest, we make use of no other *Instruments* in Eating, but our *Fingers* and *Teeth*. Whence it was, that I could not sometimes forbear thrusting my Hand into a whole Dish of Meat; which is counted a great Indecency in *France*. And after I was reconciled to those Nicer Instruments of Voluptuousness, so as to Carve my Meat *à la Mode*; yet when once I had it on my own *Plate*, I laid aside those Tools as Useless, and tore it asunder with my Fingers and Teeth, feeding *à la Turcesque*, as the *French* call it; that is, like a *Mussulman*.

Nevertheless, no Body suspected me; but all these Miscarriages pass'd for *Moldavian Barbarisms*, the salvage Customs of that my supposed Country. I tell thee, that tho' the Manner of Eating among the *French*, seem to have something more of Neatness and Delicacy in it; yet it appears full of Stiffness and Luxury, and I cannot in Reason prefer it to the more Natural and Simple Method of Diet, us'd in the *East*. Neither wou'd the *Franks* themselves condemn us for Salvages in this Point, as they commonly

monly do, did they but consider, that this Negligence very well becomes *Men of the Sword*; and that in their *Campaigns*, their own *Generals* are ambitious to appear Careless in every Thing relating to their Body.

Doubtless, the Ancient *Romans*, who brought the Greatest Part of the *World* under their Power, shunn'd all Finenesses in *Diet* and *Apparel*, till such Time as their *Manners* were debauched, and their *Empire* in its Decline. Our *Annals* record, That when *Sultan Selim* lay down with his Army before a certain Place, and the *Governour* of the *Town* sent *Commissioners* to treat with him about a Surrender; they found him at Dinner, which consisted only of Two or Three *Onions*, a little *Salt* and *Bread*.

Histories also relate of the Faithful *Omar*, Successor of the *Prophet*, That when he was with his Army not far from *Jerusalem*, the *Nazarene Prince* who govern'd that City, sent a *Spy* into the *Host* of the *Mussulmans*, to observe their Discipline, and bring him a Lively Character of their *General*. The *Spy* went according to his *Master's* Order. And having tarried some Time in the *Arabian Camp*, returned again, and thus spoke to the *Governour*.

" It will be Needless to recount every Thing I observed among these Souldiers; since by what I shall say of their *Leader*, thou mayest comprehend the *Manners* of them all: For they obey him, and follow his Example in every Thing, with Exquisite Silence and Modesty. I saw *Omar* their *Prince*, at the Head of his Army, sitting on a *Camel*, his Face Tawny and Scorch'd by the *Sun*, in a *Vest* of *Persian Cotton*, girded about with a Belt of *Leather*, at which hung a *Cymetar* and *Dagger*, with a *Knapsack* tied behind him like the Meanest Souldier. I saw him take out from thence hard *Crusts* of *Bread*, shaking off the *Husks* of *Millet* which stuck to them; and saying,

“ In the Name of God, he Eat heartily of the same.
 “ Then he drank Water out of a Leathern Bottle
 “ hanging by his Side; And when he had done, he
 “ said, *Praise be to God.* All his Army made their
 “ Repast at the same Time, and in the same Man-
 “ ner with Admirable Temperance, and such an
 “ Order and Modesty, as I never saw before, nither
 “ can I express.

When the *Prince* heard this, he stood still a Con-
 siderable Time, musing as one Astonished. Then
 turning to the *Seniors* and *Chief* of the People who
 were present, he said, “ It is Necessary that we sur-
 “ render our City to these People; for they have
 “ the Smiles of *Heaven.* Their *Prophet* and their
 “ *Law*, oblige ’em to Temperance, Frugality, Obe-
 “ dience and a Modest Deportment. These Virtues
 “ are certain Steps to *Victory* and *Empire.* Besides,
 “ I have received a *Tradition* from my *Ancestors*,
 “ That a *People* shall come out of *Arabia*, with a
 “ New *Law* and *Religion*, which shall abolish all that
 “ went before it. They shall subdue *Palestine* and
 “ *Egypt*, and shall build *Mosques*, wherein their *Pray-*
 “ *ers* shall sound like the *Humming* of *Bees.* Their
 “ *Empire* shall extend from *East* to *West*, and to the
 “ *Extremities* of the *Earth.* This is what I have
 “ learned from my *Fore-Fathers*, and which I believe
 “ is now coming to pass. Therefore it will be in
 “ vain to resist these Men; for they are Invincible
 “ by a *Decree* from *Above.*

Those that were about him, did not approve the
 Counsel of this Wise *Nazarene.* However, he sent
 to *Omar*, and obtained Favour for himself and his
Family.

Thou wilt say, I’m got wide of the Mark of my
 First Discourse, which related to my self, and not
 to any of the Primitive *Caillips*: But ’tis impossible
 to restrain our Thoughts from roving. Some say,
 they hang together like the Links of a Chain; and
 that

that one *Idea* being fastened to another in our Memory, we muster them in Rank and File, according to their proper Order, when we think, or make Reflections. *God* knows how 'tis. This I'm sure of, That when I write to my Friends, I study not to make an Elaborate Speech on't, as if I were penning an *Oration*; but pursuing my First Intention at Random, I run on, letting one Thought and Word beget another.

But I was telling thee how great a Bungler I was at First in all the *Ceremonies* and *Manners* of the *Franks*, which differ from those of the *East*. I was much to seek in my Address, as an *Ass* would be to play on a *Lute*, according to the *Roman Proverb*: Yet Time and Practice render'd all these Things Familiar and Easie. Now, methinks, I'm a thorow-pac'd *Nazarene* as to my Exteriour. I go to the *Court*, and the *Temples* with as much seeming Formality as the *Christians*, whilst *God* knows, my Heart is somewhere else. All my Actions are out of their Natural Byass, so long as I am Absent from the Society of *True Believers*.

In a word, I'm forc'd to imitate the *Fox*, which Creature, when it tis environ'd with *Huntsmen* and *Dogs*, counterfeits a Barking like the Latter, and so passes undiscover'd for one of their Company.

Paris, 3d. of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER II.

To the Reis Effendi, or Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

I Am at this Time possess'd with more Apprehensions and Jealousies, than an Old *Infidel* Usurer. My Lodging affects me with greater Melancholy, than would a Prison. And my Uneasiness is the same when I go out of Doors. Every Body that meets me, looks either as my *Accuser* or my *Judge*: And some appear as terrible as *Executioners*. By Day, my Imagination torments me like a *Fury*; and by Night, I am affrighted with Melancholy *Visions*. I dream of nothing but Racks, Wheels, Saws, Gibbets, and such like Instruments of Humane Cruelty. Or that I am in some dark Dungeon, condemn'd to more Unsufferable Tortures, by Order of the *State*; with *Cardinal Mazzani*, sitting by me like a *Spanish Inquisitor*, and in the most Tyrannical Manner threatening me with Pains, to which the *Damn'd* themselves are wholly Strangers, if I will not confess what I am, and reveal the Secrets with which I am entrusted.

The Occasion of these Terrors which harass me Night and Day, is this: I have for Four or Five Days together, found my self dogg'd up and down *Paris*, by a Man whose Face I never saw before in my Life. Let me go where I will, he's always some Distance from me. If I stand still, so does he: Or if I turn back he's quickly at my Heels. I have endeavour'd by all the Prudent Methods I could take to drop him in the Crow'd of People, or in the Churches: But all in vain; for still I encounter with the same Face. He pursues me like my Shadow. Neither Coach nor Boat, Land

OR

or Water, House or Alley, can rescue me from the Fellow's Eyes, who is more quick-sighted than *Argus*, and nimbler than *Mercury*. He is very Cunning also in this Business, and as dexterous as a Jugler, conveying himself when he pleases out of my Sight; yet presently after, he's in View again. And if I chance to lose him in the Dark, I am sure to find him not far from my Lodging next Morning.

This is it which gives me so much Disturbance; and pierces me with a Thousand Anxieties, For I know not what to conjecture of this Fellow's Design. Sometimes I think he is employed by *Cardinal Mazarini* to watch my Motions; observe what Houses and Company I frequent, and trace me in all my Appointments. And I am the more confirm'd in this Suspicion, when I reflect on my former Imprisonment in this City, and the Occasion of it. Besides, when I went Yesterday to see *Eliachim* the Jew, this Spark followed me near to the Door: And tho' I tarried there Two full Hours, yet when I came out, I had not walked a Hundred Places, before I saw him again, footing it after me in a Careless manner, with his Arms folded, and his Eyes fix'd on the Ground, as if he knew Nothing of the Matter. These are convincing Circumstances, that he is set at Work by the *Cardinal*, or some Body else, to discover my Business.

But when on the other Side, I consider, that if the *Cardinal* suspected me, he might go a nearer Way to Work, and seize me in my Chamber, where my Letters would betray me; this Thought vanishes, and I am at a Loss what to think.

Then comes into my Mind the encounter I had once with my *Sicilian* Master, who strove to set the Rabble upon me in the Streets of *Paris*, but my better Stars delivered me out of his and their

Hands, whilst, for ought I know, he drew upon himself the Mischief he design'd for me. However, when I reflect on that Passage, I am apt to think he may be now in *Paris*, and having by some Accident seen me go in or out at my Lodging, contrives how to revenge himself on me, and uses this Fellow's Assistance in compassing his Ends. Perhaps, think I, he will cause me to be stabb'd or pistoll'd at some convenient Season; Or he will find out some other Way, less noisie and more malicious to dispatch me. It may be he seeks to entrap me, and render me Obnoxious to the *State*. I have a thousand Imaginations about it, and know not what to conclude. I value not my self, nor am I careful to prolong a Miserable Life for my own Sake. All that I can hope to enjoy in this World, would come far short of tempting me to skreen my self from the Stroak of Death, by any Action Unworthy of a *Philosopher*, and a Man. But the Duty and Affection I owe to the *Grand Signior's* Service makes me willing to live, till I have acquitted my self of my *Province* with perfect Success, that so I may return to *Constantinople* with Honour. And then I care not how soon I post to that Unknown World, where all the Generations of Mortals take up their Eternal Rest: For in this there's Nothing but Labour and Grief.

In the mean Time, I know not what Conduct to use in this Emergency; Whether I'd best to speak to this Fellow, or dissemble my Suspicion; Whether it will be safe to trust this Event to the General *Providence*, or to sacrifice him that gives me so much Disquiet, and so secure my Peace. I could easily have him dispatch'd without any farther Noise. But then my Conscience would trouble me with after-Claps, lest I should have Murther'd a Man without Reason, which is expressly forbid by the *Alcoran*. Besides, I should
always

Vol. VI. *a Spy at* PARIS. II

always stand in Fear of some Discovery; I protest, I am at a Loss for want of Ample Instructions in such Cases as these. And I am weary of mentioning what I have so often intimated already to the *Ministers of the Port*, without any Direct Answer. However, I will do what my Reason suggests, and leave the Event to *Destiny*.

Happy *Minister*, the Affairs of this World are full of dark Windings and *Meanders*; and we have all need of a Guide or a Clew to conduct us thro' 'em. May that *Omnipresent* assist us, when ever we are catch'd in a Knot, or lost in a *Labyrinth* of Difficulties.

Paris, 3^d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1659.

L E T T E R III.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President
of the College of Sciences at Fez.

THY Venerable *Dispatch* I received with Kisses and a Transport of Joy. I Thrice touch'd my Eye-lids with the Paper of High Esteem, and as oft I laid it to my Breast. I broke up the Seals with Modesty and Reverence, and my Greedy Eyes devour'd the Lines of Profound Wisdom; the *Sentences* and *Aphorisms* worthy to be written in *Letters of Gold*. Then 'twas I bless'd the Hour of my Nativity, and the more Happy Moment wherein I First had the Honour of thy Familiarity and Friendship: O thou sincere and Eximious *Patron* of such as love the *Sciences*! Renowned for thy Learning and Probity of Manners! Prince of the

B. 6. *Alfaqui's*

*Alfaqui's and Doctors! Crown of the Sage Assembly
of Philosophers! Oracle of the Age.*

Glory be to God; who has neither Beginning nor End! Who alone possesses the Infinite Expanse and Life Eternal; Who is Ador'd by the *Inhabitants of Heaven, of Earth, and of Hell*. Benedictions on *Michael, Gabriel, Israphiel, Ithuriel, Jeremiel, Hasmariel*, and on all the Happy *Ministers* of his *Divine Majesty*; as also on the *Angel of Death*. Peace to the *True Believers* on *Earth*, and *Salvation* to the *Devils* and *Damn'd*, after they have accomplish'd their *Penance* in *Hell*, and the *Term* of *Wrath* shall be *Expir'd*.

An Universal Charity dilates my Heart; I embrace with Love all the Creatures of God. This is owing to the Seasonable Arrivall of thy Letter: For at the Moment when that came, I was plung'd in so deep a Melancholy, that I could hardly afford a Kind Thought for any Thing on Earth, and I perfectly hated my self. I have these Fits of Sadness often, it being an Effect of my *Constitution*.

At those Seasons Life appears an Insupportable Burthen, and all the Bustle and Noise of Mortals a Vain Fatigue. My Senses, which at other Times administer Delight and Pleasure, are now the Instruments of Anguish and Pain. Every Thing I see and hear, disgusts me. I abhor my necessary Food. Neither can the Sweetest Odors, or softest Strains of *Musick* bring me into a better Temper; Till Sleep Eclipses the Light of my busie Imagination, and puts out every glaring Thought. Then my *Soul* takes her Repose: And stealing from my *Body*, enters into the Shady Vale of *Visions*, and sports with Innocent *Idea's*. Thus having diverted my self with jumbling Monstrous *Essences* together, and hurling one *Chimera*, at another, I return again to my *Body*, and Sighing awake, griev'd that I cou'd not longer stay in that *Mock-World*,

World, where I cou'd have wish'd my Residence for Ever, rather than in *this*, which gives me so much Real Pain. Thus is my Anguish renew'd with the Morning. Light is more Irksom to me than Darknesh, and the Day which brings Joy to other Mortals is more terrible to me than Night, and the Shadow of Death.

I complain to the *Elements*, but they will not hear or regard me. All *Nature* seems to laugh at my Affliction, and the Beasts of the Field triumph o'er me. As for Men, here are none but *Infidels*, my profess'd Eenemies, to whom I can vent my Sorrows: And I'm asham'd to make a Woman my *Confessor*, though 'twere my own Mother, who lives in *Paris*, and daily sees me.

If in this dolorous Condition I prepare my self with the accusom'd *Purifications* of the *Law*, and addresses to the *Omnipotent*, I know not where to find him: His *Essence* is Unsearchable, and flies from Human Thought. I call him aloud by his Ninety Nine Adorable Names, but receive no Answer. I repeat his Incomprehensible Attributes, but all to no Purpose. In a Word, I say and do all that the *Law* enjoyns, the *Prophet* counsels, Holy Persons recommend, or my own Reason suggests, as a proper Means to obtain the Favour of *Heaven*, and a Redress of my Calamity: But find no Comfort. And, for ought I know, that *Spaniard* might as soon be heard, who being ignorant what *Form* of *Prayer* to use, rehears'd the Four and Twenty Letters of the *Alphabet*, desiring *God* to form such Words out of 'em, as best express'd the *Petitioner's* Neecessities.

I tell thee, Illustrious *Prelate*, after I'm tyr'd with Vocal Devotions, I have Recourse to Contemplation. I examine my Past Life, and find that I my self am the Source of my own Melancholy, in not strictly obeying the *Law* of the *Prophet*,
the

the *Precepts* of the *Seniors*, and the Dictates of my Conscience : And all this, for the Sake of Loyalty to the *Grand Signior*, and in Confidence of the *Mufti's* Dispensation. Now I ask of thee, Whether it be Lawful to commit a Thousand Vices, that I may only acquit my self fairly in one Virtue ? Or, to think, that in such Cases, the *Mufti* has Power to disannul the Express, Positive Injunctions of our *Holy Lawgiver* ? Is the *Empire* of the *Faithful* to be serv'd by the Infidelity and Prophane-ness of *Mussulmans* ? Or the Truth to be supported by Lyes and Perjuries ?

I tremble to think what a Confusion I shall be in, when the *Prophet* shall reproach me, That I have preferr'd the Favour of Men, to the Smiles of *Heaven*. I know not what to do. Oh, that I were in the Parching *Desarts* of *Lybia*, or any the most Unfrequented Solitude of *Egypt* ! A Companion of Dragons, and other Horrid Monsters of *Africk* ! rather than in this *Station*, which renders my Life a Hell upon Earth, and torments me with Half the Disquiets of the *Damn'd*.

But if this appears too Extravagant and Desperate a Thought, let me at least wish my self at *Fez*, the meanest of thy Slaves, or of thy Incomparable *Musu Abul Yahyan*, of whom thy last Letter gave so high a Character. I have address'd a *Dispatch* to him, hoping for the Honour of his Friendship and Correspondence.

Let not the Liberty I've taken to tell thee of my Sadness, discourage thee from writing : But rest assur'd, that whenever thou shalt vouchsafe me a Letter, though I were in the Agonies of Death, 'twould call me back again.

Paris, 25th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimacham.

THESE Nazarenes are very Fertile in New Religions. Europe is a Wilderness over-run with Monstrous Sects and Heresies. Every Age produces fresh Pretenders to Prophecy and Divine Revelation. Error is Prolifick and multiplies Infinitely, whilst Truth remains the same for Ever, and is comprehended in a few Rules.

Of late Years there are a Sort of People sprung up in England, Holland, Germany, and other Parts of the North, boasting of a New Commission given them from Heaven, to Preach the Everlasting Truth, reform the Errours and Vices of Mankind, and lead People the only Infallible Way to Happiness. Their Address is Plain and Simple, Bold and Uniform, using no other Ceremonies or Compliments in their Discourse or Carriage to Persons of the Greatest Quality, than to the Vulgar, and those of the most Inferiour Rank.

They stile themselves, *The True Seed*, the Offspring of Jacob, *Jews of the Promise*, *Israelites without Fraud*, with such like vain Titles; but by others they are generally call'd *Quakers*.

They say the Ring-Leader of this People, professes himself to be the *Messias*, being in all Parts of his Body and Features of his Face like *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*: Or at least 'tis observ'd, That he exactly resembles that Pourtraiture of him which *Publius Lentulus* sent to the Senate of Rome out of *Judea*, when he was Governour of that Province. Hence his Followers scruple not to call him *Jesus*, *The Beauty of Ten Thousand*, *The only begotten Son of God*, *The Prophet who is to Seal up all Things*,
the

the Pince of Peace, King of Israel, Judge, Consolation and Hope of the World.

When he travels, his *Disciples* attend him bare-headed (which, thou knowest, is a Token of Reverence among the *Franks*) yet they never uncover to any other Mortal. He rides on Horseback, whilst they walk on Foot before, behind, and on each Side of him, spreading their Garments in the Way through which he passes. The Hoofs of his Beast tread only on Silks or other Costly Stuffs. And as they enter into any Town or City, they Chaunt aloud his Praises, proclaiming him the *Son of David*, and *Heir of the Divine Promises*.

All his *Followers* pretend to be *Prophets*, boasting of strange Illuminations and Raptures, foretelling Things to come, and reproaching the Vices of *Governours* and the Greatest *Princes*, with a Boldness which has but few Precedents. In a word, they every where preach, That *God* is laying the Foundation of a *New Monarchy*, which shall destroy all the Rest in the World, and shall never have an End it self.

This gives a Jealousie to the *Sates* where they live, and therefore they are persecuted in all Places. Yet they appear very constant in their Sufferings, and tenacious of the *Doctrines* they preach.

They seem, in my Opinion, to resemble one of our *Mussulmans Sects*, who assert, That *Jesus* the *Son of Mary* shall return again upon Earth: That he shall Marry and beget Children, be Anointed *King of the Nations* who believe in *One God*, and in this Glorious State shall reign Forty Years. After which he shall subdue *Antichrist*, and then shall follow the Dissolution of all Things. Yet the *Orthodox Believers* reject this *Tenet* as Fabulous. Neither is there any Countenance given to it in that *Versicle* of the *Alcoran*, where it is said, *Thou Mahomet shalt see thy Lord return in the Clouds*: Since that only

ly intimates the Glorious Descent which *Moses*, *Jesus* and *Mahomet* shall make from *Paradise*, with *Enoch*, *Elias*, and the One Hundred Twenty Four Thousand *Prophets*, to assemble the Elect at the Day of Judgment.

If thou would'st have my Opinion of these New *Religionists* in *Europe*, and their *Leader*; I take him to be an *Impostor*, and his *Followers* to be either Fools or Mad-Men. Even just such another Crew, as those who follow'd *Moseileima*, in the Days of our Holy *Law-Giver*. This was an *Arabian Impostor*, who pretended to set up for a *Prophet*, and attempted to compose a *Book* like the *Alcoran*. But he was Infatuated with a Vain Arrogance, and there was no Truth or Elegance in his *Writings*, no Justice on his Side, nor Understanding in him or his Party. To be short, both he and they were all cut to pieces in the Vale of *Akreb*, by the Troops of *Abu-Bacrossadic*, the First *Cailiph*.

As to these Modern *Seducers*, they are not Men of *Arms*, but a Herd of Silly, Insignificant People, aiming rather to heap up Riches in Obscurity, than to acquire a Fame by any Heroick Undertaking. They are Generally *Merchants* or *Mechanicks*, and are observ'd to be very Punctual in their Dealings, Men of few Words in a Bargain, Modest and Compos'd in their Deportment, Temperate in their Lives, and using great Frugality in all things. In a word, they are singularly Industrious, sparing no Labour or Pains to encrease their Wealth; and so Subtle and Inventive, that they wou'd if possible, extract Gold out of Ashes. I know none that excel them in these Characters, but the *Jews* and the *Banians*. The Former being the Craftiest of all Men, and the Latter so superlatively Cunning, that they will overreach the *Devil*.

But these are no Signs of a Pure *Religion*; For that only prescribes the Methods of withdrawing
and

and separating the Soul from the Contagion of Earthly Things, and of uniting it to the *Deity*, which is its *Sourſe*.

Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, I bid thee Adieu, praying that thou and I may at laſt meet in that Center of all Things, after our Various *Epicyles* and *Excursions* in this Lower Word.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER V.

To the Same.

I Sent a Diſpatch ſome Moons paſt to the *Cadileſquer* of *Romeli*, *Guardian* of the *Imperial Canons*, *Interpreter* of the *Laws of Equity*; wherein I inform'd him of the Advances that were made in order to a *Peace* between *France* and *Spain*. Now I can aſſure thee, that *Peace* is concluded, and the *Articles Sign'd* on both Sides by the Two *Plenipotentiaries*.

I need not repeat what I particularly related to that *Grandee*. My Letters are all publiſh'd in the *Divan*, and Register'd. Yet it will not be unwelcome perhaps to thee, to hear with what Niceneſs of *Punctilio*, theſe *Infidel Miniſters* met to accompliſh an Affair, whereon depends the Intereſt and Honour of their Reſpective *Masters*, the Happineſs of the Two *Kingdoms*, and the General Byaſs of all the *Weſt*.

There is a little *Iſland* form'd by the River *Bidaſſoa*, call'd the *Iſle of Pheafants*, through the Middle of which, a Line is drawn which exactly ſeparates the *Territories* of both *Monarchs*. This Place was agreed on for the Interview of the Two *Miniſters*. Each had his Bridge to enter the *Iſland* in
that

that Part which belong'd to his *Master*. And over the Line of Separation was erected a large *Divan* or *Council-Room*, to be enter'd only by Two Private Doors, one out of *Cardinal Mazarini's* Lodgings, rais'd on the *French Side* of the *Council-Room*, the other out of *Don Louis D' Aro's* Apartment, built on the *Spanish Side*.

Each of these *Ministers* was accompany'd by several *Princes* and *Grandeess* of the *Court*, and above Sixty other Persons of *Quality*, with a Guard of Four Hundred Horse and Foot, to secure their Bridges, and the Place of Conference. In a word, Things were manag'd with so much Moderation and good Success, that the *Mareschal de Gramont* was sent *Embassador Extraordinary* into *Spain*, and receiv'd at that *Court* with Infinite Civilities and Honour.

The Subject of his *Negotiation*, was to treat of a *Match* between the *King* his *Master*, and the *Infanta* of *Spain*. His Conduct and Address were such, as soon procur'd the *Catholick King's* Consent: And from that Time the *Marshal* approach'd the *Infanta* with more than ordinary Submissions, esteeming her now as the *Queen of France*. Soon after this, the *Nuptial Contract*, and the *Peace* were mutually Sign'd, to the Immense Joy of the *Subjects* of both Sides, who were very glad to exchange the Toils and Calamities of *War*, for the Sweets and Profit of *Peace*.

It will be needless to insert here all the *Articles* on which they agreed. Two will be worth the Knowledge of the *Supreme Divan*. And those are, the Release of *Charles Duke of Lorrain*, on the *Spanish King's* Side; And on the Part of the *King of France*, the Restoration of the *Prince of Conde* to the Free Possession and Enjoyment of all his Estates, Honours, Dignities and Privileges, as the *First Prince* of the *Royal Blood*, with the Government of the *Provinces of Bourgoigne and Bresse*.

A little

A little before these *Articles* were Sign'd, the Young Prince of Spain dy'd suddenly, not having seen Twelve *Moons*. I mention'd the Birth of this Royal Infant in one of my Letters, and the Extraordinary Solemnities that were madethereupon by the King of Spain, and his *Embassadors* at *Foreign Courts*. These *Infidels* appear in all things too passionately affected with the Glories of our Mortal State, which at the Height are but Transient Shadows, or something less Considerable.

I'm amaz'd at the bold Rebellion of the *Bassa* of *Aleppo*, and that he shou'd endeavour to cheat the *Empire* with so stale an Imposture, as a Sham-Son of *Amurat*. Yet it seems he made a Considerable Progress under this Pretence. Some were glad of Novelty, others were frightned out of their Allegiance: Whilst only a few serv'd his Interest in pure Discontent and Hopes to amend their Fortune. The Country People are generally oppress'd by their *Governours*, and 'tis no Wonder if they take up Arms for one that promises to deliver 'em from their Calamities. This is the Usual Pretext of all Innovations in the State. The Soldiers also are defrauded of their due Pay; and then they're ready to Fight under the next *General* that brings most Money with him. Neither are there wanting Malecontents among the *Grandeess* at such Times, to foment and abett an *Insurrection*,

All these Events proceed from the Ill Conduct of the *Supreme Ministers*, who alone are Responsible for the Miscarriages of the State.

Illustrious *Kaimacham*, the Frame of the *Ottoman* Government is out of Order; I wish Fate does not pull it in Pieces, as a Necessary Step to its Amendment. Adieu.

Paris, 2d. of the last Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER

LEETER VI.

To Hamet Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

I With thee all Imaginable Joy of thy New Dignity; yet question, whether thou or thy Predecessor be the Happier Man. 'Tis a vast Honour indeed, and attended with Immense Profit, to serve in this Station the most High, most Potent and most Invincible Monarch on Earth. But at the same Time, there's Infinite Toil and Fatigue in it, with Abundance of Perils. From all which the Fortunate *Muzlu* is now deliver'd, and they are become thy Portion.

As for him, I cannot but esteem him Happy, in that he has got Permission to retire to his Country-Seat, out of the Crowd and Noise of the City, and from the Stifling Business of State, which choak the more Innocent and Natural Delights of the Soul. Now he is fully restor'd to the Elements, and to himself; whereas before, the perpetual Hurry of the Court, made him in Part a stranger to Both: For there a Man insensibly loses Acquaintance with his own most Intimate Affections: His Spirit is alienated amidst the Multiplicity of his Concerns; 'tis stretch'd on the Rack of Ten Thousand Cares and Inquietudes; 'tis divided, shatter'd and rent in Pieces.

Besides, were he as free from these distracting Thoughts as a *Santone*; yet the very Necessity of living always in a City, was enough to render him Miserable. For I esteem such a Confinement, no better than a Prison at Large; and not far from being buried Alive.

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Besides, were he as free from these distracting Thoughts as a *Santone*; yet the very Necessity of living always in a City, was enough to render him Miserable. For I esteem such a Confinement, no better than a Prison at Large; and not far from being buried Alive.

'Tis true, *Constantinople* has the Advantage of all the Cities in the World, for the Delightfulness of its

its Situation; the Houses being so pleasantly intermix'd with fair Gardens, and the Streets refresh'd with cool Breezes from the Sea. It looks at a Distance like a Town in a Wood; or one may term it, a Forest compos'd of Minarets and Cypresses. The Terrasses afford agreeable Prospects of the Neighbouring Fields and Mountains: And 'tis pleasant to stand on the Water-Side, and view the Innumerable Variety of Boats and Vessels Sailing from one Port to another, with all the other Divertisements on the Sea, and the Beautiful Mixture of Palaces and Groves, Chioses and Gardens, *Seraglio's* and Villages which grace the Opposite Shore. O *Queen of Cities, Mistress of Kingdoms, Glory of Nations, Commandress and Sanctuary of the Whole Earth!* Thrice Happy shou'd I count my self, if I might have the Favour to reside within thy Venerable Walls, and exchange the polluted Society of *Infidels*, for that of *True Believers*

How often do I languish to see the Glittering *Crescents*, the Triumphant Ensigns of the *Ottomans*, on the Tops of the Minarets in the *Imperial City*? How oft do I wish my self prostrate on the Carpets of the *Sacred Mosques*, in the devout Assemblies of the *Faithful*, Adoring the *Eternal* in Perfection of *Sanctity*? Whereas, now I'm forc'd to go into the *Temples of Idolaters*, to kneel and bow down before *Stocks* and *Statues*, to join seemingly with *Unbelievers*, and pray to that which has no Life, nor Sense, nor Power.

How do I envy the Blessed State of the meanest Artizan in *Constantinople*, who daily feeds on the wholesome *Pillaw* of the *East*, and drinks the delectable *Sherbets*, or Waters tinctur'd with the Rich Fruits of *Greece*? Whereas, I am compell'd to eat *Meats* forbidden by our *Holy Prophet*, and to render my *Soul* Execrable by an Impure and Prophane Diet, or I must Starve. For, these *Uncircumcis'd*

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are more Abominable than Ravens and Vultures, to whom the most filthy *Carrion* is a Dainty. And to cloak their Uncleanneſs they corrupt their own *Gospel*, and forge a Toleration from the *Messias* himself. As if that *Holy Prophet*, who in every the least Tittle obey'd the *Law of Moses*, and set himself as an Example for his *Followers* to imitate, cou'd be guilty of Contradicting those *Divine Precepts*, and running Counter to his own Practice, in recommending *Uncleanneſs* and *Libertinism*. No: the Admirable Son of *Mary*, was the most Temperate and Abstemious Man in the World, and both in his Words and Actions preach'd up those Verrues to others; having often expreſly declar'd to his *Disciples*, *That he came not to abolish the Law, but to refine and perfect it.*

He was *Circumcis'd* on the Eighth Day after his *Nativity*, according to the Injunction of *Moses*, and the constant Practice of the *Sons of Israel*. In a Word, through the whole Course of his Life, he never deviated from the *Traditions* of his *Fathers*, the *Seniors* of the *House of Jacob*.

'Tis true, he frequently argued against the many Trivial *Superstitions* of the *Pharisees*, who evacuated the more *Essential* Points of the *Law*, by superinducing a Number of Insignificant *Ceremonies*: But he never open'd his Mouth against any Positive *Precept*; such as were those which limited the Choice they were to make of *Meats*, distinguishing the *Impure* from the *Clean*. Yet the *Christians* delude themselves with a False Belief, that he gave 'em a *Dispensation* to eat any Thing without Caution or Reserve.

Hence it is, that they defile themselves with *Swines-Flesh* and *Creeping Things*, and *Blood* is in all their Dishes. They scruple not to eat of that which died of it self, and banquet as freely with what was knock'd down or strangl'd, as we wou'd do
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with the *Flesh* of a *Beast* that was kill'd in Pronouncing the *Name* of *God*. The *Shambles* here afford no other Provision but such as this; and he that will not Eat that which is an Abomination to a *Musfulman*, must be contented with *Herbs*. This I reckon as one of the Greatest of my Misfortunes, and it makes me burn with Desire to return to *Constantinople*.

Yet, after all, I shou'd think my self far more Happy, if I might have the Liberty to spend the Rest of my Days in my *Native Country*: So great an Admirer I am of a Rural Life and Solitude. And 'tis for this Reason, I count thy *Predecessor* a Happy Man, in having the Privilege of a sweet Retirement; where he may take Breath from the vain Importunity and Bustle of Mortals.

In the mean Time, there is a *Species* of Felicity in thy *Employment*: And thou can'st not be call'd Miserable, so long as thou acquittest thy self fairly, and enjoyest the Favour of thy *Sovereign*.

I perceive by thy Letter, that thou art curious to know the *Characters* of *Foreign States*, with the various *Interests* of *Nazarene Princes*; The *Intrigues* of these *Western Courts*; their *Overtures* of *Peace* and *War*; And the different *Laws*, *Maxims* and *Customs* by which the *People* are Govern'd. Thy Conversation with *Embassadors* at the *Port*, will furnish thee with Abundance of Useful Remarks in this Kind: But, since thou requirest me to send my Observations, I will hereafter obey thy Commands in Successive Letters. For this is too large a Theme for one *Dispath*.

At present, thou mayst receive and Register for true News, That the *Peace* between *France* and *Spain* has been Sign'd by both *Kings*, and Solemnly publish'd throughout their *Territories*, with Inexpressible Joy and Magnificence. It is certain also, that the *King* of *Sueden* is dead, and the *Duke* of
 * *Orleance*,

Orleance, Uncle to the *French King*: Which has in some measure qualify'd the Mirth of the *French* on this Occasion. Assuredly, Human Affairs are Equally checquer'd with Good and Evil. Bliss comes not to us in Pure Unmix'd Streams. Death keeps an even Pace, and knocks as boldly at the *Gates of Kings*, as at the *Cottages of the Meanest Slaves*.

It is the Part of a Wise Man to be always resign'd to *Heaven*, and prepar'd for the worst Events: As for the Best, they never come amiss.

Paris, 17th of the 3^d Moon,
of the Year 1660.

L E T T E R VII.

To Dgnet Oglou

S Hall I converse with thee, as *Horace* us'd to do with his Friends over a Glas of Generous Wine? Let us lay aside Masques for a while, and discourse with open Souls. I believe thou hast as equal a Veneration for our *Holy Prophet*, as I; and hast been Educated in all the Tenderneſſes of Piety, the *Niceties of Divine Love*, as our *Mollahs* are pleas'd to call it. We have been both of us Careful to rise before the *Sun*, and say our *Oraisons* every Morning in a Demy-Trance, that is, Half a-sleep and Half a-wake. This, no doubt, is a necessary Point of Piety. And we have been no less solicitous in observing the other *Four Hours of Prayer*. Either of us wou'd have counted it an Irreligious Negligence, if we had seen a Piece of Paper on the Ground, and had not stoop'd to take it up, with Reverence wiping off the Dirt, and kissing the *Tabula Rasa*, on which Men use to write the *Name of God*. As if 'twere not an

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Equal Argument of Respect, to secure from Propagation, Sticks, Stones, Rags, or any Thing whereon 'twere possible to Engrave or Print the *All-Mysterious Characters*; Nay, or the very *Sands* themselves, which as some say, were the *First Books* on Earth. However, if they were not the First, we are sure that in very Early Ages, Men us'd to stamp their *Memoirs*, or draw them out in perceptible Figures on the Surface of the Earth: Witness the Old Ship-wreck'd *Philosopher*, who being cast ashore in an *Unknown Land*, soon trac'd out the Manners of the People, by certain *Mathematical Impressions* which he found in the *Sands*: For, he concluded these to be the very Foot-steps of Humanity and Vertue. But, to return to the Business of *Religion*: We have been Obedient to the Instructions of our *Fathers* and *Tutors*; Zealous in observing every *Punctilio* of *Traditional Piety*. We have Fasted, Pray'd, Wash'd, and given Alms, at the Appointed Seasons, and in the Manner prescrib'd by the *Law*. All these, I own, are Commendable Exercises. But, methinks, they are not the Solid and Substantial Parts of *True Religion*. I hate Hypocrisie, and the devout Wantonness of those who think to mock God with *Ceremonies* and *Empty Forms*. It were much better to mix with the *Idolatrous Rites* of *Bacchus* (if they deserve that *Epithet*) and rant in Honour of Eternal Wine, talk Reputed Blasphemy, and reform the Model of the *Universe*; I say, I'd chuse to do all this, and more, rather than cheat my self with Empty Hopes of gaining *Paradise*, for acting to the Life, the Shams of Pious Mimickry.

I would not have thee think, that what I have now said, proceeds from any Contempt of the *Eternal Majesty*.

By those fair *Heavens* above, and all the *Immortal Spangles* of the *Sky*, I swear, there's not a Faculty in *Mahomet's Soul*, which is not fill'd with Gratitude
and

and Veneration, which does not burn with Flames of Sacred Love to the Adorable Fountain of All Things. In a word, I only strive to rescue my Friend from the Attempts of *Pious Frauds*, the *Religious Burlesques* of our *Mollah's* and *Mufti's*.

Believe, my Dear Dgnet, That there is a *God*, a *First Cause*, a *Just Judge* presiding over the *World*: Believe also his *Prophet*, the *Holy*, the *Beloved*, *Mahomet*, the *Minion*, as I may say, of the *Omnipotent*. But, have some *Faith* also for the Rest of his *Messengers* and *Favourites*. Let not *Hali* be thought of without some *Inward Flurry's* of *Devotion*. He was a *Mussulman*, and the *Fourth Caliph*, tho' his *Followers* be damn'd *Hereticks* in our *Divinity*. Had *Right* taken *Place*, perhaps he had been the *First* of the *Vicars*, but his *Cause* was superseded by his *Absence*. Let him, and that, rest till the *Final Inquisition*: And acknowledge, that I have said too little for a *Schiai*, and not too much for a *Sunni*.

I know no Reason also, why we shou'd not reverence the *Memories* of *Mercury*, *Orpheus*, *Cadmus*, *Melissus*, *Faunus*, and the Rest of the *Ancient Sages* and *Lawgivers*, who *Instructed* the *Nations* of the *Earth* in the *Mysteries* of *Religion*, taught them to *Adore One Supreme God*, to believe the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, and to practise *Good Works*.

What, tho' the *Ceremonies* of their *Worship* were different from ours, and perhaps polluted with an *Unjustifiable Adoration* of *Images*? What tho' their *Altars* reek'd with the *Blood* of slain *Beasts*, and sometimes smoak'd even with *Humane Sacrifices*? These *Barbarous Rites* were not *Instituted* by the *First Oracles* of *Religion*, *Illuminated Souls*, *Nuncios* from *God* to this *Lower World*: But, they were afterwards super-induc'd through the *Corruption* of *Times*, the *Avarice* of *Priests*, and the *Superstition* of the *People*. And for ought we know, our own *Historians* have not been *Impartial* in relating the *Truth*.

There is an Innate Envy between People of different Families, and Nations. Both *We* and our *Fathers*, that descend from *Abraham* by *Ismael*, and the *Jews* who are his *Posterity* by *Isaac*, have been too favourable to the *Offspring* of that *Beloved of God*. We generally entertain and cherish a Specifick Pride on the Score of our *Illustrious Pedigree*: Especially the *Jews*, who will not allow any People on Earth to be their Equals, either in Point of *Antiquity*, the *Nobility* of their *Race*, or the *Innumerable Multitude* of their *Brethren*. Whereas they consider not, that they are dispers'd up and down over the whole Earth, like *Sheep* without a *Shepherd*, not permitted to possess a Cubit of Land which they can call their own: Contemn'd, hated, and made a *Proverbial Scoff* among all *Nations*: Infamous Vagabonds, Usurers, Slaves, and Pimps to other Men's Pleasures: Men of no Fame or Character: Finally, in their present Circumstances, the most Spurious and Ignoble of all the *Sons of Adam*, except the *Kafars of Ethiopia*, who feed on the *Guts* and *Dung* of *Beasts*.

'Tis true indeed their *Ancestors* made a Considerable Figure in the World in the Days of *Solomon* and other Victorious *Kings*, during their Possession of *Palestine*. And yet in those very Times, they were often humbled and led away into *Captivity*, by the more Fortunate *Kings* of *Babylon*, *Persia*, and *Affyria*, and afterwards subdu'd by the *Grecians*; till at last they were totally Ruined, their *Cities* laid Waste, their *Temple* burnt to Ashes, and their *Country* quite dispeopled by the *Romans*.

If we ascend yet higher to their Celebrated *Migration* out of *Egypt*, of which their own *Historians* make such a Noise, and tell so many *Fabulous Wonders*. We shall find a very Mean and Contemptible Character given of 'em by *Egyptian Writers*, and those other *Nations*, Men of as great
Authority

Authority, as *Josephus*, or any other *Jewish Historian*. *Manethos*, a *Priest of Egypt*, calls 'em a Crew of *Leprous* and *Nasty People*, and says, they were expell'd the *Country* by *Amenophis* then *Reigning*, and driven into *Syria*; their *Captain* being *Moses*, an *Egyptian Priest*. A like Relation we have from *Charemon*, an *Author* of good Credit among the *Greeks*, who tells us, That in the *Reign* of *Amenophis*, Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand *Lepers* were forcibly banish'd out of *Egypt*, under the Conduct or *Tisithen* and *Petefeth* (i. e. *Moses* and *Aaron*.) And tho' other *Writers* differ in the *Name* of the *King* then *Reigning* in *Egypt*, yet all agree in asserting the *Israelites* to be a *Nasty Sort of People*, overrun with *Scabs* and *Infectious Boils*, and that they were esteem'd the *Scum* and *Filth* of the *Nation*. *Tacitus* a *Roman Writer*, of *Unquestionable Authority*; adds, That *Moses*, one of the *Exil'd Lepers*, being a *Man of Wit* and *Reputation* among them, when he saw the *Grief* and *Confusion* of his *Brethren*, bid them be of good *Cheer*, and neither trust the *Gods* or *Men* of *Egypt*, but only confide in him, and obey his *Counsel*: For that he was sent from *Heaven* to be their *Conductor* out of this *Calamity*, and to *Protect* them from all their *Enemies*. Upon which the *People* not knowing what *Course* to take, surrendred themselves wholly to his *Disposal*, from which *Time* he became their *Captain* and *Lawgiver*, leading them through the *Desarts* of *Arabia*, where they committed great *Rapine* and *Spoil*, putting *Man*, *Woman* and *Child* to the *Sword*, burning their *Cities*, and laying all things *desolate*. Dear *Dgnet*, What could be said worse of a *Company of Robbers* and *Banditi*?

Moses is gone to *Paradise*, and when I mention his *Name*, it is with a profound *Reverence*; for, he was the *Greatest* of the *Ancient Prophets*. Yet give me *Leave* to have some *Regard* for my own *Reason*.

He was but a *Mortal* as well as I; and without doubt, was not exempt from *Humane* Frailties. He had the Advantage to be Educated in the *College* of the *Royal Priest* at *Memphis*, which none of his *Nation* could boast of besides himself. Suffer me to tell thee my Thoughts frankly, and without Disguise. *Magick* and *Asirolgy* were the only *Sciences* then in Vogue: And he being perfectly vers'd in all the *Mysseries* and *Secrets* of *Egyptian* Wisdom, 'twas no hard Task for him to possess the Rude and Ignorant *Sons* of *Jacob*, with a profound Attach and Veneration for his Person: And in that distress'd Condition, to mold their flexible Spirits to what Discipline he pleas'd.

Suspect me not for an *Infidel* or an *Atheist*, because I discourse with this Freedom. I have heard some of our *Mollahs* say a great deal more in their Private Conversation. And 'tis a superstitious Timorousness, not to behold in the Exercise of our Reason, which taught even the Prophet *Moses* himself, the Methods of *Conquest*, and getting a Fame which should know no End.

I am not Ambitious, nor would I tempt thee to aspire at an undue Grandeur: But let us not be less than our selves, that is, Men. There is no reason we should be impos'd upon by *Fabulous* Reports of Interress'd and Designing *Writers*: Or that we should give Faith to every Credulous Fool. Doubtless, there were many *Nations* establish'd on Earth before the *Israelites*; and Great *Prophets*, who were not of the *Lineage* of *Abraham*. The *Date* of the *Olympiads* is much more certain to a Day, nay, to an Hour, than the *Hejira* of the *Israelites*: since the Former is Demonstrated by the *Eclipses* of the *Sun* and *Moon*, interwoven by the *Gentile Historians*, in the Body of their *History*; whereas the Latter is defective in this Material Point, and is expos'd to a Thousand Disputes among *Writers*.

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My Friend, let not thou and I trouble our selves with Needleſs Controversies, or be Zealous for Things of no Moment; but Adoring One God, and believing what is Rational, we may poſſeſs our *Souls* in Tranquillity and Peace.

Paris, 11th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

L E T T E R VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

AT length, after a long Alienation, the *Prince* of *Conde* is reſtor'd to the *King's* Favour: For which, he is oblig'd to the *King of Spain*. I have already intimated in one of my Letters, That this was agree'd on in the *Treaty of Peace* between theſe Two *Crowns*, as an *Article* Equivalent to that of the *Duke of Lorrain's* Release, ſolicited by the *King of France*. Now 'tis put in Execution, and the *Rebel Prince* is receiv'd with Abundance of Careſſes, by the *King*, *Queen-Mother*, *Cardinal Ma-azarini*, and the whole *Court*.

He is counted the Valianteſt Man of this Age; and was ſo pronounc'd long ago by the *Mareſchal Turenne*, who is a Souldier of no mean Character, both for his Judgment and Courage. He was once extremely belov'd by all the *French*. But his Wildneſs and Inconſtancy, with the Destructive Effects of the *Civil Wars* which he rais'd, chang'd their Affections for a while into Indifference, Coldneſs, and Ill-Will. But now all's well again.

He and his Brother the *Prince of Conti*, ſeldom agree'd, being often the Heads of Contrary Parties, during the *Minority* of this *King*. And the Younger
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being crump-Shoulder'd, *Conde* us'd to be a little Sarcastick upon him, threatning to shave his uncourtly Back into the Fashion with his Sword.

It is certain, the *Prince* of *Conde* was very wild and profuse when Young, but now he begins to take soberer Measures. During his Father's Life, was call'd the *Duke of Enguien*. And to reflect on the Parsimony of the Old Prince, he us'd to take several Handfuls of Gold with one Hand, and fill a purse, saying, *This is my Father's Practice*. Then he would turn the Purse up-side down with t'other Hand, and scattering the Gold among his *Favourites*, would add, *This is my Humour*.

Once as he was passing on Foot through a Town in *France*, under his Father's Government; the Chief *Magistrate* of the Place, who was an Old Man, met him, and begun to make an *Oration* with the best *Rhetorick* he could. But the *Prince* being in a Frolicksome Humour, took Advantage of a very low *Conge* the Old Gentleman made him, and leap'd over his Head, and stood still behind him. The *Magistrate* not taking any Notice of this wild Prank, turned very gravely about, and addres'd himself with a new Obeisance, but not so low as the Former. However the Nimble *Prince* catch'd him upon the Half Bent, and setting his Hads on the Old *Monsieur's* Shoulders, whipt over again the second Time; Which quite spoil'd his intended *Speech*, to the great Diversion of all the Spectators.

In his Youth he was much addicted to Women, and took a peculiar Delight in debauching *Nuns*: Which occasion'd the *Queen-Mother* to reflect on him something satyrically once, when he inform'd her that the *Suisse* Soldiers were guilty of great Disorders, some of them getting into the *Nunneries*, and violating the Chastity of those Consecrated Females. For the *Queen* replied, *If you had told me they broke into the Wine-Cellars, I would believe you;*
for

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for the *Suiffes* are all known Drunkards. But as for Amours with Nuns, none is so likely to make 'em as the Duke of Enguien.

However, all that I have said, hinders not but that he is now a Prudent Man, a good General, and Fortunate in recovering his Sovereign's Favour.

In a Word, this Court is so overjoyed at the Marriage of the King with the *Infanta* of Spain, that they have no Room left for peevish Resentments. All Crimes are forgiven. And the Devil himself would be welcome at the Wedding, provided he would be debonair, and good Company.

The Nuptials are only Celebrated by Proxy as yet. But here are vast Preparations making for the completing the Ceremony.

What the Issue of this Marriage and Peate will be, 'tis not easie to divine: But I doubt, the *Christians* are hatching Evil against the *Ottoman Port*, in Regard all the Princes in Europe, are coming to an Agreement.

Illustrious *Kaimacham*, Let not this Intimation pass away as a Dream. For I tell thee again, these *Infidels* are plotting of Mischief.

Paris, 1st of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

L E T T E R IX.

To the same.

I Believe thou wilt now receive from me the earliest News of a Mighty Change, a Surprizing Revolution in the *English* Government. Know then, that he whom I have so often mention'd under the Title of King of the *Scots* in my Former Letters, the Eldest Son and Rightful Heir of the *British Kingdoms*, Charles II. is restor'd to the Throne of his Fathers,

without Violence or Blood-shed, by the Unanimous Consent and Earnest Desire of his *Subjects*.

This Young *Prince* has been an Exile for Twelve Years in Foreign *Courts*, and has heard of as many several Alterations in the State of his *Dominions* during his Absence; every Change producing a New Form of Government. The *Rebels* had run over all *Aristotle's Politics*, and the Various Models of *Plato* and other *Philosophers*, who treated of *Common-Wealths*, to find out such Patterns as best suited with the Necessities and Genius of that Nation. There is not a Species of *Aristocracy*, *Democracy* and *Oligarchy*, which they did not put in Practice to support the Frame of that Government, whose Basis they had remov'd; for it was founded on a *Monarchy* of a long and Hereditary Descent. And therefore all their most Artificial Contrivances were Ineffectual, and they might as well have endeavour'd to make Buttresses for a Castle in the Air. In a Word, the *English* found themselves so disjointed and weaken'd by *Civil Wars*, Taxes, and the other Usual Effects of Usurpation and Tyranny, that they had no other Way left to save their Nation from utter Ruine, but by bringing their Lawful King back again, who is the Angular Stone whereon all their Welfare and Interest is built.

There is one Thing Remarkable in this Turn of *English Affairs*, That their *Sovereign* landed and made his Triumphant Entry into that *Island*, on the Anniversary Day of his Birth. Which puts me in Mind of what is Generally discours'd here at *Paris*; That on the Day of his *Nativity*, there was seen a Bright Star in the *Heavens*, when the Sun was just above the *Meridian*. From hence the *Astrologers* of those Times predicted great Things concerning him. And those of the present Age, who have seen his Fortunate Return to his *Kingdoms*, preface yet greater Events to come.

God only knows what *Embryo's* are in the Womb of Futurity; and we *Mussulmans* have no Reason to rejoyce at the Grandeur of any of these *Infidel Princes*. Yet such a Sign as that of a *Star* appearing at Noon-Day, just over the Place where a Mighty *Queen* was in Labour with a *Prince*, has Something in it Extraordinary, and full of Promising Circumstances. It was an Appearance of this Nature which render'd the Birth of the *Messias* so Illustrious, tho' otherwise obscure enough; when the *Eastern Magi*, directed by such a *Star*, came and found *Mary* the Mother of *Jesus* in a *Stable*, and the *Infant-Prophet* lying in a *Manger*, instead of a *Cradle*. So we are told, That *Eclipses* of the *Sun* portend the Misfortune or Death of *Great Personages*; and that all other *Prodigies*, whether in *Heaven* or *Earth*, have their proper Signification.

But whether these Observations be true or no, 'tis certain this late banished *Prince*, is return'd with Abundance of Splendor and Advantage to his Native Royal Possessions. And I thought it would be a Grand Neglect in me, to let one Post-Day pass, before I gave thee an Account of a *Revolution* so astonishing to all *Europe*, and which is like to give a New Turn to the Affairs of most *Christian Princes* and *States*.

Besides, I know there is an *Ambassador* from *England*, residing at the *August Port*; which determines the Quarrels of all the *Nations* on *Earth*. There are also Abundance of *English Merchants* in the *Imperial City*. They may have Feuds among one another. The Interest of some of them is joyn'd with that of the *English Rebels*; others are for their *King*. Therefore knowing of his *Restoration*, thou wilt be better able to adjust all Matters of this Nature, according to Reason, Equiry, and the Honour of the *Majestick Port*. For this *King* makes already a greater Figure than any of his *Progenitors*,

and therefore his Friendship is not to be condemn'd.

The Care of these Things rests on thee, who art the *Vicars Vicar* of the *Vicegerent* of God.

Paris 3d of the 7th Moon
of the Year 1660.

LETTER X.

To Mehemet, an Exil'd Eunuch, at Caire
in Egypt.

OH that I were in one of the *Piramids* near the City where thou residest, shut up in Tremendous Darkness, in the most Obscure and Horrible Vault of the *Royal Pile*! That I might converse with the *Ghosts* of *Egyptian Kings*, hugg *Demons* in my Arms, and run the *Gerit* with *Hobgoblins* and all the *Spirits* of the Night round the *Tomb* of *Cheops*, or up and down the dismal Galleries, or in the Nest of *Bats*, *Screech-Olws*, *Harpies*, and the rest of the *Winged Monsters*, the *Excrementitious* Spawn of Human Souls, or at least the *Superfetation* of pickled Carcasses, repositied there for *Eternal Mummies*, some of them before *Noah's Flood*, and the Rest after, if the Story be true. God knows whether it be or no: That's Nothing to me: But I have a strong Inclination to try what I can find in those *Antique Monuments*, after all the Search of so many *Travelers*. I have a *Specifick* Sort of *Melancholy* upon me, which cannot be vented any other Way, than by keeping Company with the *Dead*, or having Ten Hundred Thousand ugly rampant *Spirits* dancing their *Infernal Measures* about me, and grinning like *Baboons* of *Hell*. Oh, God! How 'twould set me a Laughing? An Entertainment of this Nature would

would ease my Spleen, and restore me to a Good Humour.

Are there no *Beings* extant, but those which are every Day expos'd to our Senses? Or, is *Nature* Poorer than the Imagination of a Mortal, which can form the *Idea's* of an Infinity of *Creatures* that he never saw? I am cloy'd with the *Crambe* of Objects and Joys which these Narrow *Elements* afford, and therefore would fain grope out some New and Untry'd World, to find Refreshment in.

But oh, my *Mehemet*, when I look toward the *Heavens*, and behold the *Moon* and *Stars*; when my Eye is lost in the Boundless Firmament, and my Soul can find no Limits to the *Universe*; then I sink into my self, full of Humility and Confusion, because I have injuriously reproach'd the *Omnipotent*, and cast Obloquies on his *Works*. For all Things appear admirably Beautiful and Perfect, and the least Atome is large enough to afford Apartments for a Thousand Souls. Every Thing in *Nature* is pregnant and full of pleasing Wonders: Yet I cannot be free from these Hypochondriack Fits at certain Seasons. I am sometimes the saddest and most Melancholy Man in the World. I take all things by the wrong Handle, look on Them through false Opticks, and yet persuade my self I am in the Right, and see them in their true Complexion. Such is the Fatal Sophistry of this black and sullen Passion: it takes away the Gust and Relish of the sweetest Enjoyments. And if the Contagion could possibly find Admittance among the *Bless'd* Above; surely 'twould render their *Paradise* a *Hell*, and would afford some Ground for the Fiction of the Ancient *Poets*, who brought up the Use of *Nepenthe* among the *Gods*, to appease their Choler, and put 'em in a good Humour.

I know not what that *Drink* was: But I tell thee, my *Nepenthe* is a Glass of good *Languedoc* Wine,
which

which is as Rich, and far more Delicious than the Wines of *Tenedos* and *Mitylene*. I once could boast of another Method to subdue my Melancholy, by giving Battel to my thoughts in open Field; but now I am fain to have Recourse to Stratagems and Ambuscades, trepanning the ugly; hideous *Monsters* out of their strong Retrenchments and Fastnesses in the Spleen, by Generous Frolicks with Wine, Women and Musick. I bury all Care in profound Sleep, the Effect of brisk and free Drinking. And then I awake as merry as a *Lark*; as young as if I'd been in *Medea's* Cauldron.

What signifies it to pretend Sanctity in our Words and Exterieur Carriage, whilst at the same Time we are ready to burst with Malice, Pride, Ambition, Avarice, and a Thousand more Vices; Whereas Wine seasonably drank, cures all these Distempers of the *Soul*, makes a Miser Liberal, a Cruel Man Tender, a Spightful Fellow Kind, melts Stiff and Haughty Spirits into a Wonderful Softness and Complaisance. In fine, it makes a *Lamb* of a *Lion*, and changes a *Vultur* to a *Dove*, purifying and transforming *Souls* into a Temper wholly Divine.

Why then should we be ty'd to *Laws* of *Morality*, never practis'd by those who made them! All the *Philosophers* were boon Companions, and our *Holy Prophet* himself privately drank the Juice of the Grape. Our *Emperours* and *Grandeets* do the same. The only Reason why they forbid it to their *Subjects*, is, lest they should grow too Wise, and strive to shake off the Yoke: For Wine elevates the Spirits, emboldens the Heart, and transforms a *Slave* to a *Lord* in his own Conceit. For want of this Liquor, all *Nations* where the Vine grows not, have found out one Beverage or another, as efficacious to relieve Melancholy, and drive away Sorrow from the Heart. The *Chinese* make Wine of Rice. In
my

my Country they have another Intoxicating Drink compounded with certain Roots. The same is used in some Parts of *Persia*. In these *Western Provinces*, they brew divers Sorts of strong Liquors of Wheat Barley, Honey, Molossa's and other Ingredients. And they make Wine of Apples, Pears, Cherries, Currans, and most Fruits that grow. I tell thee, my Friend, there's no living, unless we sometimes, give *Nature* a New Ferment to rouse her from her Lees.

Yet let us practise a due Mediocrity, remembering that *God* gave us these Things for our Health and Refreshment, and not for our Bane. In a Word, *Mehemet*, let us be Merry and Wise.

Paris, 26th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1660.

L E T T E R X I.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

I Have taken some Pains; turn'd over a great many *Memoirs* of Old *Courtiers*, and convers'd with not a few now living, who can remember the Days of *Henry IV.* that so I may comply with thy order, and Oblige thee with some Remarks on the Life of that *Prince*, who tho' he had but a little Body, yet like another *Alexander*, had so vast a Soul, and perform'd such Illustrious Actions, as deservedly fasten'd on him the *Title* of *Great*, and made him be esteem'd the *Arbiter* of all *Europe*.

It is observ'd of him, that he was always Unfortunate in his Wives; yet they relate a pretty Passage

Passage of his First Wife, *Margaret of Valois*, which seems to contradict that Remark.

He was then a *Protestant*, and only *King of Navarre*, when the Famous *Massacre of Paris* was committed, with design to Murder him among the Rest of his *Religion*. But being aware of this, when he heard the *Assassins* making toward his Chamber, where he sat with the Queen, he hid himself under her Garments as she sat in a Chair. The *Villains* rushing in, ask'd for the *King*. She with a great Assurance of Spirit, told 'em, *He went out from her in a Passion*. They seeming satisfy'd, went away without doing any farther Hurt. Which occasion'd a Common Jest, *That Queen Margaret's Smock, sav'd King Henry's Life*.

This Woman was call'd the *Minerva* and *Venus of France*, on the Score of her Learning and Amours, never denying any Thing to her Lovers, and being seldom without Men of *Science* in her Company. In a Word, *King Henry* look'd on himself as a Noted *Cuckold*, and so gave her a Bill of *Divorce*. Her own Mother *Katherine de Medicis*, was call'd the *Fourth Fury of Hell*.

It is Recorded of this Lady, that she practis'd much with *Wizards* and *Magicians*, who in an *Enchanted Glass*, shew'd her who shou'd Reign in *France* for the Time to come. First appear'd this *Henry IV.* then *Lewis XIII.* next *Lewis XIV.* and after him a Pack of *Jesuites*, who should abolish the *Monarchy*, and govern the *Nation* themselves. This *Glass* is to be seen in the *King's Palace* to this Day.

As for *Henry IV's* Second Wife, 'tis said, he never enjoy'd a Peaceable Hour with her, but when she was asleep. They often fought together, and she spar'd not sometimes to Beat and Scratch him even in his Bed, so that he has been forc'd to quit the Field, and take Sanctuary in another Chamber. This *Prince* was tax'd with Ingratitude towards his
most

most Faithful Servants, and want of Liberality to all. It was a Common Saying of his Predecessor Henry III. *That he shar'd his Kingdom with his Loyal Servants and Friends.* But Henry IV. lov'd not to part with any Thing which he could handsomly keep.

Yet he was very obliging to his Mistresses, and his Passion for them carried him into many Irregularities. He was so deeply enamour'd of one, that to enjoy her he sign'd a Promise of *Marriage* to her with his own *Blood*; which one of his *Favourites* seeing, tore the Paper in Pieces. The King being incens'd at that, swore by the *Belly* of St. *Gris*, an ordinary Oath with him, that this Person was mad. *Yes*, replied he, *but I wish I were the only Mad Man in the Kingdom.* Thereby reflecting on the King's Extravagancy. Another Time he gave Fifty Thousand Crowns, for one Night's Enjoyment of a Lady.

I have many Years ago spoke of the *Death* of this Prince in my Letters to the *Ministers* of the *Port*. Now I will acquaint thee with one Circumstance, to which I was then a Stranger.

It happen'd, that the *Vice-Roy* of *Navarre*, was walking with several *Nobles* in the *Meadows* of *Bearn*, a Town under his Jurisdiction, wash'd by the River *Pau*. When on a sudden all the *Cows*, (of which there was a great Number in those Fields) ran violently into the River, and were there drown'd. The *Vice-Roy* being astonish'd at this, as at a *Prodigy*, writ down the Day and Hour when it happen'd, which prov'd exactly the very same Time to a Minute, when Henry IV. was stabb'd in his Coach by *Ravaillac*; as the *Vice-Roy* soon certify'd by *Dispatches* which he receiv'd from the *Court*, containing Intelligence of that *Tragedy*.

All this may be pure *Chance*, for ought I know, but there are Abundance of *Symptoms* of something else.

else. As for *Man*, he is wholly a Stranger to himself, and the Secret Operations of his own *Soul* are hid from him. How then can he know the Natures of other Things, or be familiarly acquainted with the Occult Dispositions of *Beasts*? The least *Worm* or *Insect*, baffles our severest Scrutiny, and we are lost in the Speculation of their *Embryo's*. The most Silent and Inanimate Beings, proclaim aloud the Folly of our boasted Science: Every *Atom* in *Nature*, ridicules our best *Philosophy*. Who then will pretend to unriddle the more Uncommon *Mysteries* of *Providence*, or trace the Foot-steps of *Eternal Destiny*? *Historians* speak variously of this *Parricide*. Some say, the *Villain* was approv'd of at the *Court* of *Rome*, and that he was there rank'd in the Number of *Martyrs*. 'Tis certain, he underwent as horrible a Death, as the Wit of *Man* could invent, to punish his matchless *Treason*. And it seems, the *Judges* that examin'd him, where either afraid, or ashamed to divulge what they heard from his Mouth: Obliging themselves by an Oath to *Eternal Secrecy*. *Ravaillac* himself own'd, that he had twice before attempted to kill the *King*, but was thrust back by one of his *Nobles*, who suspected some ill Designs in his Looks.

Sage *Hamet*, may *God* preserve our Glorious *Sultan* from the Rage of Mutineers, from a *Jewish* Physician, and from the Common Disasters of Humane Life. And the Care of his Attendants will prevent the sudden Strokes of a desperate *Assassin*.

Paris, 26th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

THis City is now as full of Noise and Lights, as some Cities of *Asia* are at an *Eclipse* of the *Moon*, or as *Constantinople* is during the *Fest* of *Ramazan*. 'Tis near Midnight, and yet here's such a Medley of Noises compounded of the loud Acclamations of Mortals, the Ringing of Bells, Beat of Drums, Sound of Trumpets, and other Musical Instruments, with the Thunder of Sky-Rockets, Guns, and other Fire-works, that a Body would think ones self in a Battel or a Siege.

The Occasion of all this, is the publick Entry of the New-Married King and Queen, it being the First Time they have seen *Paris* since the *Nuptials*. Neither my Tongue nor Pen are able express to the Life, the Inimitable Pomp and Magnificence that have appear'd to Day in the *Royal Train*, and in the Preparations which the City made to receive them. The Lustre of Silver, Gold and Precious Stones, dazl'd ones Eyes from all Parts; and I could have wish'd for a *Mussulman* Army, to have been at the Plunder of such Immense Riches. Yet there were Forty Thousand of the Citizens, and King's Guards in Arms, to augment the Glory of the Day.

The *Monarch* with his *Royal Spouse*, appeared seated on a Majestick *Throne*, all glittering with Gold and Diamonds. It was rais'd on High, and there were several Steps or Degrees to ascend up to it. On these were placed the *Princes* of the *Blood*, the *Dukes* and *Peers* of the *Realm*, with other *Grande-es* and *Nobles*, as also *Princesses*, *Dutchesses* and *Ladies* of the *First Quality*.

'Twas at the Foot of this *Throne*, there were made Innumerable Speeches, and Congratulatory
Addresses

Addresses by the *Priests* and *Monks* of all *Orders*, by the *Students* in the *Academy*, and by the several *Companies* of *Tradesmen*. But, that which was most surprizing, a certain strange *Maid* utter'd several *Orations* in *Latin*, *Greek*, *French* and *Spanish*, wherein she magnify'd the *King's* Heroick Undertakings, his wonderful Successes, great Wisdom and Courage, with other Vertues, which she made the Subject of her *Panegyrick*. She also no less extoll'd the *Queen's* Matchless Beauty, the Greatness of her Birth, the Royal Endowments of her Mind; And concluded with reflecting on the Joy of all *Europe*, for this Illustrious *Match*, and Alliance of Two the most Potent *Crowns* in *Christendom*.

She delivered her self with such an Incomparable Grace and Modesty, as drew the Eyes and Ears of all that were present. And 'tis said, the *King* was extremely pleased with her; much more the *Queen*, who had never before encountred so Learned a Female.

The *French* Ladies have for many Years applied themselves to the Study of *Languages* and *Philosophy*. But 'tis not so in *Spain*, where the Men are too Rigorous to the Fair to allow 'em that Liberty. They are as morose to Women, as the *Moors*, from whom a great Part of that *Nation* are said to descend. Every *Country* in *Europe*, has suffer'd mighty Changes, by the Incurfions and Conquests of the *Moors*, *Goths*, *Huns* and *Vandals*. So that 'tis difficult to trace the Original of any *People* in such a Hotch-Potch of Foreign Blood. Neither have they any Care of their *Genealogies*, as we *Arabians* have in the *East*.

Illustrious *Aga*, tho' it signifies Nothing to spring of a Noble Stock, unless we inherit the Vertues of our *Ancestors*, as well as their Splendid *Titles* and *Estates*: Yet 'tis both profitable and pleasant to have by us a Register of our *Families*, that reading their Characters and Heroick Actions, we may imitate their

their Examples, and add to the Glory of the *Tribe* from which we descend.

Paris, 26th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

L E T T E R XIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know not whether I shall finish the Letter I begin; or, if I do, whether it will be above Ground, or in the Bowels of the Earth. However; I cannot forbear writing to thee, my Dear Friend, though both the Paper and I, with the House wherein I lodge, and all this Beautiful City, may, for ought I know, be transported to another *Region* before Morning. Nay, 'tis possible this very Hour may People *Elyzium* with a New Colony from *France*, and *Paris* may descend with all her Magnificent *Palaces* to the *Shades* below, changing the Banks of the River *Seyne*, for those of *Acheron* or *Styx*, and the Refreshing *Airs* of *Champagne*, for the Choaking *Sulphurs* of *Hell*. In a Word, we have felt the Menaces of a Terrible *Earthquake* this Evening, but as yet have suffered no Damage.

When I liv'd in *Asia*, an *Earthquake* was almost as Common as the Yearly Revolutions of *Summer* and *Winter*: And we took as little Notice of it, as we did of Lightning, Hail or Rain. Besides, one *Musfulman* encouraged another, and the General Faith of *True Believers* confirm'd us all, That we ought to be resign'd to *God*, and to the Appointments of *Eternal Destiny*, whether it were for Pleasure or Pain, Good or Evil, Life or Death. But now I have been so long disus'd to these Convulsions of the *Globe*, (for I have not felt one above these Two and Twenty Years) and am also separated

ted from the Society of the *Faithful*; that I am become like the rest of the World, and even like these *Infidels*, Timorous, Astonished, void of Reason, and of little or no Faith.

My Mind at first, stagger'd as much as my Body, when I was walking cross my Chamber, and felt the Floor rock under me with that Singular Kind of Motion, which no Humane Art or Force can imitate. I soon concluded 'twas an *Earthquake*, but knew not how to bear that Thought with Indifference. Death is familiar to me in any other Figure, but that of being so surprizingly buried alive. It appeared horrible to sink on a sudden into an Unknown Grave, I knew not whither: Perhaps I might fall into some Dark Lake of Water; or it may be, I might be drench'd in a River of Fire, or be dash'd on a Rock: For, who can tell the Disposition of the Caverns below, or what Sort of Apartments he shall find under the surface of the Earth? We walk on the Battlements of a Marvellous Structure, a *Globe* full of Tremendous Secrets. And whether *Nature* or *Destiny*, *Providence* or *Chance*, occasion the Ruptures that we find are made in divers Parts of the Earth, it matters not much, so long as we are in Danger of tumbling in. Such a terrible Fall, would put the best *Philosopher* in the World out of Humour, and Spoil all his Reasoning. I'm sure, 'twould vex me thus in a Trice to be plundered of my Thoughts. Which makes me either wonder at the Vanity of *Empedocles*, if he threw himself into the flaming Chasm of Mount *Ætna*, only for the Sake of being esteemed a *God*, (as the common Report is;) or gives me Reason to conclude, he had some other End in his Venurous Leap: Since 'tis not probable, that empty Fame could be esteemed by that Great Sage, as his Final Happiness. A much easier way had *Aristotle*, who, disgusted at his Ignorance of the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Sea*, threw himself

himself in, to put an End to his Disquisitions, if the Story be true. But, I can hardly believe the *Stagyrite* was such a Fool. I guess of other Men, according to the Experience I have of my self. I am as little solicitous about Death as any Man; yet I should be unwilling to hurl my self out of the World headlong, without a *Firm* or a *Testa*; I love New Experiments, but am not very fond of such as take from us irrecoverably the means of trying any more.

We had News here of an *Earthquake* which has overthrown Part of the *Pyreanean* Mountains, some Days before this happened at *Paris*; but few regarded it. Calamities at a Distance frighten Nobody. Yet, those which we feel, put us all in Tears. For my Part, it has this Effect on me, that I am improved in my Carelessness, and become fearful of Nothing. And, I think, there is Reason on my Side, since all my Care, Apprehension and Forecast, can never defend me from the Underminings of the *Omnipotent*.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XIV.

To Hamet Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

LET not the Distance of Time between my Letters, prompt thee to conclude, I forget my Duty; or that I am careless to oblige so Illustrious a Friend. I have many Obligations to discharge; and therefore endeavour to Husband my Hours to the best Advantage, and so to divide my *Dispatches*, That the *Grand Signior* may be served, the *Divan* inform'd of
all

all Material Emergencies, and the Expectations of each *Minister* gratified.

As to the *Reign* of *Lewis XIII.* It was shar'd successively between the *Marshal D' Ancre*, the *Duke of Luines*, and *Cardinal Richlieu*. The First was the *Queen-Mother's* Favourite; the Second was the *King's*; As for the Third, he was absolute Master both of *King, Queen* and *Kingdom*.

During the *King's* *Minority* indeed, *Queen Mary de Medicis*, the *Reliëf* of *Henry IV.* took the *Regency* into her own Hands, and magnaged Things in an Arbitrary Manner. But the *Princes* of the *Blood*, with other *Grandeës*, not able to brook the Government of a Woman, conspired against her. Among these were the *Prince of Conde*, Father to the present *Prince*, and the *Duke of Bovillon*. The Former was a Bold Man, and durst do any Thing that was Brave: The Latter was a Cunning Satesman.

They Caball'd not so privately, but the *Queen-Mother* was acquainted with their Meetings, and the *Duke of Bovillon* was the First who knew his *Party* was betrayed. This Intelligence was brought him from assured Hands, whilst he was sitting with the *Prince of Conde*, and other *Nobles* at the *Place* of their Private *Rendezvous*. Whereupon, he acquainted them with it, exhorting all to abscond immediately, lest they should be seized on the Spot. But they retorting, That the *Queen* would not venture on an Action of such dubious Consequence; He started up and took his Leave of 'em, with these Words: "My
" Lords, you may follow your own Counsel. I'll
" immediately to Horse, and escape to *Sedan*, in
" my *Stockings*: Where, if they make me wear out
" a Pair as an *Exile*; by *Heavens*, I'll make them
" wear out a Thousand Pair of *Boots*.

His Words came to pass, and the Effect was a diminutive *Civil War*; when the *Queen* was forc'd to raise an Army to reduce this *Prince* to Obedience,
the

the Rest of his Party being Imprisoned, as soon as he heard of his Flight.

Whilst these Disturbances lasted, the *Moors* were expell'd out of *Spain*, to the Number of Six Hundred Thousand. Part of those who liv'd toward the *Maritime* Coasts, went by *Sea* into *Africk*. The Rest, whose Residence was farther within Land, sought a passage over the *Pyrenean* Mountains, and so through the *Southern Provinces* of *France*; offering a *Ducat* a Head to the *Vice-Roy* of *Navarre*, for their safe Conduct. He, out of Curiosity coming to see these Travellers, and beholding 'em ragged and almost naked, with Visages like *Ghosts*; took Pity on them, and gave 'em Liberty of Passage gratis: Saying, "God forbid I should extort so much Money from these miserable Wretches, who are abandoned to the wide World.

But, it seems, his Compassion was needless. For these *Mussulmans* were too cunning for him, having their Squalid, torn Garments, quilted all over with Gold and Precious Stones. Which occasioned all People to ridicule the *Vice-Roy's* Easiness, and to call him the Friend of the *Gibeonites*.

I should appear too Partial in reflecting Satyrically on this *Prince*, whose Generosity deserves Praise: Yet I cannot but smile at the Craft of the *Moors*, whereby they not only escaped paying the accustomed Tribute of Passengers, but also blinded these *Infidels*, and took from 'em the Suspicion of greater Riches; which if they had once known, perhaps not a *Moor* should have carried a Piece of Money along with him into *Africk*.

This passage seem'd worthy of thy Knowledge, since it in Part resembles the Famous Departure of the *Ijralites* out of *Egypt*, tho' it comes short of the Robbery and Plunder which they committed on the Inhabitants, the Day before they began their Journey. However, this Story may afford thee some Divertisement.

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As to the *Marshal D' Ancre*, the *Queen's* Favourite; in his Life and Death, he was compared to *Sejanus*, being qualified with the like Vertues and Vices, and having much the same Fortune, his Body after having been dragg'd about the Streets by the Rabble, was at last torn in Pieces.

If thou would'st know, how the *Duke of Luines* obtain'd the *King's* Favour, it was by Ingratitude. For, when he and his Brother were first brought to Court, they were both so poor, that they had but one Cloak between 'em; and for that Reason could not go abroad together. Yet being recommended to the *King* by a certain *Nobleman* for excellent *Falkners*, they were received into Favour. But they abus'd the Kindness of their Patron; and insinuating malicious Things into the *King's* Ear, against the *Nobleman* and his Family, caused him to be banish'd from the Court. After which they managed all Things.

Then succeeded *Cardinal Richlieu* in the Chief Ministry; of whom I have said a great Deal in my Former Letters to the *Grande'es* of the *Port*, and thou wilt find them in the *Register*. I will now add, what I never mentioned before; That he was very Ambitious to be thought a good Judge of *Verse*. He gave to one *Poet*, for a Witty Conceit on his Coat of Arms, Two Thousand *Sequins*, tho' 'twas but a *Verse* of Seven Words. Another he promoted to an Ecclesiastick Dignity, worth a Thousand a Year, for comparing him to the *Primum Mobile*. But he caused a Third to be kick'd out of Doors, for his Obstinacy in denying to alter a Word of his Poem, which the *Cardinal* disliked.

This Minister was very Revengeful, and amongst other Effects of his Temper, none was more taken Notice of, or reflected on, than the Death of *Monsieur de Thou*, whom the *Cardinal* cut off for no other Reason, but because his Father in a General *Histo-*

ry which he wrote, had represented one of *Richlieu's* Ancestors, under a very Ignominious and Abominable Figure. That *Historian* was the Renowned *Thuanus*, of whom, I suppose, thou hast heard.

As to King *Lewis XIII.* himself, he was esteem'd a great Dissembler; accustomed to caress those with more than ordinary Endearments, whom he designed suddenly to ruine: Whence it grew to a Proverb in his Time at the *French Court*, when they saw any Nobleman smil'd on, to say, *His Business is done.* It cannot be denied that this Prince had a Great Spirit, and some Wisdom; yet he was observed to take Delight in many petty Actions unbecoming *Royal Majesty.* He would spend much of his Time in *Painting*, and send for the most Famous Masters in that Art, to view his Works. An equal Inclination he shew'd to *Musick.* And sometimes he was ambitious to be thought a good Cook. Once he made a Great Pasty with his own Hands, filling it with Venison only fit for the Mouths of *Infidels*, viz. The Flesh of Dogs, Wolves and Foxes, with other Abominable Animals, of which it is not lawful for a True Believer to taste. This he caus'd to be serv'd up to Table at a Feast which he made to some of his Countries, who to Honour the King's Handy-work, eat greedily of the Horrid Dish, and highly praised his Skill; whilst he diverted himself with laughing at them. He had many other such Freaks as these, which render'd him Contemptible and Ridiculous to the *Grande'es* of his Kingdom. In a Word, he was more revered Abroad, than at Home. And this was owing to the Conduct of *Cardinal Richlieu*; who was justly esteem'd the very Genius of France.

Illustrious Minister, all that I have said of this Monarch, speak him but a Man: And no body is Wise at all Times. But the Follies of Princes are more Conspicuous, than those of meaner Persons.

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1660.

LETTER XV.

To Mahummed in the Defart.

MAY the *Angel of Peace* pitch his *Pavilion* at the Entrance of that Blessed Cave where thou residest. May thy *Soul* feel Calm and Undisturbed Joys, and for ever repose in divine Tranquillity; Whilst the Rest of the World are molested with Perpetual Cares and Fears, Broils and Enmities, Passions within, and *Furies* without: In a word, whilst they are always in Danger of one another, of themselves, and of the *Elements* which compound their Nature.

O Man highly beloved of *God*, Favourite of the *Angels*, Care of *Heaven*, and the singular Darling of *Providence*. The Palm of an Almighty Hand is extended under thee when thou sittest down or walkest, always ready to snatch thee up from the Calamities which threaten this Lower World, and lift thee to *Paradise*, where the Assembly of the *Just* wait for thy Presence.

There has been an *Earthquake* lately in these *Parts*, which has put all *France* into a great Consternation, astonish'd every Body, and encreased the Thoughtfulness of the Wise. The First Effects of it were felt by the Inhabitants of the *Pyrenees*, which are certain Mountains dividing *France* and *Spain*. There it did great Mischief, overwhelming some *Medicinal Baths*, many Houses, and destroying Hundreds of People. Only one *Mosque* or *Church*, which sunk into the Caverns below, was thrown up again, and stands very Firm, but in another Place. This is look'd upon as a great Miracle, especially by the *French*, who, for ought I know, may censure Partially, favouring their own Interest; in regard
this

this *Church* has been disputed between them and the *Spaniards*, each *Nation* claiming Right to it, as standing before exactly on the Frontier Line. But now their Quarrel is uncontestably decided; For 'tis removed by this Convulsion of the *Globe*, near half a League from its Former Situation, which is so far within the acknowledg'd Limits of *France*. This the *French Priests* magnify, as an apparent Proof of the Justice of their Pretensions, and the People seem very willing to believe it.

As for me, I have another Opinion of *Earthquakes*, and am persuaded, that they are as Natural as the Winds, which no Man knows how to draw into any Party or Faction, unless we believe the Stories of the *Lapland Witches*. I am persuaded, that this *Globe* is much more Ancient than the Generality of Mankind imagine it to be: That it has undergone various Changes by the Predominance of Fire and Water: And that it is now hastening towards another Revolution. I believe the *Central Fire* has eaten its Way almost to the Surface, and kindled all the Mines of Sulphur, and other Inflammable Matter, which it meets with in its Circular Ascent. These corroding and daily consuming their own Vaults, approaching also sometimes too near the vast Receptracles of Subterranean Waters which lie nearer the Surface, over-heat those Lakes; which being thus rarified into Vapours, and pent up in the Hollow of the *Globe* strive to break forth with Immense Violence, which causes that Heaving and Rocking of the *Superficies*, that so terrifies Mortals. But then the Cause is very deep and far from us. For where the Surface is shallow, in such Passions of the *Globe*, the Earth commonly breaks and tumbles in, with whatsoever is upon it. Nay whole Cities sometimes have been thus swallowed up. And the Danger is easily fore-known by a short Snatching and Trepidation of the Ground, Houses, Trees, Men

and every Thing within its Reach ; for then the Convulsion is Generally Fatal. But where the Motion is Heavy, Grave and Regular, 'tis a Sign that both the Source and the Danger of it are far off. And this is so much the more Evident, by how much farther the *Earthquake* is felt above Ground. For the nearer any such Passion happens to the Center, it must be granted, that its Force is extended the wider on the Circumference. This depends on a *Mathematical* Demonstration, and there needs no more be said to thee who art Consummate in the *Sciences*.

What I esteem a due Reflection on this is, That tho' there be no Peril in these Remote *Earthquakes*, yet we know not how soon they will come nearer to us, neither can we be assured, where or when they will happen, or how far they will reach. It follows therefore by a Natural Consequence, That since these Things are Unavoidable, and all the Wit of Man cannot invent a Means to escape sinking into the Bowels of the Earth where it breaks in ; we ought to be careless and Indifferent what Death we die, and only be solicitous to live like Men ; that is, according to Reason. For whether our Souls survive or no, 'twill be comfortable to expire in Peace, and full of our own Innocence.

Paris, 5th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1660

The End of the First Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *P A R I S*.

V O L. VI.

B O O K II.

LETTER I.

To the Venerable Mufti.

HERE is now like to be a great Change at this Court. Cardinal Mazarini is dead. He died at the Castle of the Wood of Vincennes, on the 9th. of this Moon, having been sick a long Time. There happen'd a great Fire at the *Louvre* (so they call the King's Palace in this City) about Five Weeks ago, which obliged the Cardinal, who lodg'd there at that Time, to remove to his own House.

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From whence, for the Sake of Air, he was advis'd by his *Physicians* to go to the aforesaid *Castle*. But all in vain: For *Death*, which finds Access into the strongest Fortresses, pursu'd him thither, and led him in Triumph to the *Region of Silence and Forgetfulness*, who had made so great a Noise and Bustle in this our *World*.

It is reported, that a certain *Astrologer* foretold him, he should die in this *Moon*. But the *Cardinal* gave no Credit to him: Tho' one would think he had some Reason to believe him in this, for the Sake of a Former Prediction of his, concerning the *Duke of Beaufort*. I have mentioned this *Prince*, and the Enmity that was between *Mazarini* and him, which occasioned the *Duke's* Imprisonment in the *Castle of the Wood of Vinciennes*. During his Restraining, the fore-mentioned *Astrologer* gave it out in *Paris*, That the *Duke* should escape out of Prison precisely on such a Day. The *Cardinal* being informed of this, waited till the Day came, designing to punish the *Astrologer* as a Cheat, or at least to expose him for an Ignorant Person. To which End he sent for him, and upbraiding him with Presumption and Folly, in that the Day was now come, and yet the *Duke of Beaufort* was still a Prisoner, without any Hopes, or scarce a Possibility of escaping, order'd him to be sent to the *Bastile*. But the *Astrologer* addressing himself with much Submission and Earnestness, spoke to this Effect: *May it please your Eminence only to respite my Sentence till to Morrow, and then hang me if you do not find that I have spoke Truth. The Day which I foretold, is come indeed, but it is not past. A Courier will soon convince you, that I have not studied this Science in vain.*

The *Cardinal* mov'd with these Words, only confin'd the *Astrologer* in a Chamber of his own *Palace*. And the next Day he receiv'd an *Express*, which gave him an account of the *Duke's* Escape, and the
Manner

Manner of it, *viz.* That on the Day before, he had let himself down by a Ladder of Ropes into the *Castle-Ditch*, and was no more to be seen or heard of. Thus the *Astrologer* escap'd the *Cardinal's* Revenge, and got much Fame at the *Court*, which was increas'd by the *Cardinal's* Death, falling out exactly according to his Prediction.

This *Minister* was a very subtle Man; and *Cardinal Richlieu* us'd to say of him, *That if he were minded to put a Trick on the Devil, he would only set Mazarini to Work.* Therefore he made him his Confident, instructed him in all Secrets of the *French Court*, the Art of Government, and on his Death-Bed recommended him to the *King*, as the fittest Man to succeed him in the Management of the *Publick*. He was after the Death of *Lewis XIII.* at First oppos'd by several *Grandeess*; but the *Queen's* Authority, and that of the *Prince of Conde* supported him: Whence arose a Common Proverb in those Days, *The Queen permits All, the Cardinal Commands All, and the Prince puts All in Execution:* For this last had then the Office of General.

This *Minister* was not esteem'd so Covetous as his Predecessor, yet he heap'd up Vast Treasures; Part of which he bestow'd in Magnificent Buildings and Furniture, the Rest he sent into *Italy* to his Father; who astonish'd at the Prodigious Quantities of Gold he receiv'd, us'd to say, *Sure it rains Money in France.* However, he made himself Odious to the *Subjects* of this *Nation* by his Continual Oppressions; and they are glad he is gone.

'Tis a By. Word at *Rome*, when any *Pope* dies; to say, *Now the Dog is dead, all his Malice is buried with him.* But I doubt, it will not prove true in the *Court of France* at this Juncture. For the *King* will either find a *Minister* Equal in Subtily to the Deceas'd *Cardinal*, who shall supply his Place; or he will take the Administration of Affairs into his

own Hands. Be it which Way it will, we are like to see the same *Maxims* pursu'd, so long as *Cardinal Richlieu's Memoirs* are in Being, who first taught this *Crown* to understand its own Strength.

Paris, 14th of the 3^d Moon,
of the Year 1661.

L E T T E R II.

To the Vizir Azem at the Porti.

I Have sent a Dispatch to the *Musty* acquainting him with the Death of the *Cardinal Mazarini*, First Minister of State, and the Greatest Favourite that ever liv'd. Now I will inform thee of some Passages, which I Omitted in my Letter to that Venerable *Prelate*. It is Necessary for me thus to distribute my Intelligence, with a due respect to the different Quality of my *Superiours*.

Thou, I suppose, wilt require some Account of his Disposition and Morals, with such a Character as may render this Great *Genius* familiar to thy Knowledge.

He seem'd to place his chief Happiness in aggrandizing his Master, whom he serv'd with a Zeal so pure and disinterefs'd; a Loyalty so Incorruptible, and by such regular Methods of Prudence and Policy; as if in his Days, nothing were to be counted Vertue or Vice, but what either favour'd or oppos'd the King of France's Interest. He was of a Happy Constitution for a *Courtier*, being by Nature Debonair, Complaisant, Affable, and of a Sweet Deportment. Yet Experience and Art, taught him to improve these Advantages, to the Height of Dissimulation. You should see Courtesie and extraordinary

traordinary Goodness flowing into every Feature of his Face; You should hear Words breathing from his Mouth, like the soft Benedictions of an *Angel*: Yet at the same Time, his Heart gave the Lye to Both. He meant nothing less, than that a Man should find him as good as his Word. He was ever ready to promise any Thing that was demanded of him: But in Performance, slow and full of Excuses. Frugal of his *Prince's* Money, and Liberal of his own. Magnificent in his Buildings, and the Furniture belonging to them: Aiming in *all* Things to exceed other Men, his *Equals*, and in *some*, to surpass even *Mighty Princes*, his Superiours. In a Word, he was accomplish'd with all Qualifications requisite in a Fortunate Courtier, and a good Statesman.

Yet after all, this Sublime Genius yielded to Death: But not like *Common Mortals*. He died altogether like *himself*, without so much as changing that settled Gravity, and Serene Air of his Face, as had been Remarkable during his Life. He made the *King* Heir of his Estate, and bequeathed abundance of Legacies.

To say all in Brief: If he was Great in his *Life*, he was much more so in his *Death*; mingling his last Breath with the Sighs and Tears of the *King*, who lamented his Departure with the Mourning of a *Son* for a *Father*.

Paris, 26th of the 3^d Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER III.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master of
the Customs at Constantinople.

Yesterday a Dispatch came to my Hand from a very Remote Part of the Earth. Our Cousin *Isof* sent it from *Astracan*, a Famous City for Traffick, formerly belonging to the *Crim Tratars*, but now in the Possession of the *Moscovites*. He has been there a Considerable Time, finding Profit by Merchandise: For there is a vast Resort to that City from *China*, *Indostan*, *Persia*, *Moscovy*, and other Provinces of *Europe* and *Asia*. The Roads to it, are daily covered with the *Caravans* of Trading People. And the River *Volga* can hardly sustain the Innumerable Multitude of Vessels that Transport Passengers with their Goods backwards and forwards, between *Astracan*, and the Regions round about the *Caspian Sea*, into which that Mighty River discharges it self.

Isof is Ingenious, and has pitch'd upon some Advantageous Way of enriching himself, which tempts him to take up his Abode in that City, and there end his Travels; or at least, he will repose himself there, till Fortune presents him with a fairer Opportunity of encreasing his Wealth.

In the mean Time, I perceive by his Letter, that he gets Money apace, lives very happily, and has the Wit to keep himself free from the Yoke of Marriage, which embarras'd him so much formerly. He soon put that troublesome Wife out of his Mind, after he had Divorc'd her; and he never fail'd to gratify himself with new Amours, where-ever he came in his Travels. He writes very comically; and I can't forbear smiling, when he tells me, He
has

has had as many *Concubines* as the *Grand Signior*. By which thou wilt perceive, that *Isonf* is much addicted to Gallantry. He frankly confesses, that he first learned this Mode of loving at large in *Persia*, especially at *Ispahan*; where he says, 'tis a Mark of Honour for a Man to be good at Intriguing with the Ladies: And he is call'd a *Turk* by way of Disgrace, who frequents not every Evening the *Gardens* and *Houses of Pleasure* in the Suburbs. But he adds, that in *India* the Liberty of courting Women is much greater. And that the very Nature of that *Climate*, disposes a Man to this soft Passion. In a word, our Amorous Kinsman retains the same Humour still.

Yet this does not hinder him from prosecuting his necessary Affairs with Diligence, and Alacrity. He dispatch'd a Business for me at *Archangel* in *Russia*, and another at *Mosco*, very dexterously. Which convinces me, that he is not less Sedulous and Careful in Things which concern himself. He says, the *Moscovites* are the greatest *Drunkards* in the World. Their Chief and most beloved Liquor, is what the *French* call, *The Water of Life*. 'Tis a Chymical Drink, extracted from the Lees of Wine, or other Strong Beverages: such as thou know'st is common among the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and *Franks* in the *Levant*. When the *Moscovites* are once got into a House where this *Nectar* is Sold, and are a little warm'd and elevated with it, they will not depart till all their Money is gone: Nay, they will pawn their very Garments from their Backs in a Frolick, rather than want their Dose of this Inebriating Stuff, and go out stark Naked in the Coldest Weather that is, fall asleep in the open Streets, and yet are ne'er the worse for it when they wake, but go to their daily Work with the greater Ardour. For, 'tis only the Common People are guilty of this Extravagance. As for the
Gentry

Gentry and Nobility, they are more close and reserv'd in their drunken Debauches.

The *Moscovites*, according to the Character he gives me of them, are a very rude and unpolish'd People; Surly to one another, and extreamly rugged to Strangers. They despise all other *Nations* in the World, and say, 'tis impossible for any Man to go to *Heaven*, who has not a *Moscovite* Soul in him. They profess the *Christian Religion*, and were formerly of the *Greek Church*; but now they have separated themselves, and set up a *Patriarch* of their own; to whom so great a Veneration is paid, that the *Emperour* himself holds his Stirrop when he mounts on Horse-back.

Brother, I desire thee to speak advantageously of *Isonf*, to the Illustrious *Kerkar Hassan*, and to the other *Bassa's* of the Bench. He will be a serviceable Man to the *Grand Signior*, if encourag'd by some Place of *Honour* and *Profit*. I wish I could say the same of our *Cousin Solyman*. But he is too Wise in his own Conceit.

Dear *Pesteli*, excuse my Abruptness; For my Hours are divided between the Service I owe to the *Sultan*, and the Affection I bear my Friends.

Paris, 7th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER IV.

To Orchan Cabet, Student in the Sciences, and Pensioner to the Sultan.

I Have heard of thy *Fame*, and the Manner of thy Conversion to the *Law* brought down from *Heaven*? How that from a *Christian Priest*, thou art become

become a *Mussulman Abdalla*, that is, a *Believer* and *Servant* of the *True God*. May thy Reward, both here and hereafter, be according to thy Integrity in this Change of *Faith* and *Religion*: For *Hypocrites* are neither Acceptable to *God* nor *Man*. Yet most Men are Profelyted for Interest, Fear, or other Human regards. And in the Sense of the *Christians*, thou knowest, a *Renegado* and a Villain are Reciprocal Terms.

The Insupportable Miseries of *Servitude*, tempt many to embrace *Circumcision*, which at once sets 'em free, and often puts 'em in a Condition to mend their Fortunes, and live more happily than they did, even before they were Captives: whilst Ambition and Avarice, are prevailing Motives with others in more Prosperous Circumstances to be of the *Grand Signior's Religion*, that so they may rise in his Favour, and obtain some Considerable *Preferment* at the *Court*, or *Office* in the *Army*; like the Ancient *Melchites* among the *Christians*, who were so call'd, because they always profess'd the Faith of the *Grecian Emperours*, without examining whether it was *Orthodox* or no. A Sort of Religious *Parasites*, who would be any Thing to serve their own Interest, and Adore the *Devil* himself provided their *Sovereign* shew'd 'em an Example.

Yet after all, there are some who change their *Religion* in pure Sincerity, only compell'd thereto by the Dint of Exalted Reason, and Motives of Vertue. Such as these are Thinking Men, Persons of Bold Spirits, who dare call in Question the *Tradition* of their *Fathers*, examine the *Principles* in which they were Educated, dispute every Thing, and bring all to the Standard of Natural Truth.

I rejoyce to hear that thou art one of this Character, and not in the Number of Counterseits or Bigots: For such bring no Credit to the *Religion* they embrace, but rather a Scandal. Yet the Arms of
the

the Munificent *Port* are open to receive all who profess that *God* is *One*, and that *Mahomet* is his *Apostle*; leaving the Scrutiny of their Intention, to him who searches the Heart.

Thy *Learning* gives thee Fair Opportunités of doing Good. Put it to a Right Use. Convince the *Infidels* whom thou hast forsaken, of their Errors; Confirm the *True Believers*, in the *Faith* without Blemish.

Do this by Discourse, by Writing, and by thine own Exemplary Life, which last will prevail above Ten Thousand Eloquent *Sermons*.

In a word, shew thy self a True and Faithful *Follower* of the *Prophet* on Earth, and *God* will translate thee to his Company in *Paradise*; where *Moses* will introduce thee, *Jesus* will Entertain thee with Joy, and all the 124000 *Prophets* will welcome thee to the Pleasures which know no End.

Paris, 21st of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER V.

To the Mufti.

WE are apt to admire some Strange Passages which we find Recorded in *Ancient History*, and whose Truth is out of the Reach of any Mortal to prove: Yet we slight the Miracles which are before our Eyes, Evident Matters of Fact, which no body can contradict. Whence this should proceed, I know not, unless it be from a Natural Kind of Drowsiness in the *Soul*, Common to the greatest Part of Men; like the Sleep of those, who cannot so soon be awaken'd by the loudest Noises they are accustom'd

accustom'd to, as by the soft and still *Idea's* of a strange *Dream*; So we regard not the Things to which we are daily habituated, tho' in themselves never so prodigious: Whist we start and are amaz'd at the most Ordinary Relations of *Antiquity*, only because they are Novel to us, and we were not Eye-Witnesses of the Things themselves.

I formerly sent a Letter to *Cara Hali*, the *Sultan's Physician*, wherein I mentioned several *Physicians* of *Arabia*, who in past Ages, were Eminent for some Remarkable Cures. But, I tell thee, not one of them could match the *King of France's* Success in Curing an *Epidemical* Distemper, which they call the *KING's-EVIL*. The General *Symptoms* of this *Malady*, are certain Swellings in the Face, Neck, or other Parts of the Body; sometimes accompanied with Blindness, Deafness, Lameness, and other Imperfections. Those who are troubled with this *Disease*, flock to the *King's Court* at certain Seasons of the Year, and being introduced into his Presence, he only touches the Part affected with his Hand, and an Intallible Cure follows.

They say, this Gift has been Inherent in the *Kings of France* for many Generations: And the *Priests* manifest it as a Great *Miracle*. But, I tell thee, all the Prodigy in my Opinion, lies in the Strength of the People's Imagination, which thou knowest works half the Cure in many Distempers. The *Priests* stand by the *King*, whilst he touches the Sick: They repeat their *Gospel*, and use certain *Prayers* and *Exorcisms*, being vested all in White like *Magicians*. These *Ceremonies* are perform'd with abundance of Gravity, which strikes an Awe into the Credulous Patients. And to render the Business yet more Mysterious; whereas other *Physicians* take Money of the Sick, this Royal *Æsculapius* bestows a Piece of Gold on every one whom he touches, which they are obliged to wear about their
Necks

Necks as long as they live. Now whether the *Charm* lies in the *Gold*, or the *King's Touch*, or the *Prayers* and *Ceremonies* of the *Priests*, or finally in the *Patients Fancy*, it matters not much. This is certain, That Thousands who come to the *King's Feet*, very much disorder'd by this *Evil*, find a sensible Alteration in their Bodies, before they depart from his Presence; and in a few Hours or Days at most, are perfectly recover'd.

Perhaps, the *Kings of France* have some *Magical* or *Physical Tincture* in their *Blood*. Or, it may be, they have found out the *Philosopher's Stone*, so much talk'd of; and deliver'd it down to their *Posterity*, as a Part of the *Royal Inheritance*. Which enables the present *King*, to do so many *Prodigious Things* both at *Home* and *Abroad*, in *Peace* and in *War*, besides his Part in *Curing* this *Sickness*. I am no *Rosicrucian*, nor very fond or credulous of *Miracles*; yet I often wonder at the *Treasures* of this *Monarch*, which appear *Inexhaustible*. But the *Ways of Kings* are secret, and he of *France* is singular in his *Mysterious Methods* of growing *Rich* and *Great*. Neither do all his *Magnificent Expences* seem to diminish his *Wealth*. The *King of Sweden* has been his *Pensioner* ever since he began to *Reign*: And Millions of *French Gold*, are dispersed among the *German Princes*.

These Things cause his *Subjects* to descant variously. But I referr 'em to thy *Oraculous Judgment*, whose *Single Testa* is of *Ten Thousand Times* more *Worth*, than the *Decrees* of a *French Parliament*.

Paris, 3^d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Mirmadolin, Santone of the Vale
of Sidon.

NOW I will vent *Holy Things*, and what the Divinity shall inspire. The *World* was in Weeds when *Hosain* the Prophet was slain, and the Moon put on her Mourning Dress. The *Timbrels* of *Persia*, *Arabia* and *Babylon* were heard in the Dead of the Night: Their sound reach'd to the *Third Heaven*: The *Shepherds* ran to the Heights of the Earth, to discover the Occasion of so much Noise. The *Sentinels* of Forts and Castles gave the Alarm, and the *Men of War* took hold of the Sword, the Bow and the Spear. The *Tygris* overflowed its Banks, and *Diarbekir* became a Lake. A Dark Body of Clouds overcast the Sky, and poured forth Thunder Lightning and Hail. Fire ran along on the Sands of the *Desart*, and the Air was all in a Flame. Horror possess'd the Minds of Mortals, and the *Angels* themselves were Uneasy. The Beasts of the Field ran into Dens and Caves, and the Dragons were touch'd with Remorse. Only the more Venemous *Kisilbaschi* swell'd with Pride: The Poyson of Murther and Herefy had puff'd up their *Souls*: They and their Posterity are accurs'd to this Day, and to the Hour of the Irrevocable Sentence.

O Santone, Great is thy Faith, in that thou hast abandoned the Shadow of this World, and separated thy self from the Contagion of Mortals. I revere the Majesty of thy Sublime Soul, the Intellect ranging at Liberty. Thou daily gatherest Flowers from the Garden of *Eden*, and being in the Body, enjoyest the Sweets of *Paradise*. Kings would lay down their Crowns to taste of thy Pleasures, did they

they but know them; and exchange all the Glory of *Empires*, for one Moment of thy Unspeakable Bliss. Thou Companion and Care of *Angels*, Darling of the *Monarch Omnipotent*!

Where-ever thou liest down, whether by Day or by Night, the *Watchers* Above stand ready with *Umbrella's* to skreen thee from the Scorching Beams of the *Sun*, the Chilling Darts of the *Moon* and *Stars*, and from all Injuries of Weather. The *Elements* go out of their Courses to serve thee, and all *Nature* espouses thy Interest.

The *Merchant* hires a Thousand Camels, and loads them with the Choicest Riches of the *Levant*. He endures all the Fatigues of a long and dangerous Travel, through *Syria*, *Arabia* and *Persia*; runs the Risque of Robbers, Diseases, and Ten Thousand Methods of Death: and after all his Hazards and Pains, is not half so Happy nor so Rich as thou, who aboundest in Every Thing, because thou desirest Nothing which thou hast not, or that is Unnecessary. The *Plough-men* labour for thee in the *Field*, and so do the *Artificers* in the *City*. The Noble and the Vulgar are thy Purveyors, and the Greatest *Sovereigns* pay Tribute to thee. Every House is thy Home, and they count themselves Happy, under whose Roof thou vouchsafest to sleep. They are really so; for Benediction accompanies the Perfect Man in all his Ways, and the Favours of *Heaven* overtake them that shew Kindness to him. Thou art *Lord* of other Men's Estates, and every Man's Field is thy Inheritance. Thou enjoyest the Riches of this World, without being tainted with the Vices that attend 'em, and receivest Immortal Assurances and Seals of the Future Glory, in the Life which is to come. Oh! Happy Estate of the Righteous! Oh! Life to be truly envied!

As for me, I'm like a *Galley-Slave*, chain'd down to this Oar, and forc'd to Row Incessantly whither the

the *Master* of the Vessel Commands. So am I oblig'd to obey the Dictates of my *Superiours*, whether there be Sin in the Case or no. I am fasten'd in the Cares of this Vain World, and the more Particular Anxieties of *State*. From all which thou art Happily free.

Oh that it were Lawful for me to shake off the the Fretting Yoke, and disintangle my self from the Snares of Humane Policy! That I might live like the Men of the *First Ages*, who honour'd the *Earth* as their *Common Mother*, and made no Envious Enclosures! They sported Innocently on her Fragrant Bosom, and never molested their Kind *Parent*, by Cruelty to any of her *Offspring*. They suck'd the Milk of her Breast: Her Veins stream'd with Wine and Honey. They banqueted on Variety of excellent Fruits, and no Body thought of Killing and Eating his *Fellow-Animal*. The Birds could then range the Air without Fear of the *Fowler*; neither did any Yawling Huntsman rouse the Timorous Hare from her Seat. The Roes and the Hinds could scamper at pleasure o'er the Plain, without being harter'd to the Mountains and Rocks for Sanctuary; neither did any sly Angler trepan the Fish of the Rivers. As for the Sea, 'twas then Unknown; No Man as yet, had ventur'd on that Perfidious *Element*, or found out the Use of Ships. There was in those Days no Foreign Commerce or Traffick, nor any Need of it. Every *Region* supply'd its Inhabitants with what was Useful and Necessary: And those Temperate Mortals desir'd no more. They liv'd without Irregular Appetites, free from Ambition, Fraud and Blood.

This is the Life so much desir'd by me, and which thou actually enjoyest. God augment thy Felicities and Raptures, that thou mayest pass from one Vision and Ecstasy to another, till *Gabriel* snatch
thy

thy *Soul* away in a *Divine* Transport, beyond the Possibility of a Relapse.

Holy *Santone*, whilst thou art on *Earth*, pray for me; and when thou art among the *Immortals*, do me some Favours which may last for ever.

Paris, 26th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

MY Business in this Place obliges me to keep Company with all Sorts of People. Hence I indifferently associate my self with Statesmen, Souldiers, Courtiers, Priests, Fidlers, Mechanicks, Seamen, or Persons of any Profession, from whom I can hope for any Improvement: For, there is hardly so despicable a Fellow in the World, who may not teach an Inquisitive Mind something, to which it was a Stranger before.

Sometimes I converse with *Painters*, whom I generally find to be Men of Wit and Sense, but very lewd and dissolute: However, they serve to divert my Melancholy, to which thou knowest I am much inclin'd. For they are the merriest Sparks in the World, abounding with smart Repartees, Jests and Comical Stories, besides a Hundred Mimical Tricks of good Buffoonry to make one laugh; that it is almost Impossible to be sad in their Company.

They are most of them bred in the *Academy*, or in *Colleges* and *Schools* where the *Sciences* are profess'd: It being in a Manner necessary, That Men of this *Trade* should have a Smack of all Sorts of Learning,

Learning, and especially, that they should be indifferent good *Historians*; they being many Times desir'd to represent Pieces of *Antique* and *Modern History*, without a *Pattern*. They have a very Facetious Way also of telling a Story to the Life, as well as of drawing it so in Picture. They would dissolve the most stiff and morose *Hadgi* into Laughter and Jollity, to hear how gracefully they will ridicule the most serious Matters, and turn every Thing into *Burlesque*: For they are Admirable *Satyrists* by Nature.

Yet these are not all alike, but differ in their Tempers like other Men. Some of them are Proud and Stately, others Fawning and Abject: And all of them great *Humorists*.

It was an odd Whim of *Martin Heemskirk*, a Famous Painter, that was born at a Village of the same Name. He died in the Year of the *Christians Hegira*, 1574. This Man had amass'd together in his Life Time a Vast Quantity of Money; and having no Wife or Children, nor other Relations of his own to leave it to, he was resolv'd to do something, for which he might be talk'd of after his Death. I have heard of many dying Men, that have had one Caprice or other in making their last *Will* and *Testament*: But thou wilt say this of *Martin's* was Singular. For, on his Death-bed he bequeath'd all his Wealth to be distributed into Equal *Dowries* or *Portions*, wherewith to marry a certain Number of *Maids* of *Heemskirk*, his Birth-place, Yearly, on this Condition, That the New-married Couple, with all the Wedding-Guests, shou'd dance on his *Grave*.

It is necessary for thee to know, that since his Death, there has been a great Alteration of *Religion* in those *Parts*: The Inhabitants, which in his Time were *Roman Catholicks*, are now all *Protestants*. And at the Time of this Change or Reformation, as they

they call it, it was the General Practice of the *Protestants*, to demolish all *Images* and *Crosses* wherever they found 'em. Now it was the Custom of the *Roman Catholicks* to set up a *Cross* at the End of every *Sepulchre* of the *Dead*. Yet, so great a Veneration have the *Heemskirkers* for the Memory of this *Painter*, that whereas there is not a *Cross* to be seen standing in all the Country besides; yet his, being of *Brass*, remains untouch'd, as the only *Title* their *Daughters* can shew to his *Legacy*.

'Twas a more Cruel and Inhumane Caprice of an *Italian Printer* (I think his Name wame was *Giotto*) who designing to draw a *Crucifix* to the Life, wheadl'd a poor Man to suffer himself to be bound to a *Cross* for an Hour, at the End of which he shou'd be releas'd again, and receive a Considerable Gratuity for his Pains. But, instead of this, as soon as he had him fast on the *Cross*, he stabb'd him Dead, and then fell to drawing. He was esteem'd the greatest *Master* in all *Italy* at that Time. And having this Advantage, of a Dead Man hanging on a *Cross* before him, there's no Question, but he made a Matchless Piece of Work on't.

As soon as he had finish'd his *Picture*, he carried it to the *Pope*, who was astonish'd as at a Prodigy of Art, highly extolling the Exquisiteness of the Features and Limbs, the Languishing, Pale Deadness of the Face, the Unaffected Sinking of the Head: In a Word, he had drawn to the Life, not only that Privation of sense, and Motion, which we call Death; but also the very Want of the least Vital Symptom.

This is better understood, than express'd. Every Body knows that it is a Master-piece to represent a Passion, or a Thought well and naturally. Much greater is it to describe the total Absence of these Interior Faculties, so as to distinguish the Figure of a Dead Man, from one that is only asleep.

Yet

Yet all this and much more, cou'd the *Pope* discern in the Admirable Draught which *Giotto* presented him. And he lik'd it so well, that he resolv'd to place it over the *Altar* of his own *Chapel* : For, thou know'st, this is the Practice of the *Nazarenes*, to adore *Pictures* and *Images*. *Giotto* told him, Since he lik'd the *Copy* so well, he wou'd shew him the *Original* if he pleas'd.

What dost thou mean by the *Original*, said the *Pope*? wilt thou shew me *Christ Jesus* on the *Cross* in his own Person? No, repli'd *Giotto*, but I'll shew your *Holiness* the *Original* from whence I drew this, if you will absolve me from all Punishment.

The good old *Father* suspecting something extraordinary by the *Painter's* thus Capitulating with him, promis'd on his Word to pardon him. Which *Giotto* believing, immediately told him where it was: And attending him to the Place, as soon as they were enter'd, he drew a Curtain back, which hung before the Dead Man on the *Cross*, and told the *Pope* what he had done.

The *Holy Father* extremely troubl'd at so Inhumane and Barbarous an Action, repeal'd his Promise, and told the *Painter*, he should surely be put to an Exemplary Death.

Giotto seeming resigned to the Sentence pronounc'd upon him, only begg'd leave to finish the *Picture* before he dy'd; which was granted him. In the mean while, a Guard was set upon him to prevent his Escape. As soon as the *Pope* had caus'd the *Picture* to be deliver'd into his Hands, he takes a Brush; and dipping it in a Sort of Stuff he had ready for that Purpose, daubs the *Picture* all over with it, so that nothing cou'd now be seen of the *Crucifix* : But it was quite effac'd in all outward Appearance.

This made the *Pope* stark mad: He stamp'd, foam'd and ray'd like one in a Phrensy. He swore
E the

the *Painter* should suffer the most Cruel Death that could be invented, unless he drew another full as good as the former: For if but the least Grace was missing, he wou'd not pardon him. But if he could produce an exact Parallel, he wou'd not only give him his Life, but an Ample Reward in Money.

The *Painter*, as he had Reason, desir'd this under the *Pope's Signet*, that he might not be in Danger of a Second Repeal: Which was granted him. And then he took a wet Sponge, and wip'd off all the *Varnish* he had daub'd on the *Piſture*. And the *Crucifix* appeared the same in all Respects, as it was before.

The *Pope*, who looked on this as a great Secret, being Ignorant of the Arts which *Painters* use, was ravished at the strange *Metamorphosis*. And to reward the *Painter's* treble Ingenuity, he absolv'd him from all his Sins, and the Punishments due to them; ordering moreover his *Steward*, to cover the *Piſture* all over with Gold, as a farther Gratuity for the *Painter*. And, they say, this *Crucifix* is the Original by which the most famous *Crucifixes* in *Europe* are drawn.

I need make no other Reflection on this, than that as the Suppos'd Murther of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, is the Source of all the *Christians* Devotion; so the real *Homicide* which this *Painter* committed, has made it more intense and fervent, by how much the *Crucifixes* drawn after this *Pattern*, excel all that were seen before them, in the *Tragical* Portraiture of the *Martyr'd Messias*.

And, from this Reason it is, that *Painters* are in so great esteem among the *Italians*, because they form the *Gods* which those *Infidels* Adore. It is no wonder therefore, that the Chief Head of their *Church*, should so easily Absolve Murther in a *Painter*, as a Venial Sin, especially when it is done in *Ordine ad Deum*, as the *Jesuits* say, that is, to promote

more *God's* Glory, as the *Pope* easily persuaded himself this was: Since *Idolatry* is the main Engine which supports the State and Grandeur of the *Roman Court*. And all the World knows, that Holy City is a *Type* of *Heaven*; or at least, the Crafty *Priests* would fain represent it so.

My Friend, thou and I have seen enough of their Tricks and Holy Frauds in *Sicily*. Praise be to *God*, they had not Power to pervert us. Our *Faith* remains inviolate: We still possess the Integrity of *Mussulmans*, the Native Attach we owe to the *Prophet*, who was sent to Exterminate *Idols*. In a word, we Adore none but One *God*, Creator of the *Worlds*. May that *Incomprehensible* for ever keep us in the same *Faith* and Practice, till the Release of our *Souls*.

Paris, 13th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

L E T T E R VIII.

To Lubano Abufei Saad, an Egyptian Knight.

THIS Court is now at *Fontainbleau*, and all seems to be dissolv'd in Joy for the Birth of a *Dauphin*. The *Queen* was delivered of this young Prince, on the First Day of this *Moon*. There's Nothing but Feasting, Dancing and Revelling on this Account, with Bonfires and Congratulatory Addresses. Only the *Duke of Orleans*, the *King's* Brother, has little Reason to be over-merry, since he was the next Presumptive *Heir* of the *Crown*, in Case the *King* died without Issue Male: For the *Laws* of *France* exclude a *Female* from Reigning. Yet, this *Duke*

dissembles his Inward Grief, for being thus put by his Hopes, and appears as Joyful as the *Father* himself. He hugs and admires the *Royal Babe*, wishing him Health and Long Life in a Compliment, whom he really could rather wish out of the World; or at least, that he had never come into it. So violent are the Temptations to a *Crown*, so strong the Desire of *Empire*, That the Nearness of *Relation*, which endears the Rest of Mortals one to another, estranges the Hearts of *Princes* from those of their own *Blood*, if they stand in the Way of their Ambition. And I can assure thee, the *French* do not spare to say, the *Duke of Orleans* has enough of this Vice to attempt great Things; were not his *Genius* over-aw'd, by the Matchless Fortune and Spirit of his Brother.

Neither is the *King himself* Insensible of this; remembering with what Warmth the *Duke* received the Flattering Addresses of some *Courtiers*, during his Brother's dangerous Sicknefs, when the *Physicians* had well-nigh given him over for a Dead Man.

I was acquainted with this Passage but lately, by *Osmin the Dwarf*, who watches all the Motions of this *Court*. He tells me that the *King* being inform'd, a Rumour was whispered among the *Grande*es of his Death, caused them all to be sent for, and to pass through his Chamber, whilst the Curtains of his Bed were drawn open, that they might see their *Sovereign* alive, tho' in a bad State of Health. He says moreover, That the true Reason, why several *Lords* of late have been removed from their *Offices* about the *King*, is because he resented ill the too early and passionate Court they made to the *Duke of Orleans*, on the Report of his Brother's Death. 'Tis natural to all Men to love themselves, and to desire the Disposal of their own Affairs. No Man would be content to have his *Estate* given away

by his Servants at their own Discretion. And *Sovereign Monarchs* are the most Jealous of all Men in such Cases: Particular, the *King of France* is known to be a *Prince* very sensible of his Honour, and soon touched in that Point, by the least Appearance of Dis-respect in his Subjects, and of Incroachment in this Neighbours.

As for the *Duke of Orleans*, he is a *Prince* of no great Character, either as a Souldier, or a Statesman. Neither has he been much talked of in the World, till the Beginning of this Year, when he Married an *English Princess*, by Name *Henrietta*, Daughter, to the late Murther'd King of that Nation.

We have had another *Match* here also, between the late *Duke of Orleance's* Daughter, and the *Prince of Tofcany*. These things occasion various Discourse among those who pretend to weigh exactly the different Interests of *Christian Courts*, especially of such as are concerned in the New *Alliances*. For, the Greatest *Monarchs* here in the *West*, marry only for Profit and Advantage, to Fortifie themselves by a closer Union with the *House* to which they are Ally'd. Whereas our *Eastern Princes* only indulge their Passions in the Choice of their Wives, admitting none to their Embraces, but the most Exquisite Beauties that can be found. And where they once pitch their Phancy, they neither regard Riches, Honour, or any other Recommendation, save what their Love suggests; being themselves Inexhaustible Fountains of Wealth, Nobility and good Fortune to all who have the Happiness to be in their Favour.

They scorn to sell themselves, and prostitute the Glory of their *Diadems* to a *Foreign Prince*, for the Sake of a little Gold, and much more Trouble, with a proud Female, whom perhaps they never saw. Yet this is the common Practice among the *Princes* of the *Nazarene Belief*; Who consider not, that in-

stead of a Wife, a Partner of their *Empire*, and a Friend, they often entertain a Snake, a Traytor, an Enemy: Especially if she be a Woman of Wit and Intrigue, as most of them are. This made the now *Queen-Mother*, the *Relict* of *Lewis XIII.* suspected by her Husband; and the present *Queen of France* is under the like Circumstances: And it will always be so, where *Princes* Match themselves after this manner, and cannot debar their Wives from holding a secret Correspondence with the *Family* from which they Descend.

Assuredly, the *Ottoman Politicks* are the most refined and secure of any in the World; our *Religion* most *Holy*, and our *Morals* most *Sound*. Which Three are evident Signs, That *God* has raised up this *Sacred Empire*, to subdue all the Nations on Earth, and bring 'em to the *Faith* of his *Divine Unity*.

Paris, 9th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

L E T T E R IX.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

I Am now in my Chamber by a Glowing Fire, wanting Nothing that can comfort a Reasonable Man: Whilst I hear the Winds whistling, the Snow driving upon my Windows, and the hollow Voices of the *Watch* proclaiming a Night little less Cold, than that *lasting one* they feel in the *Artick Circle* once a Year. Yet I wish my self in a Plain, or on the Top of some High Mountain, where I might feel *Nature* in the most Rigid of all her Humours.

mours. I love Variety, and 'tis a Pain to be confined to Pleasure it self, when 'tis all of one Kind, or what I'm us'd to.

'Tis to thee, my Dear *Haly*, I owe this Thought, when you told me once, as we were walking together in the Cemetery of *Sultan Solymon's Mosque*, *That Man is made for all Things.*

I remember the Elegance and Force of Reason with which you explained your Sentiments, upon a Loss which I had then sustained by *Shipwrack*; comforting me with this Reflection, that all the Gains on Earth are only Burthens: all the Riches, Honours, Pleasures, and whatsoever is desired by Mortals, are but so many Clogs to tie us faster to this Little, Narrow *Globe*, where we are born, to trample on as our *Foot-stool*.

All this is true; but I consider farther, That the Occurrences of this Life ought to be received with Indifference, and we should be as Chearful in a *Prison*, as in a *Palace*; because Nothing can happen to us, which was not decreed by *Fate*. Methinks I could go as freely to Torments in a Just Cause, as to a Sumptuous Banquet. I could smile at the Malice of my Persecutors, and triumph o'er the Vain Executioners, when I see them sweat at their Inhumane Toil, and yet can never have their Wills of a *Soul* cast in such a Mold as mine, whatever they may do with my Body. Tho' they excruciate me with a Thousand Inventions of Cruelty, tho' they reduce me to Ashes, yet they cannot rob me of my *Reason*. Neither Fire, nor Sword, nor Rack, nor any other Instrument of Barbarous Rage, can hurt my Thoughts. I shall still have the Power of Meditating, in Spite of 'em all: And I esteem That the Specifick Happiness of a *Rational* Creature. There's no such Thing as Pleasure or Pain, but what our Opinion makes so. I have try'd to handle Fire; I've grasped hot burning Coals in the palm of my

Hand, with which I now write. The devouring *Element* soon fastened on my Skin, and eat its way through into my Flesh, whilst I was busy in Contemplating its Nature and Effects, without being concern'd in any Sense of Pain. I kept a tite Rein, and curb'd my *Soul*. I held it within Compass, and would not suffer it to winch, or lash, or flounce out of it self, or descend into my Body, to rescue the Part affected, or be concern'd at its Grievance. But when I reflected on the Inconveniences that might follow, and that it would hinder me from serving the *Grand Signior* and my Friends, I threw the Coals away, well satisfied that I had made the Experiment without prejudicing my Reason, or falling into any Passion Unbecoming a Man.

I take as much Pleasure in Fasting, as in Eating or Drinking; in Labour, as in Rest; in Watching, as in Sleep. There's no Excess or Contrariety in *Nature*, which does not afford me as much Delight as Mediocrity, or the *Golden Mean* it self. I find Gust in every Thing that happens to me. And this I take to be the Proper Part of a *Mussulman*, or of one *Resign'd to God*.

Yet this hinders me not from bustling in the World, and prosecuting my Business with Alacrity and some Eagerness. We are born for Action, and not wholly for Thought. 'Tis a mix'd Life we are to lead on Earth. But when I fail of my End or desired Success in any Undertaking, I am not troubl'd, considering I was born to encounter Evil as well as Good in this Mortal State.

In all that I have said, I do not pretend to the Celebrated *Apathy* of the *Stoicks*. I feel Pleasure and Pain from the same Objects which thus affects other Men: But I feel 'em with Indifference, not suffering my Understanding and Judgment to participate with my Passion and Sense.

I have perceived my self sometimes in *Agonies*,
which

which I thought exactly answered the Character of those which dying Persons feel. And I believe they were in a Degree the very same: Yet I found no Panick Fears upon me, no Dread of that Amazing Change: But rather certain Blooming Hopes, Young, Tender Springing Joys, arising from the Thoughts of a New Life, the Unavoidable Effect of that which we call Death, wherein I promised my self the Pleasure of Fresh Enjoyments and Diversions, to which I was wholly then a Stranger.

If thou thinkest this too Extravagant, and that Death is not a proper Object of our Wishes, yet thou wilt at least acknowledge, that it may furnish us with sufficient Arguments of Content and Acquiescence, since no Man can avoid it, and it is sure to entertain us with Novelties which we never were acquainted with before, which recommends it under a very desirable Figure, because Humane Nature perpetually covets New Things.

I have seen Persons Condemned to Death here in *Paris*, who have been offer'd Life on certain Conditions not agreeing with their Humour; yet have refused it, and rather chose Death which they knew would free 'em at once from all their Present Troubles. And thou know'st with what Resignation our Greatest *Bassa's* submit their Necks to the *Executioners*, when the *Grand Signior* thinks fit to call for their Lives. All that they reply to the *Fatal Mandate*, is, *The Will of my Sovereign Lord be done*: They at once gather up all the Strength of their scattered Reason, and shrink their dilated Souls to a Point. Then with a Re-doubled Force, they shake off their Inclinations to Honours, Riches, and the Pleasures of this Life, as a Man rowzes from a long Dream or Trance. With Smiles and a profound Submission they kiss the *Royal Firme*, being awaken'd to the Thoughts of more Illustrious and

Serene Joys than this gross Earth affords, even to the Ineffable Pleasures of *Eden*, the sure Reward of those that die in Obedience and Peace : Since they are to be esteemed *Martyrs*, as well as those who meet Death in the Field of the *Sacred Combat*, in the *War* for our *Holy Faith*.

Oh ! That it were my Lot thus to expire in Honour, to have my last Breath mixed with the Devout Aspirations and Suffrages of *True Believers*, that so my Example might edify others, and the Publick Character of an Untainted Loyalty might benefit my self: Whilst Fame proclaimed it before my Arrival at the Invisible *Regions*, to prepare the *Ghosts* of Just Men to bid me welcome, and give me a Kind Reception who am yet wholly a Stranger in those Parts of the World : For Death it self cannot banish me out of the Universe. And there's my last comfort.

Thou my dear *Physician*, wilt conclude, I'm Melancholy by this Kind of Discourse. But I tell thee, 'tis only another way of Expressing the Secret Pleasure and Tranquillity of my *Soul*, which is more to be valued by him that enjoys it, than all the Laughter and Extravagant Mirth in the World. These only ruffle our Passions, and raise a Dust in our Eyes : whereas the other compose and purify our Reason, giving us a Constant Prospect of Things Past, Present, and to Come. So that we can never be at a Loss, but always ready equipp'd for the worst Contingencies. *Hali*, Adieu.

Paris 15th of the 12th Moon
of the Year 1661.

LETTER X.

To the same.

THE *Court of France* in all things endeavours to imitate the Ancient Grandeur of the *Roman Emperours*, and their Policy. As They had their *Amphitheatres*, whereon were exhibited all Sorts of *Shows* and *Spectacles* to divert the People in Time of *Peace*; so have These their *Theatres* whereon according to the more Acceptable Mode of the present Age, are represented the Various Kinds of *Vertue* and *Vice*; Men's *Follies*, and *Perfections*; Modern *Humours*, and the Ancient *Morality*; *Intrigues* of *Love*, and of *State*; *Surprizing Actions* of *War*, and the *Subtle Overtures* of *Peace*; The *Tyranny* of *Sovereigns*, and *Rebellion* of *Subjects*. In fine, whatsoever is treated of in *Books*, is here Acted to the Life on the *Stage*, and with so much Advantage of *Scenes*, *Interludes*, *Musick*, *Dances*, *Language*, *Wit*, *Humour*, and the like *Charming Circumstances*, That a Man at some Hours cannot better pass away his Time, than in being present at these *Entertainments*. Where all that he has read, either in *Ancient* or *Modern History*, deserving Remark, shall be successively presented to his View, as efficaciously as if the Persons were now living, and in presence, whose Actions each *Play* describes.

There you shall be introduced as it were, into the *Court* and *Camp* of the *Grand Cyrus*: You shall accompany *Alexander the Great* in his *Expeditions* through *Asia*: You shall see him die of *Poison* at *Babylon*, and the *Macedonian Empire* Cantoniz'd among his *Officers*: You shall behold all the *Roman Cæsars* in their *Rise* and *Fall*: With whatsoever Particularities were observable in this or any other Renown'd *Monarchy* on Earth; not excluding the

last and most Universal *Empire* of the *Ottomans*. For these *Infidels* presume to act o'er again, the Part of *Temerlain*, and lead about in *Dramatick Triumph*, the Encag'd, yet still Invincible *Bajazet*. In *Habits*, which only become the destin'd *Conquerors* of the *World*, these *Slaves* dare personate the Glorious *Solyman*, *Mahomet* the Great, the Victorious *Selim*, and even *Amurat* himself, the Stoutest *Emperour* that ever Reigned: I mean, the *Uncle* of our present *Sovereign*.

Besides *True History* thus represented, the *Spectators* are sometimes diverted with *Fabulous Entries* of *Gods*, *Nymphs*, *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, *Muses*, *Graces*, *Monsters*, and whatsoever we find in the *Ancient Poets*.

There you shall see *Prometheus* fetching *Fire* from *Heaven*, to give *Life* to his *Men of Clay*; *Lycaon* transformed into a *Wolf*, for his *Inhospitable Carriage* to *Jupiter*; *Ganymede* snatched up into *Heaven* by an *Eagle* and made *Jupiter's* Cup-bearer, for his singular *Beauty*. It is pleasant also to see *Phrixus* with his *Sister Helle*, swimming o'er the *Hellepont* on the Back of a *Ram*, with a *Golden Fleece*; whilst she for *Fear*, falls off, and is drowned: And from her Name [*Helle*] that *Sea* is suppos'd to be so called. In the mean while, *Phrixus* swims forward, and arrives at *Colchis*, where he sacrifices the *Ram*, and hangs the *Golden Fleece* up in the *Temple*; which was afterwards stole away by *Jason* and his *Argonauts*. It is equally diverting, to see the *Artifice* of the *Scenes* and *Machines*, which represent *Jupiter* transforming himself into a *Show'r of Gold*, and so descending into *Danae's* Lap, when he begets *Perseus* on her, who subdued the *Gorgons*, and with *Medusa's* Head, turned the *Cephen Nobles* into *Statues*. In a word, all the *Ingenious Fictions* of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Ovid*, and the rest of the *Greek* and *Roman Poets*, are here translated, not so much from one *Language* to another, as from *Words* to
Actions

Actions, and from Dead, Inanimate Characters, to Living Figures of the Things themselves. For these sort of *Plays* are acted by Men, Women and Children, culled out and Educated for that Purpose. And the Managers are at a vast Charge, for Variety of Proper *Scenes* and *Dresses* for every Occasion; each *Actor* being exactly Apparell'd according to the different *Quality* of the Persons represented, and the Mode of the Age and Country wherein they lived.

These Sort of *Divertisements*, are very agreeable both to the *Court* and the *City*. The *King* takes great Delight in them, especially in *Ballets* and *Pastorals*, which consist chiefly of good Songs and Dances, mixed with bold and uncouth Entries of *Antiques*, representing *Monsters* and *Devils*, as the *Christians* usually describe 'em.

But there was lately a check given to their Sport, by an Accident which has surpriz'd all People that hear of it, and has puzzl'd the most Intelligent Heads to give an Account of so strange an Occurrence.

On the 19th of this *Moon*, the *King* and the whole *Court* were present at a *Ballet*, representing the Grandeur of the *French Monarchy*. About the middle of the Entertainment, there was an *Antique* Dance perform'd by twelve *Masquerades*, in the suppos'd *Forms* of *Dæmons*. But before they had advanced far in their *Dance*, they found an *Interloper* amongst 'em, who by encreasing the Number to Thirteen, put 'em quite out of their Measures: For they practise every Step and Motion beforehand, till they are perfect. Being abash'd therefore at the unavoidable Blunders the Thirteenth *Antique* made 'em commit, they stood still like Fools, gazing at one another: None daring to unmask, or speak a word; for that would have put all the Spectators into a Disorder and Confusion.

Cardinal

Cardinal Mazarini (who was the chief Contriver of these Entertainments, to divert the *King* from more serious Thoughts) stood close by the *Young Monarch*, with a Scheme of the *Ballet* in his Hand. Knowing therefore, that this *Dance* was to consist but of Twelve *Antiques*, and taking Notice that there were actually Thirteen, at First imputed it to some Mistake. But afterwards when he perceived the Confusion of the *Dancers*, and that they could not proceed, he made a more narrow Enquiry into the Cause of this Disorder. To be brief, they convinc'd the *Cardinal*, that it could be no Error of theirs, by a kind of demonstration, in that they had but Twelve *Antique* Dresses of that Sort, which were made on purpose for this particular *Ballet*; whereas the Thirteenth *Dancer* was disguis'd after the same manner. Therefore they concluded, that either the *Devil* or some body else, had put a Trick on 'em. That which made it seem the greater Mystery was, that when they came behind the *Scenes* to uncase, and examine the Matter, they found but Twelve *Antiques*, whereas on the *Stage* there were Thirteen.

The preciser Sort of Bigots gave it out for certain, That the *Devil* was amongst 'em: Whilst others more probably say, 'Twas only some Envious or Ambitious *Dancing-Master*, who was either resolv'd to be reveng'd for not being one of the Twelve, or design'd to shew his Parts *Incognito*, against another Opportunity, and in the *Interim*, set the *Court* a wondring at his Singular Skill and Dexterity: For it was observ'd, That one of the Thirteen far surpass'd all the Rest, and did Things to a Miracle.

Be it how it will, it has brought to Memory a Passage that happen'd on the like Occasion at a Town not far from *Paris*, about Eighteen Years ago, yet was not half so much talk'd of then, as 'tis now; Which was the Reason, I took no Notice
of

of it in any of my Letters. But now they are big with it; 'Tis the general Discourse of all Companies, who make Comparisons of that Event with this. Perhaps 'twill not be unpleasant to thee to know it.

In the Year 1644. toward the latter End, a Company of *Stage-Players* were at a Place call'd *Vitry*, entertaining the People with *Comedies*; But there happen'd something really Tragical to one of the *Actors*. This Man was to perform the Part of one *Dead*, and then he was to revive again by *Magick*. He acted his Part too truly, and baff'd the *Necromancer's* Art. For when he touch'd him with his *Talisman*, as the Rules of the *Play* requir'd, in Order to his *Resurrection*, the *Inanimate Trunk* could not obey. The Man was *Dead* indeed.

Whether he overstrained himself in imitating the the Silent, Still, and Irrecoverable Privations of that passive State, and gave his slippery *Soul* a strong Temptation, with a fair Opportunity to escape its Bounds; Or, whether *Heaven* had a Particular Hand in so Remarkable a *Catastrophe*, I will not presume to divine. But this and the other Occurrence, has put the People quite out of Conceit with *Plays*.

Sage *Hali*, remember the *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *'Tis not good to Jest with God, Death or the Devil. For the First neither can, nor will be mocked; the Second mocks all Men, one Time or other; and the Third puts an Eternal Sarcaſm on thoſe that are too familiar with him.* Adieu.

Paris, 30th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Dgnet Oglou

GOD unravel my *Soul*, reverse my *Faculties*, turn my *Nature* inside out, make me a *Monster* of a New *Predicament*, or annihilate me, which he pleases, if I am not true to my *Trust*; Yet the *Ministers* of the *Port* suspect me.

By the Thoughts of *Mahomet* our *Holy Law-giver*, whilst he was climbing the boundless Heights of the Firmament, I've a Heart like the *Roman Curtius*, who bravely leap'd into the Fathomless *Abyss* to save his *Country* from Ruin. They mistake *Mahmut*, who think he'll be pimp'd out of his Loyalty by Frowns or Smiles, Flatteries or Threats, Gold or Tortures. I'd run the Risque of *Damnation* it self to serve my *Sovereign*, or to do any Thing becoming a Man of Honour. Yet my *Superiours* use me like a Villain or a Traytor. Their Letters are full of Reproaches and Threatnings, as if I were not worthy to live. 'Tis strange to me, whence all this Malice should proceed; and that after I have done and suffered all that could be expected from a *Musfulman* in my Post, to demonstrate my Incorruptible Fidelity to the *Grand Signior*, I should still be persecuted as a *Tiafer*, and Enemy to the *Ottoman Interest*. I know not what to think of it.

If I have done any thing which deserves Death or Imprisonment, why do they not send for me to *Constantinople*, and execute Justice on me? Or if I am not thought fit to continue any longer in this *Post*, why do they not call for my *Commission*, and give it to some Body better qualify'd? Either of these wou'd be a merciful Proceeding, compar'd with the more Cruel and Ignominious Way they have

have invented to murder me; For, now they put me to a lingering Death, by continually corroding and wasting the Piece of my *Soul*, which is my Life, with Contempts and Reproaches.

I am not at all troubl'd when they tax me with *Atheism*, or say, I'm a *Kysilbaschi*, a *Libertine*, a *Christian*, a *Heathen Philosopher*; or when they are pleas'd to make a *Monster* of me, a *Mungrel Gallimaufry*, a walking Hotchpotch, compounded of *Jew*, *Turk*, *Nazarene* and *Epicure*. In loading me with these opprobrious Titles, they rank me with some of the Greatest Mortals, and engage even our *Holy Prophet* himself to espouse my Cause, and vindicate my Reputation; since he is in these very Terms blasphem'd by the *Followers* of *Jesus*: Those *Infidels* forgetting that their own *Messias* was after the like Manner traduc'd by the *Jews*, who call'd him *Impostor*, *Magician*, *Heretick*, *Devil*, and I know not what. This has been the Lot of all *Holy Men* and *Prophets*, to be envied and aspers'd by the *Grandees* of the *Nation* and *Age* wherein they liv'd: Because they boldly reprov'd their Vices, and taught them the sincere Maxims of Vertue both by Word and Example. And though I have not Vanity enough to list my self in the Number of *Prophets*, or Perfect Men; yet I have Reason to conclude, That all this Persecution is rais'd against me, on the Account of the Liberty I take to reprehend the Errors and Failings of those, who are Slaves to the *Grand Signior* as well as I: Tho' I have been commanded to do this by the most *August Minister* of the *Empire*. But great Men in Power, love not to be told of their Faults. They wou'd live Arbitrary as *Sovereigns*, without the least Check or Controul. They will rather cherish a Thousand Flatterers and Sycophants, than suffer one *Diogenes* to live.

But that which vexes me most, is, That they glance upon me in some Expressions, as if I were
false

false to the Trust which is repos'd in me. A Crime for which I ever had an Invincible Abhorrence, and which wou'd sooner tempt me a Thousand Times to die, than to be once guilty of it. Thou know'st my Temper, and I need say no more.

I shou'd have burst with Grief and Indignation, had I not given my Resentments this Vent, and that to a Friend, who by knowing my Affliction, takes one Half of it for his own Share, and so I'm eas'd.

Paris, 2^d of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

L E T T E R XII.

To Abraim Eli Zeid, Hadgi, Preacher
to the Seraglio.

THEY have a Proverb here in the West, which says, *All is not Gold that glisters.* And 'tis frequently verifys'd in their own Priests, who are generally the greatest Hypocrites in the World.

I had not been long in this City, before I sent a Letter to Bedredin Superiour of the Dervises of Cogni in Natolia, whose Soul is now with God; wherein I gave him an Account of the Converse I once had with a Jesuite. For, pretending to be a Student and Retainer to the Clergy, I cou'd not avoid the Company of Ecclesiasticks; Besides, It was my Interest to insinuate into their Acquaintance; and to tell the Truth, I have made it a great Part of my Business to gain a Familiarity with Priests and Dervises, ever since I came hither.

There was Abundance of Reason for this, on several Accounts. For I improv'd my self much by the Society of those amongst them, that are Learned;
and

and I edify'd not a little by the very Ignorance and Follies of others. From some I squeez'd out Secrets of *State*, and the Designs of *Cabals*: By others I penetrated into the Mysterious Vices of their own Order. In a Word, all of them taught me something or other which I knew not before; and I never had Occasion to repent of keeping them Company.

I contracted a particular Friendship with an Honest *Friar* or Two in this City, who were Persons of Candour and Learning: But, now they are Dead. Besides, I have had no small Intimacy with *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his Successor *Mazarini*. I tell thee, if I had not coveted the Friendship of these *Princely Priests*, yet it had been impossible to escape their Knowledge, as obscure a Figure as I make. For, it was their constant Practtice, thus to seek out all the Strangers and Travellers in this City, under Pretence of that Great Regard they had for Men of Merit; but in Reality, to pump out of them Foreign Secrets.

Cardinal Richlieu profess'd a great Kindness to me, because I had been at *Constantinople* and in other Parts of the *Grand Signior's* Dominions. He seem'd also to value me not a little for my Skill in Interpreting *Greek*, *Sclavonick*, and other *Languages* of the *East*. What he thought of me in's Heart, I cannot divine; but I have Reason to think, he suspected me for a *Mussulman*. And yet I wonder he never search'd for the main Proof, the Mark of *Circumcision*. Perhaps, 'twas an Effect of his Good Nature, as being loath to ruin me Irrecoverably. But, I rather ascribe it to *Providence*, which would not suffer him, it may be, to make so Fatal a Reflection: Yet, by his Order some Years ago, I was Imprison'd for Six *Moons*. What the Meaning on't was, I could never dive into. But I had a shrewd Jealousy of a certain *Transylvanian Resident*

at

at this *Court*, who perhaps might do me some ill Offices. The World's like a Lottery, wherein we must expect to meet with many Unlucky Chances.

By what I have said, thou wilt easily perceive, That though the *Priests* make a fair Semblance of Piety, Mortification, and other *Religious* Vertues, yet they are great Busy-bodies, and wholly taken up in *Secular* Affairs.

If this were the Worst Character they deserve, they might pass for very Good Men, and necessary Instruments of the *Publick* Welfare: Because, they have the Tutelage and Guardianship of all Men's Consciences; they form 'em in their Youth, and govern 'em in their Ripest Years. Besides, they have many Advantages of studying the *Politicks*, more than other Men, as being all Educated in the *Academies*, where if they be not very dull, they cannot fail of becoming good *Historians*, and Indifferent *Statesmen*. For, their *Libraries* abound with all Manner of *Ancient* and *Modern Writers*, and their Conversation is generally refin'd and pregnant in Intrigues.

But they corrupt their Learning, with false *Maxims* which they borrow from an Intolerable Pride and Sensuality; persuading themselves, that they are as far above other Men, that is, the *Laity*, as those are above the *Beasts*; That God has bestow'd on them a Dignity Superiour to that of the Greatest Temporal *Monarchs*; and, in fine, That this *Earth* is a *Paradise*, and themselves the Gods and Lords of it.

When I speak at this Rate of the *Nazarene Priests*, understand me not without Restriction. There are some Good and Holy Men amongst them, Persons of Unblemish'd Manners, and Incorrupt Sincerity. But, these are very rare; and the *French Priests* are esteem'd the most sincere of any within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*.

As

As for the *Italian Clergy*, they are mere *Libertines*; the most debauch'd and profligate Fellows in the World.

Adonai the Jew, a late *Private Agent* of the *Grand Signior*, who had travell'd up and down through all *Italy*, and resided a considerable Time in the Chief Cities and Towns of Note, made many curious Observations and Remarks on the *Lives* of the *Priests*, which he set down in his *Journal*. This I have by me now, it being sent me, according to my Desire, after his Death by *Zeidi Alamanzi*, his *Successor* in that *Station*, who is at present at *Venice*.

I have perus'd this Relation my self, with no small Pleasure; and believe 'twill not be unwelcome to thee, to give thee an Abstract of what he says.

It is possible, he may exaggerate some Things, and deliver himself too partially in others, out of the Natural and Inherent Aversion the *Jews* have for the *Christians*. But thou wilt find, that in the Main, he insists only on such Reflections as it becomes any Man to make, who has the least Spark of Common Morality and Reason.

In the First Place, he finds Fault with the *Ecclesiasticks*, in that they abstain from *Marriage* themselves, yet recommend that State to the *Laity* as a very *Holy Sacrament* and *Mystery* of Religion: Whilst they indulge themselves at the same Time in all Manner of *Lasciviousness*; wallowing in *Fornication*, *Adultery*, *Incest*, and *Sodomy* it self. He says, there is hardly one *Priest* in *Ten*, who does not keep Two or Three Harlots; and the most Recluse *Dervises*, are either Pimps to other Men's Lusts, or they indulge their own with the most infamous *Courtizans* and *Catamites*. These Pretenders to Perfection and Sanctity, are often found Masquerading and Revelling about the Streets, in the Time of the *Carnaval*, with a Company of Whores
for

for their Attendance. Nay, all the Year round their *Monasteries* are no other than *Stews* or *Brothel-Houses*. They introduce Women into their *Cells* in a *Monastick* Habit, and so they pass for Men who come to visit them as Friends, Relations or Travellers. These *Ladies* of *Pleasure* lie thus conceal'd for many Days and Nights together. And the Superior of the *Convent* winks at this for a little Money, being most commonly as bad as any of them.

These *Holy Fathers*, go marching and slouching along the Streets, in the most Mortify'd Manner Imaginable. You wou'd take 'em for perfect *Santonnes* and *Ideots*. Yet this is all but *Mummery*, whilst they are the most glozing *Hypocrites* in the World, mere *Devils* in a City, and abounding in wicked Thoughts and Practices.

Adonai tells a pleasant Story of a young *Monastick* of St. *Dominick's* Order at *Rome*. This *Monk* was of Noble Extraction, and his Parents were very rich, and powerful in the City. On which Account he was indulg'd many Liberties, deny'd to the rest of his *Religious* Brethren. He was permitted to carry good Quantities of Gold and Silver about him, for his Personal Expences; and to wear a *Secular* Habit, suitable to his Birth and Quality. But this Liberty had like to have prov'd fatal to him one Night during the *Carnaval*.

It was late, and very dark, when this Religious Bully was beating the Streets, upon the Hunt for Whores; and walking under certain *Piazza's* near the River *Tyber*, he was accosted by a Woman mask'd, and in a very good Dress; who spoke to him frankly, asking him the Way to *Il Rotundo*. This is the Name of a Church in *Rome*, dedicated to All the *Saints*: In the Time of the *Gentiles*, 'twas call'd *Pantheon*, or the Temple of all the Gods. The *Monk* being in one of his Rambling Equipages, and his Inclinations equally bent on Pleasure; having also

also a Hundred Florins about him; presently made Answer, He wou'd conduct her to the Place she enquired for. She, after some counterfeit Essays of a modest Repulse, at length accepted his Offer: And by the Way, he persuaded her into a Tavern. The cunning *Nymph* manag'd her Business so well, that the *Monk* over-heated with Wine, and other costly Entertainments, grew so in Love with her, that he forgot she was to go to the *Pantheon*, and offer'd to wait on her home. She accepted the Motion; and telling him, her House was seated on the Banks of the *Tyber*, they return'd the same Way as they came.

When they arriv'd at the *Piazza's*, where they first met, Three Persons appear'd, muffled up in Cloaks: Two of which suddenly seiz'd the *Monk*, holding their Ponyards at his Breast; whilst the Third, disclosing the hidden Light of a Dark Lanthorn, which he held in his Hand, fasten'd on the Lady, and made her unmask. As soon as he saw her Face, he stamp'd and rav'd, menac'd and swore, he wou'd be the Death of that Villain who had debauch'd his Wife. All this was but a fore-laid Design. In a Word, After all the Parts of an abus'd, incens'd, revengeful Husband, acted to the Life; at last, through the Intercession of the Two other *Ruffians*, and the *Monk's* penitent and submissive Address, it was concluded to spare his Life and only strip him naked; leaving him in that Condition to seek his Fortune among the *Watch*.

This was soon put in Execution, and the Freebooters, with all their Prey, securely march'd off. The poor *Monk*, thus miserably abandon'd, without Garments, Money, or any Thing to comfort him in his Calamity, or to bribe the *Watch*, gave himself over to Melancholy and Despair, in regard this Accident would bring an Eternal Infamy on him, and he shou'd be no longer able to shew his
Face

Face in *Rome*, the Seat of his Nativity; nor among any of his Kindred and Friends. Sometimes he thought to drown himself in the *Tyber*; or else to counterfeit a Phrensy, and so run bawling, driveling, and talking Nonsense through the Streets; hoping the rest wou'd never be divulg'd.

Whilst he was in these pensive Thoughts, irrefolute what to do, the *Watch* walking their Rounds, bolted upon him on a sudden; and seeing a naked Man, at that Time of Night, in such a solitary Place, at first were startl'd, as tho' they had met a *Ghost*; but recollecting themselves better, they boldly seiz'd his Person, and examin'd how he came in that Condition.

It was in vain for him to beg, entreat, and promise any Thing, if they wou'd not expose him to open Shame. This did but increase their Curiosity and Suspicion. In a Word, the Place of their Rendezvous being very near the same Tavern where this unfortunate *Monk* had regal'd his Strumpet, they led him thither, and kept him Prisoner till the Morning. He that kept the House remember'd his Face again; and knowing that the *Governour* of *Rome* had a secret Enmity against the *Monk*, and all his Race, sent him private Intelligence of this Adventure, encouraging him to take this Opportunity of Revenge; hinting withal, That he need not take notice, that he knew the *Monk*, but only punish him as an ordinary Fellow, breaking the Laws of the City.

The *Governour*, glad of this Occasion; when the *Monk* was brought before him, order'd him to be whip'd through the very Street, where his *Monastery* stood. This was done accordingly; and as he pass'd by the Gate, his Brethren, seeing him in that Condition, rush'd out, and rescu'd him from the Executioner's Hands; breathing Revenge against the *Governour*, and all that where concern'd in putting

ting this Dishonour on their *House*, and the whole *Order*.

I must be forc'd to break off, before I have inform' thee of half their Tricks, lest I shou'd tire thee with the Length of my *Letters*. Besides, it is necessary for me to conclude, unless I wou'd miss my Opportunity: For the *Post* carries for no Man.

Venerable *Hadgi*, live thou to enjoy the Serene Pleasures of Vertue and Innocence, and pray for *Mahmut*, that he may never be stain'd with the Corruptions and Vices of *Infidels*, among whom he resides.

Paris, 18th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

L E T T E R XIII.

To the Chiaus Bassa.

THE French King's Genius seems altogether bent on *Martial* and *Politick* Affairs; and tho' he allows some Moments to his *Love*, yet the greatest Part of this Time is consecrated to the Necessary Affairs of *State*, and to the Improvement of *Military* Discipline. This has been his Course ever since the Death of *Cardinal Mazurini*. That Minister, whilst he was living, endeavoured Nothing so earnestly as to divert the Young Monarch from minding Business, by *Plays*, *Ballets* and other soft Entertainments. But as soon as he was dead, the King began by Degrees to forsake his Youthful Recreations, and look into the Affairs of his Government.

The first Bold Stroke of *Regal* Authority which he gave, was the Suppressing the *Superintendent* of the

the *Finances*, a very Ancient Office in *France*, but much abus'd of late by those who have enjoy'd it. For, having the Management of the *Royal Revenues*, it has been found out, That they embezzeld them to their own private Uses, purchasing Houses, Castles, Towns, and the fairest Estates in the *Kingdom* for them and their Posterity.

The last in this Office, was the *Sieur Fouquet*; who, besides the waste he made of the *King's* Money in this Kind, was laying up an Extraordinary Provision of Arms and Powder in *Belle Isle*, a *Sea-Port* of *France*: which gave the *King* so great a Suspicion of his ill Designs, That he went in person after him as far as *Nantes*; and being there farther informed of a private Correspondence held between the *Sieur Fouquet*, and some Malecontents of *Cardinal de Retz's* Party, he caused him to be arrested, and sent Prisoner to the *Wood of Vinciennes*: From whence he has been since brought to the *Bastile*. This was done in the 9th *Moon* of the last Year, and was the Occasion of erecting a New Chamber of Justice, to enquire into the Conduct of those who were employed by *Fouquet* in the Management of the *Finances*.

The great Discoveries this Chamber has already made, of the Cheats and Tricks practis'd by those through whose Hands the *King's Revenues* have pass'd, will, its thought, move the *King* to establish it as a perpetual and *Sovereign Court of Inquisition*: So that not the Value of an *Asper* shall henceforth be paid out of the *Royal Treasury*, without the Approbation of this Chamber. He has also retrenched many superfluous Offices in his Household, that he may the more easily support the Charges of those that are Necessary.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Wisdom of this *Prince*, when thou shalt know, that he trusts Nothing absolutely to his *Ministers*, but pries into every

every Thing himself. He examines Matters of the smallest Moment, as narrowly as the most Important Concerns. He makes daily Reforms among his *Domestick* Servants, and New Models both the *Army* and the *State*. Which is also no small Argument of his Courage, and the Greatness of his Spirit, in that he dares contradict the Methods of all his *Progenitors*; take the *Frame* of this Mighty *Government*, as it were to Pieces; and having mended every Thing that was amiss, join it together again; but after a Pattern wholly depending on his own Judgment. This has astonished the Greatest *Statesmen* of the Age, who consider the Boldness of the Undertaking, and yet cannot find one false Step in his Measures. For whereas formerly, the *Princes* of the *Blood*, the *Officers* of the *State*, the *Governours* of *Provinces*, with other *Grandeess*, have given frequent Trouble to the *Kings* of *France*, and not seldom rais'd *Civil War* when any Thing disgusted them (so great was their Power, and so small their Dependance on the *King*;) This *Monarch* has by a Happy Effect of his Judgment and Resolution, given so dextrous a Turn to the whole *System* of the Publick, that the *Princes* find themselves more aggrandiz'd than Ever; the *Officers* of the *Crown* perceive their Dignity encreas'd with New Lustres, and the *Governours* of *Provinces* exercise a Stronger Hand over their *Subjects*, yet all of them are reduc'd to an entire Dependance on the *King* himself, not being in a Capacity ever to Rebel again. Which is esteemed a Miracle of Policy. As he has thus gained the Point of his *Subjects* at Home, and established his Realm in the most perfect *Oeconomy* that can be imagined; so he has recovered a particular Honour Abroad, that till this Time has been always disputed between the *Crowns* of *France* and *Spain*.

It seems an *Embassapor* from *Sueden* arriv'd at the *English Court* in the 10th *Moon* of the last Year: The *French Ambassador* sent his Coaches to honour his Publick Entry, as is Usual between Friends. But the *Spanish Ambassador*, designing to affront the *French*, sent his Coaches also to attend the Ceremony, accompanied by his own Servants and a Rabble of Idle Persons whom he had hir'd on Purpose. These fell on the *French* as they were passing along the Street, kill'd several of them, and by Force stopp'd their Coaches, till those of the *Spanish Ambassador* were got before them; the Preheminence of Place being the Chief Thing aim'd at.

This was highly resent'd at the *French Court*, and every body thought that a fresh War would break out again between the Two Nations on this Account. The angry young *Monarch* commanded the *Spanish Ambassador* resident here to depart the Kingdom; and when another was sent to supply his Place, the King forbid him to enter his Dominions. Complaints were made at *Madrid*, and all Things tended to a Rupture. Till at Length the King of *Spain*, having promised to make Satisfaction, his *Embassador* was received at this Court, who assured the King, That his Master disavow'd the Action of his Minister in *England*, and had given expresse Command to all his *Embassadors* in *Foreign Courts*, not to dispute the Place with those of *France*, but to yield it to the latter, where they should both be present at the same Entry. This was declar'd in the Presence of Thirty *Foreign Ministers* residing at this Court. Which has rais'd a vast Reputation to the King of *France* among all his Neighbours, and struck the greater Reverence into his Subjects at Home.

In a word, he is look'd upon as the most Fortunate Prince in *Christendom*, and every State courts his Friendship. He gives the Law to the rest of
Europe,

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Europe, yet remains himself Arbitrary and above Controul.

How long his Affairs will continue at this Height, is known only to *God*, who exalts and abases whom he pleases; who is the sole *Monarch* of all Things, Reigning for ever without the least Shadow of Revolution or Change.

Paris, 12th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1662

L E T T E R XIV.

To the same.

I T was late when I finish'd my other Letter being the Hour of the *Devil's Range*, when the *Infernal Spirits* are permitted to air themselves in this *Upper World*. Methought I heard the Clattering *Eccho* of the Gates of *Paradise*, which are shut at that Season to keep out the *Demons* from entring and disturbing the Repose of the *Bless'd*. This made me conclude so abruptly, lest some busie Scribe of the *Dark Regions*, shou'd have inserted Evil in my Letter whilst I were asleep. I recommended my self to *God*, and went to Bed. After Two Hours Rest awaking, I perceiv'd by the *Crown* of the *Cocks*, That the *Troops* of *Hell* were retir'd to their *Den*, chas'd down by *Arcturus* and the *Guardian Constellations* of the *South*, and by the *Angels* of the *Second Watch*. Then I arose, and chearfully address'd my self to *God*, praising him for the Successive Benefits of Day and Night, and extolling his Magnificent Works, with the exquisite Order that he has establish'd in the World. Remem-

bring also that I was a Man, and not born to sleep, but to serve the *Grand Signior* and my Friends, I readily set pen to Paper again, to give thee a farther Account of the *French King* and his *Court*, with such Occurrences as have happen'd of late.

This *Monarch* is very Singular in his Conduct, and Manner of Life; not brooking to be confin'd to the *Maxims* of others, but squaring all his Actions by Rules of his own: Yet 'tis difficult to find a Fault in his Proceedings. He hears the Advice of his *Counsellors* and Friends; and when they have done, he convinces them in many Things, That they are under a Mistake; which makes 'em admire the Force of his Reason, and the Readiness of his Wit, especially when they see the Events answering Expectation.

Neither is he altogether so Intent on *State-Matters*, but that he sometimes gives himself the Diversion of a Familiar Discourse with the most Ingenious *Artists* of all Sorts, who find themselves much Improv'd by the Quickness of his Invention, and the Solidity of his Judgment in the *Mechanicks*: For he is an Excellent *Gun-Smith*, *Sword-Cutler*, *Armour-Maker*, and every Thing that becomes a *King* to profess.

He is a good *Architect* also, and takes vast Delight in *Buildings*, having laid the Foundations of several Magnificent *Structures*, *Palaces* of a Noble Design, and intended to survy the most Polite and Glorious *Fabricks* of Ancient *Greece* and *Rome*. For, I tell thee, this *Monarch* wou'd not willingly come short of any of the *Cæsars*.

At the Beginning of this Year, he aggrandiz'd his *Court*, by a Promotion of Sixty Two *Knights* of the *Holy Spirit*. I have often mention'd this *Order* in my Letters to the *Ministers* of the *Port*; and thou that hast been in *France* know'st, That 'tis the next Step to being made *Peer* of the *Realm*. I shall only inform

inform thee, that during the *Ceremonies* of this last *Promotion*, the *Dukes* of *Vendosm* and *Longueville* had a *Feud* about the *Precedency*, which at last was adjusted in Favour of the Former. In a Word, the *King* declar'd the *House* of *Vendosme* to have a *Right* of *Priority* before all other *Princes*, and to succeed in the *Throne* it self, next after the *House* of *Bourbon*.

This is look'd upon as a Bold Effort of *Royal* Power, and has startled all the *Court*. No less surprized were they to see the *Duke* of *Lorrain* resign all his *Estates* to the *King* of *France*, reserving only the Possession of 'em during his Life.

And, now the *King* having weather'd the Point with all his *Enemies*, both *Foreign* and *Domestick*, studies Nothing more earnestly, than to divert his *Queen*, and to let his *Subjects* taste the *Sweets* of *Peace*, the Effect of his Matchless Fortune, to which even *Crowned Heads* find themselves compell'd to stoop and submit.

On the 5th. of the foregoing *Moon*, by his Appointment was held a *Tournament* or *Caroussel*, as the *French* call it. This is a Sort of Exercise on Horse-Back, in Imitation of the Ancient Manner of fighting with Spear and Shield.

The Place where they run, was rail'd about, and Magnificent *Choises* erected for the *Queen* and *Ladies* of the *Court* to sit in, as *Spectators*. The *Diversifement* was very Pompous; And the *King* was one of the *Combatants*. The Rest were the *Duke* of *Orleans* the *King's* Brother, the *Prince* of *Conde*, the *Duke* of *Enguine* Son to the *Prince*, and the *Duke* of *Guize*. Each of these led a Troop of Horse into the Field. That of the *King's* was habited after the Manner of the Old *Roman Knights*. The *Duke* of *Orleans's* made a Figure like the *Persians*: The *Prince* of *Conde's* represented the *Ottomans*. The *Duke* of *Enguien's* Troop were in *Indian Habits*; and

the *Duke of Guise's* appear'd like the *Salvages* of *America*. It wou'd be too tedious to describe the Particular Magnificences of each. Suffice it to say, That they were all prodigiously Majestick and Rich in their *Equipage*. The *Courses* also they made, were Brave and full of Gallantry. But the *Prize*, which was a *Diamond* of Great Value, was adjudged to the *Prince of Conde* by the *Queen-Mother*.

One of the Former *Kings* of *France*, lost his Life at this *Royal Exercise*, being run through the Eye into the Brain by the Spear of an *English Knight* then at the *French Court*, and one of the *Combatants*: For which Reason, the Following *Kings* of *France*, forbore to expose themselves to the like Danger. But this Young *Mars* fears nothing, being as *Venturous* and Bold as was *Sultan Amurat*, the *Trophies* of whose Victorious Combat with the *Persian Challenger* at the Siege of *Babylon*, hang up in the *Treasury* to this Day, as *Monuments* of his invincible Courage and Strength. *Sultan Achmet* also took great Delight in throwing the Lance with his *Courtiers* in the *Atmeidan*. These are *Sports* fit for *Kings* and Great *Generals*. And some of the *Roman Cæsars* themselves wou'd play the *Gladiators*.

It is not Lawful for me to censure or reflect on the Actions of my *Sovereign*. But I will tell thee what the *French* say of him by Way Contempt; That he never Combated in his own Person, with any Thing but Timorous Hares and Hinds. It makes me blush to hear the Great *Emperour* of the *East* thus blasphem'd by the *Prophane Mouths* of *Infidels*. And it were to be wish'd, he wou'd do some surprising Action, to raise himself another Character. I say no more, but recommend thee to *God* and the *White Angel*.

Paris, 12th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Zedi Alamanzi, a Merchant at
Venice.

THOU hast oblig'd me beyond my Expectation, in that Ample *History* of thy *Life*, which thy Letter contains. I esteem thee not the worse, because thou wert born of *Christian Parents*; but rather put the higher Value on thy Merit, in that being bred in Superstition and Error, Thou hast voluntarily embrac'd the Truth, without any Prospect of advancing thy Interest.

When a Man of a *Noble Stock*, born to Riches and Honours, bred in Softnesses and Delights, and actually possess'd of a fair Estate, shall thus abandon his Country, his Relations, Friends and Acquaintance, with all his Native Rights and Enjoyments, purely for the Love of God, resigning himself wholly to the *Will of Destiny*, and the Conduct of *Providence*, without consulting his own Ease and Delight in this World; 'tis an Evident Sign of a Faithful Heart, and that his Integrity is without Stain.

All this and much more, it seems, thou hast done, and therefore thou can'st not fail of being Happy in this World, and in *Paradise*.

I am extremely pleas'd in reading the various Adventures of thy Youth, thy early Inclinations to visit *Foreign Countries*, and thy Actual Travels through *Europe, Asia, and Africa*. This is the only Way to learn true and complete Wisdom. For, a Man edifies a Thousand Times more by his own Personal Experience of Things, than by all the most Elegant *Descriptions*, that can be made by others. Besides the Advantage of becoming expert in the

several *Languages* and *Dialects* of the Earth ; which he can never learn so perfectly in *Books*, as by conversing with the Natives of each Country through which he passes.

Beyond all this, there is an infinite Pleasure in seeing the Variety of Objects, which every where expose themselves to a Traveller's Eye. There is nothing more delightful to Humane Nature, than to try all Things. Man is cloy'd with what is too Familiar to him. The most Magnificent *Palace*, would appear as a *Prison* to him that were always Confin'd to it. The Greatest Fields, and most shady Groves, would afford us no Refreshment, if we had not Liberty to straggle out of them when we pleas'd. Man is *Naturally* wild as other *Animals*, and 'tis as bad as Death to be restrain'd of his Freedom. I had rather at certain Seasons, range in a Wilderness, all over-run with Weeds and Briars, than in the most Regular and Fragrant Garden in the World. I would willingly chuse the Fatigue of Climbing up a High, Steep, Craggy Mountain, for the sake of a new and larger Prospect ; before the Ease of walking always in a Low Valley, or Even Plain, tho' grac'd with never so many Inviting Objects, which must always be the same : So fustian are the very Pleasures we are daily accustomed to.

I doubt not, but that it was very agreeable to thee in thy Journeys, when every Remove thou madest from *Stage* to *Stage*, promis'd thee Something Novel and fresh. A Man in such Cases, is apt to think the Sun himself New, who has shined upon him from his Nativity : The Air, the Earth, and Waters, appear not the same Elements, in different Places ; or if our Reason convinces us their Nature is not changed, yet we look upon 'em as Masquerades, every Day in a New Dress : Especially when we go from one *Region* and *Climate* to another, the Strangeness of the Disguise is heighten'd. So In-

finite

finite a Variety presents its self to those who travel.

But nothing affords a Man greater Delight, than to be familiarly acquainted with the different Habits, Laws, Customs, Manners, and Religions of Mortals like himself. To see 'em in one Part of the World Adoring the *Sun*, because he shines on 'em but once a Year, whilst all the Rest of the Time they are shut up in Continual Darkness, very near being starv'd with Cold, and making hard shifts to live; in another to behold 'em grimacing, and hear 'em cursing that Glorious Planet, because he is always too near 'em, rendring their *Countries* Barren, drying up their Water, and scorching their Persons almost to Death; must needs be delightful to a Contemplative Man. And for ought we know, the Laughter of *Democritus* might be the Result of as good Thoughts as *Heraclitus's* Tears. Who would not smile to see some paying Divine Honours to the *Scar-Crow* of their Garden, to a Tree, a Hog, a Dog, or any Thing they first cast their Eyes on in the Morning, as they do in *Lapland*? And yet who can forbear to weep, when he sees Men professing to believe the *Laws* of *Moses*, and the *Messias*, (who both preach'd up the *Divine Unity*) pretending to the Purest Religion in the World, and bred in the Study of the Sciences, worship Stocks and Stones, Pictures and Images, Nails, Rags, Bones, Hairs, Bits of old Wood, or any Thing, that their cunning Priests impose upon upon 'em as Adorable?

Happy art thou, *Zeidi*, who are freed from these *Superstitions* of the *Nazarenes*; and Thrice Happy, in that thou hast chang'd 'em for the *Faith* unblemish'd, the *Doctrines* of *Truth* and *Reason*, the *Practices* of *Sincere Morality* and *Vertue*. Thou hast not shun'd a Rock, to fall into a Quick-sand, nor abandoned *Idolatry*, to sink into *Atheism*: But thou hast escaped from Narrow Gulphs and

Streights, into a Free and Open Sea; from the Dark Fogs and Mists of Frozen *Christianity*, to the bright *Empire* of the *Osmans*, the Serene Company of *True Believers*, where Charity and Zeal are in their Genuine and Primitive Warmth.

Since the Time that thou first listest up thy Finger to *Heaven*, and madest a Confession of *One God*, and *Mahomet* his *Apostle*, none of the *Imam's* or *Mollah's* have ever attempted to circumvent thy Reason with Feigned *Miracles*, Foolish *Pilgrimages*, *Tales* of Old Women, *Fictions* of Poets, or any *Holy Frauds*. Thou perceivest nothing but Right-down Integrity, in the Conversation of the Faithful. Whereas the *Christians* whom thou hast justly deserted, have a Thousand Windings and Turnings, Foldings and Intricacies, in their *Doctrines* and *Lives*. So that it is almost as easie for a Blind-Man to walk from *Paris* to *Constantinople*, as for these *Infidels* to grope out the way to *Paradise*, through so many *Meanders* and *Mazes*: They are involved in a perfect Circle of Error and Vice.

Praise be to *God*, who planted the *Moon* in the *Heavens*, and causes the *Stars* to dart their Refreshing Rays by Night. Thou art happily delivered out of their Snares. Let not thy Residence now among them, ever tempt thee to return to the *Religious Vanities* of *Holy Trifles*, which have once made thee Sick at the Heart. Remember, that thou bearest in thy Body the Mark of a *True Believer*, the Seal of a Great Sacrament, the Character of a Profound *Mystery*, *Circumcision*, the Emblem of Purity, by which thou art more enabl'd than by the Blood of the *Polonian Lord*, thy Father, which streams in thy Veins. For now thou art incorporated into the Society and Lineage of *Ibrahim*, the Illustrious Patriarch, and Friend of *God*. Consider that thou art as it were engrafted into the Glorious Stock of the *Ismaelites*,
born

born to subdue all Things, and in the determin'd Time, to possess the *Empire* of the Universe. Thou hast the Honour also to serve the *Grand Signior*, Lord of the *Climates* and *Seas*, *Majestick Heir* of the *Ottomans House*, *Shadow of God on Earth*.

Hold fast therefore the Profession of an Unblameable *Faith*: And whatever Temptation thou mayest meet with, keep thy Mind always fixed on the unseen Joys of *Paradise*, the Crown of Just and Faithful Men, the Reward of such as adhere to *God* and his *Prophet*, without Flinching.

Mahmut salutes thee in Imagination, with a parting Kiss, and an Affectionate Squeeze of the Hand. Which thou knowest, was in all Ages a Token of Hearty Good Will, and Friendship.

Paris, 15th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XVI.

To the Kaimacham.

THere is like to be a Breach between this *Court* and that of *Rome*, if the *Pope* does not condescend to the Demands of the *French King*, who Styles himself the *Eldest Son* of the *Church*, and therefore highly resents an Indignity that has been done him of late, in the Person of the *Duke of Crequi*, his *Embassador* at the *Roman Court*.

It seems, the *Pope's Guards* on 20th. of the 8th. Moon, made an Attempt on the Life of this *Minister*, and of his Wife: They also put Barbarous Abuses on all the *French* that were in that City: Insomuch as the *Duke* and *Dutchess* of *Crequi*, were oblig'd to quit *Rome* privately, and retire into *Toscany*; being
advis'd

advis'd to take this Course, by all the *Cardinals* and other *Grande'es*, that are Friends to *France*.

The *King* received News of this, by an *Express* which came from the *Duke of Crequi* on the 11th. of the 9th. *Moon*. And he was passionately touch'd at so *Sacrilegious* an Injury, whereby he is not only wrong'd himself, but the *Law of Nations* is violated in a most *Notorious* Manner.

Wherefore to shew his *Resentments*, on the same Day that the *Courrier* came from *Rome*, the *King* order'd the *Lieutenant* of his *Guards*, to tell the *Pope's Nuncio* at this *Court*, That he must forthwith depart the *Kingdom*, under the Conduct of Thirty Horse. This was performed accordingly, and the *Nuncio* was hurried away immediately, without suffering him to speak with any Person living, save those who were to accompany him to the *Frontiers*: And this *Order* was publickly proclaimed in *Paris*. The *King* also wrote to the *Pope*, demanding Satisfaction for so horrible an *Outrage*, and caus'd *Dispatches* to be sent to all the *Cardinals* in *Rome*, advising them to contribute what lay in their Powers, towards a good Understanding between the *Pope*, and him, protesting that otherwise the *Calamities* which might follow, were not to be laid to his Charge. This is a modest way of Threatning, used by *Christian Princes*, who do not always speak in Thunder, like our *Eastern Monarchs* when they menace War.

I relate this as a Thing, which tho' it appear of small Moment at the Beginning, yet its Consequences may be great and extensive, if the *French King* and the *Pope* should come to an open Rupture. All the *Princes* in *Europe* would find themselves engag'd on one Side or other. And we *Mussulmans* might live to see the whole State of *Cristendom* disjoyned, alienated, and embroil'd in Wars among themselves; whereby they would lay their Countries naked and
open,

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open, to the invincible Arms of the *Ottomans*, a *Lineage* of high Renown, and destin'd to subdue All Things.

But 'tis thought the *Holy Father* at *Rome*, will not farther provoke so daring and powerful a *Monarch* as him of *France*, by justifying the Insolences of his *Janizaries*, who proceeded to that Height of Fury, as to discharge Guns into the Windows of the *French Ambassador*, kill'd several of his Retinue, and assassinated the *Dutchess* of *Crequi* in her Coach, as she passed along the Streets.

Illustrious Minister, these are Violations not practised by the most Barbarous Savages. And 'tis an evident Sign of a decaying *Empire*, where the *Publick Faith* is thus perfidiously broke. *God* infatuates the *Infidels*, that he may speedily bring 'em to Ruin: Whereas he daily enlightens the Just Followers of the *Prophet*, and directs them in the ways of Prosperity and Peace.

Paris, 3^d of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XVII.

To Mohammed, the *Illustrious* Eremit of
Mount Uriel in Arabia.

IN the Name of *God*, Benign and Merciful, I approach the Residence of great Sanctimony, the Tremendous Solitude, the Cave blest'd by frequent Visitations of *Angels*, and by the former Presence of the most Sublime among Mortals, *Mahomet* the Legat of the *Eternal*, the Plenipotentiary of *Alla*, King of *Heaven* and *Earth*. *Alla!* There is but One! Whose Name resounds through all the Orbs Above,
when

when pronounc'd by the Faithful Adorers of the *Divine Unity* on *Earth*: And the *Eccho* thereof from the Adamantine Gates of *Paradise*, reaches the Abyss of *Hell*, striking the Infernal Spirits with Horrour and Astonishment. They tremble at the Sound of the Dreadful Word, which chains them up in their *Prisons* of *Darkness*. Whereas had they Faith, they would rather rejoyce, believing that the same Word will one Day release 'em from their Torments. For such is the Clemency of the *Omnipotent*, as our *Holy Doctors* teach.

O *Mohammed*, Friend of the *Most High*, and *Tenant* to his *Prophet*; I have experienc'd, that it is good and wholesome to begin every Thing we do or say, in the *Name of God*. Whosoever does otherwise, either fails in the Progress, or the End of his Design, and so remains in Confusion. *Tagot* creeps into his Enterprize, and through Malice spoils it, robbing a Man of his Crown: Or *Negidher*, the *Spirit of Envy*, winds himself in, and entangles it: Or *Ablis*, the *Dæmon of Melancholy*, casts a Damp on it, and bereaves the Undertaker of his Joy. Such is the Fate of those who through Prophaneness, Sloth, or Contempt, forget to pay the due Veneration we owe to the Author and Source of *Providence*, and *Good Success*.

Let us not therefore think the Time mispent, which is taken up in the Praises of *Him* who has neither *Beginning* nor *End*, *Father* of all the *Generations* in this *Visible World*, and that *Other* which is conceal'd from Mortals. He is the *Governour* of our Lives, and our sole *Patron* in all *Necessities*. Let us extoll and magnify his *Attributes* without End.

I am by Nature Contemplative, and Thoughtful; but I must needs acknowledge, That I owe to my Education among the *Mussulmans* the Force of my *Faith* and *Religion*. The various turns of Fortune and Experience, which I have had in the World,
cou'd

could never yet blot out the Impressions of my Early Years, or diminish the Reverence I have for our *Holy Prophet*: I often revolve in my Mind, the *Series* of past Ages, and the *Histories* of former Times; the *Origin* of Nations, and the Various *Laws*, *Religions*, *Wars* and *Changes*. I traverse the different *Epocha's* of the Posterity of *Ibrahim*, and the *Gentiles*, comparing the *Date* of *Israel's* Transmigration out of *Egypt*, with the Years of *Nabonasar* and the *Olympiads*. In all of them I find great Obscurity, Contradiction and Doubtfulness, which puts me upon examining the *Records* of *Egypt* and the *Affyrians*. The Antiquity of both is very great, and yet it comes far short of the *Chinese* Chronology, and that of the *Indian Bramins*.

When I have tir'd my Soul with a vain Search of that which can never be discover'd; When I consider the Probability of an *Universal Deluge* in the Time of *Noah*, and the Arguments which almost demonstrate the contrary, comparing this with the *Flood* of *Deucalion*, and that other of *Ogyges*: In a Word, when I reflect on the numberless Incongruities that are found in the *Registers* of *Past Ages*, I cannot but conclude, there is as much Reason for me to believe, That *God* has determinately thus dark'ned the Knowledge of Mortals, as that he confounded their *Language* at *Babel*, according to the Celebrated Relation of *Moses*. Whence it will be but lost Labour for us who live in these latter Times, to seek for any Assurance or Certainty of the Truth in Matters of so Remote and Early a *Date*.

Wherefore leaving every *Nation* to their own *Traditions*, the *Jews* to the *Manuscripts* of *Moses*, and their *Rabbis*, the *Gentiles* to the *Fragments* of *Hermes Trismegistus*, *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Theophrastus*, and other *Sages* of *Egypt*, *Phanicia* and *Greece*; I, for my Part, acquiesce to the *Volume* of Majesty,

Majesty, the Great *Alcoran*; and to the *Writings* of our *Holy Doctors*, *Arabians*, the *Sons Ismael*; nor puzzling my self with endless *Disputes* and *Questions*; nor censuring others who *Worship God* after their own *Way*, and the *Documents* of their *Fathers*; but firmly believing, That he who serves *God* according to the *Dictates* of his *Reason*; who is *Just* to *Men* and *Beasts*, and in all *Things* conserves an *Innocent Purity* of *Life*; is as *Acceptable* to the *Great Creator*, and *Impartial Judge* of the *Universe*, as he that has had the *Happiness* to be instructed in the *Positive Injunctions* of *Heaven*, the *Reveal'd Will* of the *Omnipotent*. And this I take to be the *Sense* of our *Holy Law-giver*, of the *Messias*, and of all the *Prophets* in *General*.

Doubtless, that superlatively *Merciful* and *Indulgent*, connives at the *Frailties* of *Mortals*; He pities the *Invincible Ignorances* of some, and the *Fatal Necessities* of others. He knows the *infinite Variety* of our *Bodily Constitutions*, and the *equally different Bent* of our *Souls*. He considers the *Force* of the *Elements* and *Climates* wherein we live, and the *unconquerable Influence* of the *Stars* under which we were *Born*. The whole *System* of *Human Nature* with its most *hidden Circumstances*, is expos'd to the *Eyes* of him who sees *All Things*. He is no *Stranger* to the *Anatomy* of his own *Works*. Therefore he requires no more of *Men*, than can be *expected* from the *Faculties* with which he has endu'd 'em. Neither will he damn any *Man* for an *Involuntary Evil*.

O *Mohammed*, this is my *Faith*, my *Hope*, and my *Confidence*. Otherwise I should despair every *Moment*. If I am *guilty* of *Error* and *Presumption*, *Correct* me in thy *Wisdom*. For, before thee, I am but as an *Idiot*.

Paris, 22^d of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1662.

LETTER

L E T T E R XVIII.

To Hasnadar-Bassi, *Chief Treasurer to his Highness.*

THE *French* have newly felt the motions of a Joy, whose Birth and Growth was like that of a Mushroom, sudden and swift, the Product of a very little Time, and which ended in Mourning and Tears. The Moon of *November* beheld a Daughter born to the Queen of *France*: But that Planet had hardly carried the News through all the Signs of the *Zodiack*, and commanded the *Stars* of *France* to celebrate a *Dunalma*; before she was oblig'd to be the Messenger of more sad Tidings, and to proclaim the Death of this Young Princess, to the *Constellations* that assisted at her Birth.

In a Word: She was born on the 18th. of the 11th. Moon, and died on the 30th. of the 12th. It looks as if she only came into the World to be a Witness of the *Conclusion* of the *Peace* between her Father *Lewis XIV.* and her Grandfather, *Philip*, the King of *Spain*; and so return to the Region of *Separate Souls*.

This *Peace* was in General Terms sign'd and seal'd long ago, but there remain'd some Difficulties in adjusting the Limits of the *French* Conquests, which were referr'd to the Management of Commissioners on both Sides: And these, after they had debated the Matter for the Space of Two Years, at *St. Omers*, *Arras*, and *Metz*, at length finish'd their *Negotiation* on the 25th. of the 11th. Moon, of the last Year. Which was just Seven Days after the Nativity of the *French* Princess.

This Royal Infant also liv'd to see *Dunkirk*, one of the strongest Sea-Ports in the World, re-deliver'd
to

to her Father by the *English*, in whose Hands it had been, ever since 'twas first taken from the *Spaniards*. The King took Possession of this Important Place in his own Person, entring the Town on the 2d of the last Moon.

'Tis look'd upon as a grand Oversight in the *English*, thus tamely to part with a Fortrefs which is inexpugnable by Land, and commands the *Northern* Seas. But Money over-rules all other Considerations. And, it seems, the *English* Court had Occasion for Gold.

There is lately a good Understanding establish'd between this King and the Emperour of *Germany*. They often write Friendly Letters one to another, and seem to be perfectly reconcil'd. To speak the Truth, this may be call'd the *Pacifick* Year among the Inhabitants of *Europe*. For, excepting some Skirmishes and Bravado's of War between the *Spaniards* and the *Portugueze*, all the Rest of *Christendom* is in Peace. And the *Portugueze* have so strengthen'd themselves by marrying their *Infanta* to the *English* King, that what through his Assistance and the Aid of *France*, she has almost reduc'd *Spain* to a Necessity of making Peace.

Thou wilt say the *Portugueze* have over-reach'd the *English* in the Dowry they give with their *Infanta*. This is only the Town of *Tangier* in *Barbary*. A Place which will cost them far more to defend against the *Moors*, than it is really worth. For, those bold *Africans* will perpetually assault the Town, and oblige the King of *England* to maintain a vast Garrison in it, besides a Multitude of other Expences. This makes the *Portugueze* secretly smile, to find themselves handsomly rid of Two great and burthensome Charges, a Daughter of the Royal Blood, and an Old Fortrefs of no Use or Service, save only to diminish the Publick Treasure, and make away with some Thousands of Men every Year.

Illustrious Grandee, 'tis no small Encouragement to the poor Exil'd *Mahmut*, that though he be malign'd, slander'd, and persecuted by his Enemies, yet he still finds Protection and Friendship from the Principal Ministers. And that instead of Checks and Reproaches, to which I was formerly accustomed, my Salary is now augmented to the Proportion of my Necessary Expences; Money is sent me with a Liberal Hand, and my Slanderers are put to Silence and Shame.

Thou may'st acquaint the *Divan*, that there is now at this Court, the Eldest Son to the King of *Denmark*. What his Business is, People conjecture variously. Some say 'tis Love, others affirm 'twas only the Desire of seeing Foreign Courts drew this Prince from his Native Country.

Thou may'st also inform them, that the Duke of *Savoy* has married a Princess of the Blood Royal, they call her *Mademoiselle de Valois*. *Eliachim* the Jew lies dangerously sick of a Fever.

As for me, who never had my perfect Health since I came to *Paris*, yet I retain a sound Mind, and a Heart inviolably devoted to the Interest of the *Grand Signior*: Whom God long preserve on the Throne of the *Ottomans*.

*Paris, 10th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1663.*

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

HERE is a Man come to this City, a *Calabrian* by Birth, and of all Countries by Education; For he has been a Traveller from his Infancy, if
what

what he relates of himself be true. He speaks all or most of the *Languages* of *Europe* very fluently, and is resorted to by People of divers *Countries*, under the Character of a *Fortune-Teller* and *Physician*. He performs both Parts to the Admiration of all that have been with him.

The *Princes* and *Nobles* of *France* visit him daily, and so do Persons of Meaner Birth. They discover to him their Secret *Maladies*, and this *Apollo* seldom fails of Success in curing them. He bestows Ten Hours a Day in freely conversing with People of all Ranks and Qualities; healing the *Diseases* of some, and telling to others their Future Destinies.

I went to his Chamber one Day, not to learn my Fate (for I have little Faith in Modern *Prophets* or *Astrologers*; Nor to be cur'd of any Distemper, having no Esteem for *Quacks* and *Empericks*; besides, I was in good Health at that Time) but Curiosity was the only Motive which led me thither, that I might improve my self in other Respects by this Stranger's Company, and learn something which I knew not before of Foreign *Courts*, whereby I might become more Serviceable to the *Grand Signior* in this Station, and farther unravel the Secrets of *Christian Princes*. For so it often falls out, that a Man reaps some Considerable Advantage from the Society of Travellers and Men of Experience: And I had good Reason to hope for some Profit by this Man's Acquaintance, who is thought worthy to be Courted by the *Grandees* of *France*.

Wherefore I address'd my self to him with Abundance of Ceremony and Regard; using also as much Dissimulation as I thought necessary to conceal my self and the Design I had in coveting his Friendship. I seem'd a great Admirer of *Judicial Astrology*, and told him I was very ambitious to learn the *Rudiments* of that Science from him, having

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heard

heard his Skill highly commended not only by Vulgar Fame, but by the Mouths of Men of Sense and Quality, who gave him a fair Character. I said a great deal more to insinuate my self into his good Opinion. But there being Company with him, he return'd my Compliments with much Civility, and desir'd me to come to him at a more convenient Season, and to leave my Name, that he might order his Servants to give me a kind Reception at any Time, if he himself shou'd be out of the Way, because it was Common to send many from the Door without introducing 'em. I told him my Name was *Titus of Moldavia*, and that my Business at *Paris* was to Study in the *Academy*, in order to my Preferment in the *Church*. When he had taken this down in Writing, with the *Hour and Minute of the Day*, after the Manner of *Astrologers*, he begg'd me to excuse the Necessity he was under of returning to his Company; and so I took my Leave.

Not many Days after, I went to him again, full of Hopes that I should benefit much by his Company. But as soon as he saw me, he surpriz'd me with this Language:

“ Sir, you have ventur'd much in coming to me:
 “ For now 'tis in my Power, to discover you and
 “ your Business in this City. But if I shou'd be-
 “ tray any Man, my Gift wou'd be taken from me.
 “ I am neither a *Follower of Moses, Jesus or Maho-*
 “ *met*, nor of any *Se&t* that is now extant on
 “ Earth: But I adore the *Spirit and Soul* of the
 “ *Universe*, which is Eternal and Infinite. There-
 “ fore I hate no Man for his *Religion*, let it be
 “ what it will. And you that are not what you
 “ seem to be, shall receive no more Hurt from me
 “ in this Place, than the *Coadjutor of Paris*:
 “ For I am of no Party or Faction. All Men are
 “ equally my Friends, who do me no Wrong, and
 “ every Place is my Home.

Thou

Thou may'st imagine that I was in no small Astonishment at this Discourse. But recollecting my Spirits, and considering it had always been my Opinion, That these *Fortune-Tellers* deal by Confederacy; and suspecting that my Name being known to him so long before, it was not difficult for him to inform himself something of me; or that some body of his Acquaintance who knew me, had seen me go in and out from him, and so told him some of my Circumstances, I made a Shew of going away dissatisfy'd, saying, *It will be but lost Time to hearken any longer to you: For I perceive you know nothing of me, in telling me I'm not the Man I seem to be.* No, repli'd he with an obliging kind of Earnestness, *you are an Arabian, and serve some Eastern Prince Incognito.* Then he went on, and told me in a few Words some Former Passages of my Life. He hinted at the Dangers I had been in, during my residence at *Paris*; mention'd my Captivity at *Palermo*, and the Rencontre I had with my old *Sicilian* Master. To be brief, he told me so many other Things which I knew to be true of my self, that I grew very uneasie in his Company, and yet durst not depart from him of a suddain, or shew any Discontent. But mustering together all the Dissimulation and Artifice I cou'd, I turn'd the Discourse to other Subjects; seeming very Importunate to learn *Astrology* of him, and promising him a large Gratuity, if he would teach me, I fairly took Leave, resolving, if possible, never to see him more.

Never was Man in greater Anxiety, than I was when I came home to my Chamber, and ponder'd what had pass'd between this Stranger and me. I am not Credulous of *Miracles*, *Prophecies* or pretended *Revelations*. Yet I protest solemnly, I cou'd not forbear thinking, he was endu'd with an extraordinary Faculty of *Divining*, or at least, that he was an excellent *Astrologer*. Nay, to this Day I know

not well what to conclude of him. He may, for ought I know, be a *Dæmon* Incarnate; or perhaps he is a *Magician*. Sometimes I think one Thing, and sometimes another. If he performs these *Prophetic* Parts by Confederacy, still I'm at a Loss how he shou'd come to know so much of me, who always thought my self the privatest Man in *Paris*, and have neglected no Methods that were proper to render me such in Truth. Then I suspect my Old *Sicilian* Master is one of this Man's Correspondents, and has told him some of my Circumstances: For I have no Reason to be jealous of *Eliachim* the Jew. It must be some such Way, or else he is more than a Man, that can thus readily penetrate into the Secrets of a Stranger.

Sage *Kaimacham*, I pray *God* defend thee from the Snares of Counterfeits and False Pretenders.

Paris, 13th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER XX.

To the Captain Bassa.

WHAT I am going to relate wou'd seem Incredible to my self, and for that Reason I wou'd not give it any Room in a Letter to all the discerning *Ministers* of the *Port*, were it not confirm'd by Letters from several *Merchants* in the North Parts of *Holland* to their Correspondents in this City. And they all agree, That on the 9th. Day of the Moon of *November*, a Strange Man was seen to float on the Sea near the Shore, being supported by a Piece of Timber, on which he sat with a Bottle of *Strong Waters* in his Hand. Those
G who

who first beheld this Spectacle, were Fishing in a small Boat; and judging him to be the Relique of some Shipwreck (for there had been Violent Tempests in those Seas about that Time) made up to him, and took him into their Skiff. He express'd his Gratitude for this Kindness, in the best Manner he cou'd (for no Body understood his Language.) And when he was come ashore, he fell on his Knees; and having lift up his Eyes and Hands to *Heaven*, he prostrated himself, and kiss'd the Earth. His Garments were made of the Skins of Fishes, the Hair of his Head of a Flaxen Colour, and he seem'd not to be Faint for Want of Sustenance: Which made every one conclude, That he had kept up his Spirits with that *Chymical* Liquor in the Bottle, which was near half emptied.

As soon as he saw the Rising *Moon*, he fell on his Face, and mutter'd certain Barbarous Words, knocking his Fore-head against the Ground. Then he rose and danc'd after a Wild Manner, singing pretty Natural Airs: And at every Stop, with his Right Hand extended, pointed to that *Planet*, expressing both in Tone and Actions much Devotion and Love.

Many Learned Men were sent for, to consider this Stranger, and if possible, by Signs or other Means to discover from whence he came, and what Fate or Accident had thus abandon'd him to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, to the Extremity of Hunger, Cold, and Watching; and to the devouring Jaws of Sea-Monsters. But all their Efforts were unsuccessful; They spoke to him in several Languages, he answer'd them, but still in a Dialect different from any of theirs, and altogether unknown. He seem'd to utter his Words in a Tone between whistling and singing; which made some conclude, he was a *Chinese*, because that People

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pronounce many of their Letters after the same Manner. So do the Inhabitants of *Tunquin*, and *Malabar*, with other Kingdoms in the *East of Asia*, and Letters with them are as significant as Words with the *Europeans*. They shew'd him *Globes*, and *Maps* of the World, done by several Hands, and in various Languages, with particular *Charts* of all the *Maritime* Regions on Earth. But, to no other purpose, than to excite his Devotion afresh to the *Moon*, whose Resemblance he saw on some of those Papers. He wou'd smile at that Sight, kiss his Fore-finger, and with a Religious Complaisance touch the Figure of that Planet: Then seeming to be in a wonderful good Humour, he wou'd turn round and fall a dancing with his Arms stretch'd and turn'd in the same Posture as those who use Castanets, or Cymbals. Singing all the while a Sort of inarticulate Sounds, but surprizingly Musical and Sweet. So that No-body knew what to make of him.

He appear'd very temperate, modest, and resign'd; refusing no Meats or Drinks that were offer'd him; yet neither eat nor drank to Excess. Neither was he discontented at his Lodging, or any other Usage; though they tried to vex him several Ways, that they might see how he would vent his Passion. But he smiled at all, and submitted patiently to every Thing they impos'd on him.

One thing was observable, That where ever he saw any Water, he wou'd run to it immediately, and wash himself, as well as he cou'd in those Circumstances, never forgetting to sprinkle some toward that Part of the Heaven, where the *Moon* was visible. And when they led him into the Fields or Gardens, he wou'd crop the Grass, and Flowers, and with a compos'd Look wou'd throw them up in the Air, adding such Religious Gestures, as convinc'd every one, That he did it in Honour of some Power above. Various were the Conjectures of Men

about him; some were of one Opinion, and others of a quite different. No-Body could positively conclude any Thing. Neither is it possible, as I'm inform'd, for the Wisest Men in those Parts to find out this Mystery.

Perhaps he's such another, as *Imaum Rapibabet*, a *Persian* Writer, mentions, who in the Year of the *Hegira* 502. was taken up by a Merchant-Ship of *India*, in the *Streights* of *Babel-Mandel*, pretending to be dumb, but capable of Hearing, Writing, and expressing himself several other Ways, if any Body could have understood his Language. At last he was found to be an *Ethiopian* Slave, run away from his Master; an Ingenious Fellow, and one that spoke all the Languages of those Parts; and therefore, that he might be admir'd, would be sure to write in a Character of his own Invention, which the greatest Sages could not read.

Mighty *Bassa*, thou encounterest on that Element, with strange Monsters, and Creatures under no Name or Predicament that is known, yet none so terrible and dangerous as Cheats and Impostors. From which I pray Heaven defend thee and me; For they infest both the Sea and Land.

Paris, 17th of the 2^d Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER XXI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THE Term of our long mutual Silence, enjoyn'd us by our Superiours, is now happily expir'd; and we have with good Success, manag'd our separate

rate Parts without holding any Correspondence together. This was only a Tryal of our Fidelity, Conduct, and Obedience: Or perhaps 'twas no more than a Caprice of Policy, or a vain Whim of State. For, 'tis usual with great Men, thus to practise Experiments on those whom they design to employ in the most important Affairs. Whatever it be, we have acquitted our selves like Trusty Slaves; and that's enough for us.

This comes to thy Hand by an *Armenian Merchant*: One in whom I confide. Here are Abundance of that Nation in *Paris*, and other Parts of *France*. They travel up and down from one Country and City to another, under the Pretext of *Trading*; but are really *Spies*, sent from the Princes of the *East*, to observe the Counsels of these *Western Courts*, the Designs of *Nazarene Monarchs*, and to take an exact Estimate of the Strength and Riches of these *Infidels*. For, though they outwardly profess themselves to be Followers of *Jesus*, yet in their Hearts they believe the *Alcoran*, and Honour *Mahmut* our *Holy-Lawgiver*.

There is a Kind of *Magick* in Truth, which forcibly carries the Mind along with it. Men readily embrace the Dictates of sincere Reason. Yet those of thy Nation are obstinate, and shut their Eyes wilfully against the very Light of Nature. You over-value your selves and your *Lineage*; because you are the Posterity of *Isack*, the Son of *Sarah* the Free-Woman and Wife of *Ibrahim*: Reproaching us, that we are the Off-spring of *Ismael* the Son of *Hagar*, a Concubine and Slave. You consider not that *Ismael* was the Eldest Son of that Glorious *Patriarch*; and that by the Law of *Moses* it is enacted, That the *First-born* Son shall inherit his Father's Patrimony, though he were the Son of a base abject Slave, or hated Concubine. Did *Moses* make a Law contrary to that of his Fathers; Or, cou'd

Ibrahim the Beloved of God, do any thing contrary to the Divine Will? How then cou'd he be guilty of disinheriting *Ismael* his Eldest Son, the Flower of his Strength, and First-Fruit of his Vigor? Doubtless the Majesty and Light of God which pass'd from *Adam* to *Seth*, *Enoch*, *Noah* and *Ibrahim*, rested also on *Ismael*, Heir Apparent of the Divine Promises, Father of many Princes and Noble Nations.

Let those therefore of thy Nation, cease to boast of their Pedigree, and exalt themselves above the Victorious and Triumphant *Ismaelites*, Children of a high Stock, a Race wherein shines forth the Lustre of the Ancient Renown, and the Right of Promogeniture: A Lineage of Illustrious Honour, multiply'd as the Leaves of the Trees, numerous as the Stars of Heaven, prosperous in all Things, by the Special Benediction of God. Whereas, thou knowest, the *Israelites* never made any great Figure on Earth, and are now reputed no better than *Vagabonds* throughout the World.

Your Rabbi's reply to this, by owning that our Father *Ismael* was indeed a Great Prince; but that he was withal a Wild and Salvage Man, who supported his Nobility and Grandeur by Rapine and Blood, dwelling altogether in *Desarts* and unfrequented Places; robbing the *Caravans* of Merchants and Travellers, oppressing the Poor, and murdering the Innocent. In Fine, they give this Character of him, That his Hand was against every Man, and every Man's Hand against him.

To this Accusation they also add another, That the Princes of the East who descend from *Ismael*, have all along, even to this Day, established their Thrones in Cruelty, Massacres, and Parricides. Fathers bereaving their Children of the Lives they gave 'em; and Children putting their Parents to Death: Brothers murdering Brothers, and sacrificing

sicing their nearest Relations to the Maxims of a Barbarous Policy, the Restless Suspicions of State. And that all this is more especially manifest in the Sublime House of the invincible *Ottomans*.

These are the Charges of *Hebrew* Spight, the Slanders which your *Doctors* cast on the Progeny of *Ibrahim*, even on *Ismael* and his Children, to this Day. But I would have thee, *Nathan*, reflect impartially on Things, and suffer not thy Judgment to be imposed on by the *Sophistry* of your *Scribes*. Look back to the *Primitive* Times of *Israel*, examine the Written Law, the Records of *Moses* and the *Seniors*. There thou wilt meet with frequent Examples of those very Crimes which you lay to our Charge; true Parallels of the supposed Tyranny and Inhumane Actions, with which you tax the unblemished *Ismaelites*.

Did not your Father *Jacob* supplant his own eldest Brother *Esau*? Did he not cheat his Uncle *Laban* of his Sheep? What was wanting to him of *Ismael's* Valour and Fierceness, he supplied with a *Fox-like* Craft and Subtilty. Yet, how often did he plunder the Children of *Hamor*? and boasted afterwards of the Preys he had taken from them with his Bow and Spear.

When your Fathers came out of *Egypt*, what a Carnage did *Moses* their Leader commit, when he commanded the Sons of *Levi*, to arise with their Swords in their Hands, and every Man to kill his Brother, his Friend and his Neighbour; so that there fell that Day, at the Foot of Mount *Sinai*, Three and Twenty Thousand Men? Yet for the Sake of this detestable Tragedy he bless'd 'em, saying, *You have consecrated your Hands this day in Blood, every man in the Blood of his Neighbour*. Behold! the Original of your Priesthood, which is the Highest Rank of Nobility among the *Jews*.

Remember how your Fathers almost cut off the whole Race of *Benjamin*, so that there were not above *Six Hundred* Men of that Tribe left alive. Forget not also, how *Abimelech* of the Tribe of *Manasse*, got the Sovereignty by Massacring Seventy of his own Brothers on one Stone. Your own Records say, That *God* gave you Kings in his Wrath, among whom there was not one who was not a Man of Blood. And in the whole Catalogue, you can scarce find Four who were not tainted with Sacrilege, Idolatry, and other enormous Vices.

In a Word, *Nathan*, both the Sons of *Ismael* and *Isaac*, were but Men; and if thou hast nothing else to object against the Former, but what thou must confess the latter were equally guilty of, I advise thee henceforth to lay thy Hand upon thy Mouth, and cease to speak Evil of those, against whom No Man can sharpen his Tongue or Pen and prosper.

Paris, 22^d of the 2^d Moon,
of the Year 1663.

L E T T E R XXII.

To the same.

I Concluded my other Letter something imperfectly, and short of my Design, being interrupted by a sudden Deluge of Humours overflowing my Eyes, accompanied with a Tempest in my Head, which at once took from me the Power of thinking regularly, and of seeing how to Write. I am often subject to these Weaknesses of late, and to many other Maladies. My Body sensibly decays; Age and Care, Watching and Sicknes, with a Thousand Casualties
beside,

beside, have almost dissolv'd this congeal'd Medley of the Elements. Methinks, I am now no more than a poor *Skeleton*, to which Nature and Fortune, have left a dry wither'd Skin, for Modesty's Sake, to cover its Nakedness; with a few evacuated Veins and Arteries; shrunk Sinews, Tendons, Muscles, and Carrilages, to tack this Machine of Bones together, and keep it in Motion. In a Word, I seem to my self to be only a *Hobgoblin* or *Ghost* in Disguize; I cannot say, Incarnate, (for I've lost all my Flesh) but only bagg'd or clouted up in the most contemptible Shreds, Rags, and antiquated Reliques of Mortality, like a *Maudlin* or *Scare-crow*, I hang together by Geometry.

Yet, such as I am at these Years, I still possess at certain Seasons more serene and vigorous Thoughts, than in the Days of my Youth, when I was full of Marrow and good Blood. I can feel my Soul sometimes fluttering her Wings, and briskly shaking off the heavy, slimy Cloggs of Earth, of Sleep, and of enchanted Life, or living Death. She struts and Plumes herself, she mounts aloft and glides in Happy, though but Momentary Foretastes of Eternal Bliss. And then lur'd down again by Charms of her accustom'd Ease and Pleasure in the Flesh, she comes to Hand at Call, and being hoodwink'd from the Radiant Light of Heaven, she tamely perches on the meanest sensual Appetite, which easily conveys her to her wonted Darkness. This is the changeable State of Mortals, and we must not expect a fixed Condition on this side the *Sepulcher*. The Noble and the Vulgar are equally liable to these Inconstancies of Spirit; neither can the most exalted State of Sovereign Monarchs, Privilege them from the common Frailties of Mankind. They are no otherwise distinguished from the Meanest of their Slaves, than only by the Vastness of their Possessions, their numerous Retinue,

their unlimited Power, and the vain Pageantry of external Honour.

If we examine the *Origin* of Nobility, and Royal Grandeur; if we trace the *Genealogies* of Princes and Potentates up to their Fountain, we shall find the First Fathers of these noisy Pedigrees to be cruel Butchers of Men, Oppressors, Tyrants, Perfidious Truce-breakers, Robbers, and Parricides. In a Word, the most Primitive Nobility was no other than Potent Wickedness, or dignified Impiety. And all the successive Continuations of it by Inheritance, Election, or otherwise, even to these Modern Times; are but so many Traducts of exorbitant Power and Honour, acquir'd and propagated by the most enormous Vices, by Practices unworthy of Men, and of which the Authors themselves are always ashamed. Therefore they cover their unjust Encroachments and Invasions, with the specious Pretexes of Justice and Virtue, calling that Conquest, which is no other than down-right Robbery, and professing themselves Patrons of Mens Liberties and Rights, Religion and Laws, whilst in Effect they are the greatest Oppressors, Hypocrites, Atheists, and Out-laws in the World.

This is not only true in the Race of *Ismael* and *Isaac*, of whom I made mention in my other Letter, but in all the Families which have ever made any eminent Figure and Noise in the World.

What were the *Four* renowned *Monarchies*, but so many Empires of *Bandity*, Governments of *Free-Booters*, *Pirates* and *Licens'd Thieves*? As *Diomedes* told *Alexander* the Great. "I, says he, because I
" play the private *Corfsair*, and cruise up and down
" the Seas with one single Ship, am accus'd as a
" *Pirate*; thou that dost the same Thing with a
" mighty Fleet, art call'd an *Emperour*. If thou
" wert alone and a *Captive*, as I am, they would
" esteem thee no better than a *Thief*: And were
" I at

“ I at the Head of a numerous Army, as thou art, I
 “ shou’d be reverenc’d as an *Emperour*. For as to
 “ the Justice of our Cause, there is no other Dif-
 “ ference but this, That Thou dost more Mischief
 “ than I. Misfortune has compell’d me to be a
 “ *Thief*, whereas nothing but an intolerable Pride,
 “ and insatiable Avarice puts thee upon the same
 “ Course of Life. If Fortune wou’d prove more
 “ favourable to me, perhaps I might become bet-
 “ ter: Whereas, thy continual Successes make
 “ thee but the worse. *Alexander* admiring the
 Boldness of the Man, and the Resoluteness of his
 Spirit, gave him a Command in his Army, that so
 he might rob and Plunder from thenceforth by *Autho-
 rity*.

But, I shou’d have begun higher in Antiquity
 with the Empire of the *Assyrians*, founded by *Ninus*,
 in the Blood and Slaughter, Ruine and Destruction
 of all his Neighbours, and increas’d after the same
 Methods by his Wife *Semiramis*; who begging of
 her Husband, that she might reign for Five Days,
 and he granting her Request, she put on the Royal
 Ornaments, and sitting on the Throne of uncon-
 trollable Majesty, commanded the Guards to de-
 grade and kill her Husband. Which being done, she
 succeeded in the Empire, adding *Æthiopia* to her
 other Dominions, carrying a War into *India*, and
 encompassing *Babylon* with a Magnificent Wall; at
 last was kill’d by her Son *Ninyas*. Thus was the
Assyrian Monarchy established in Regicides, Massacres
 and Carnage. And by the same Methods ’twas tran-
 slated by *Arbæstus* to the *Medes*. He having caus’d
Sardanapalus, the last, and most effeminate of all the
Assyrian Kings, to die in the midst of his Concu-
 bines. Thus was Treachery and Murther handed
 down with the Sovereign Power; till at length
Cyrus the *Persian* transfer’d them to this Country.
 Whose Son *Cambises* rais’d the *Second Universal Mo-
 narchy*,

narchy, on the additonal Ruines of many other Kingdoms, cementing it with the Blood of his Brother and his Son. - Yet, after all, it was translated to the *Macedonians*, by *Alexander the Great*, not without an equal Guilt of Parricide, and other Exorbitant Vices. From whom at last it devolv'd to the *Romans*.

What need I mention the scandalous Birth of *Romulus* and *Remus*, the Twin-Sons of an Incestuous *Vestal*? Or, their debauch'd Education under a common *Prostitute*; fabulously veil'd by the *Roman* Historians, under the Title of a *Wolf*, to render the Origin of their Empire Miraculous? Why shou'd I recount the Horrid Fratricide committed by *Romulus* on *Remus* his Brother; or the celebrated Rape of *Sabine* Wives, Virgins, and Widows? It will seem invidious, to call to Mind the detestable Murther of *Titus Tatius*, the Good old Captain of the *Sabines*, with many other Barbarous Massacres. Yet these enormous Crimes were the Foundations of the *Roman* Grandeur and Nobility, so formidable afterwards to the whole Earth. And the Superstructure was answerable, through all the various Changes and Revolutions of Government, even to the Reign of *Augustus Caesar*, under whom *Rome* gain'd the Title of the *Fourth Universal* Monarchy.

This Emperour, though he was esteem'd the most Merciful and Just Prince on Earth, yet he establish'd his Throne in the Blood of his Kindred, sacrificing the Children of his Uncle to the ends of State: And that he might not deviate from the Royal Ingratitude of other Princes, he barbarously extinguish'd the Off-spring of his Father's Brother, who had adopted him to the Inheritance of the Imperial Dignity. Scorning by an unkingly Tendernefs, to spare the glorious Names of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, to whom he was so nearly related

lated, and who had invested him with the Power of being so inhumane.

I will not make thee sick, by rehearsing the abominable Lives and wicked Actions of the *Nero's*, *Domitian's*, *Caligula's*, *Heliogabulus's*, *Galienus's*, and the rest of those Royal Monsters. History it self blushes to recite such Prodigies of Impiety, and their very Names are odious to all Generations.

If we pass from these mighty Empires to Kingdoms of less Note, we shall still trace the Foot-steps of the same Vices. Both Ancient and Modern Records are full of these Tragedies. The Original Kingdom of the *Greeks* took its Rise from the Parricide of *Dardanus*; and the Female Empire of the *Amazons*, began in the barbarous Massacre of their Husbands. All Ages and Nations afford us Examples of this Nature; and the highest Honours, Dignities and Commands, were ever acquir'd and maintain'd by the Highest Injustice.

Therefore, Honest *Nathan*, let thou and I never envy the Nobles and Grandees of the Earth; but contented in our Humble Posts, sitting under the *Umbrella's* of a happy Obscurity, let us serve the *Grand Signior* with Integrity and a Zeal void of Injustice.

Paris, 22^d of the 2^d Moon,
of the Year 1663.

L E T T E R XXIII.

To Codarafrad, Cheik, a Man of the Law.

THou wilt approve the Sentence that was Yesterday executed on a *Frenchman* in this City, who said he was the Son of God, and had persuaded a great many poor Ignorant People to believe him. He was burnt alive for his *Blasphemy*, and his Ashes kick'd into a Ditch. Had he been convicted of this horrid Impiety in any of the *Grand Signior's* Dominions, he had undergone the like or a more terrible Punishment: For the *Alcoran* expressly says, *That God has neither Wife, Son, Daughter, or Companion: And that those shall suffer Eternal Pains, who teach any such Doctrine.* Doubtless, there is but *One God*, and the *Eternal Unity* cannot be divided, or multiply'd, to make more Gods in Faction, or procreate an *Off-spring* of diminutive Deities. He, the *Father* of all Things, dwells in *Eternal Solitude*, and from an Infinite Retirement beholds the Various Generations of the *Universe*; they are all equally his *Off-spring*, and 'tis *Blasphemy* to affirm he has a Son, or a Daughter, or a Companion like unto himself. For he is increated, unbegotted, and entire: Sole Possessor of his Own Glory, without Rival or Competitor. There was none before him, neither shall there be any after him. He is without Beginning or End.

But these *Infidels* harbour strange Opinions about a *Trinity* of Gods, and follow the *Doctrines* of *Hermes*, *Trismegistus*, *Plato*, *Plotinus*, and other *Pagan Philosophers*, who asserted a *Triad* in the Deity; and on that Basis, founded all the *Politheism* of the *Gentiles*. Hence *Pythagoras* drew his *Tetragrammaton*,
by

by playing the Chymical *Arithmetician*, and extracting a *Quaternity* out of *Three*. But the *Poets* not puzzling their Heads with the Mysteries of these *Divine* and *Unintelligible Numbers*, deliver'd their *Theology* in plain, gross *Fictions*, suitable to the Capacities of the *Vulgar*: One midwifing a *Goddeß* out of *Jupiter's* Brains: Another starting a *God* from his Thigh. But this silly Fellow, could not derive his *Pedigree* so near as from a Little Toe of the *Divinity*. Therefore, he was deservedly reduc'd to his *First Atomes*, and spurn'd out of the *World*.

The *French* have various Kinds of Punishments for Malefactors; but none more terrible than Breaking on the Wheel. This is inflict'd only on Notorious Criminals, and the Manner is thus: The Party condemn'd is fasten'd to a Wheel, with his Arms and Legs extended to their full Length and Wideness. Then comes the Executioner, and with an Iron Bar breaks one Bone after another, till the miserable Wretch is in the Agonies of Death; and so he is left, to expire in unutterable Torments: For, some Men of strong Constitutions, will retain Life in this Condition for Twelve or more Hours together.

Honourable *Codarafrad*, though the *Executions* of the *East* are more swift and surprizing, than those in the *West*; yet they are not Comparable to them for Cruelty: The worst Death being but a Minutes Pain.

Sage *Cheick*, I reverence thy accomplish'd Knowledge in the *Laws* of *Equity* and *Justice*.

Paris 15th of the 3^d Moon
of the Year 1663.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *P A R I S*.

V O L. VI.

B O O K III.

L E T T E R I

To Solyman *his* Cousin, at Chalcedon.

I Commend thee for removing thus from Place to Place, and cou'd wish that thou would'st not only exchange thy Residence through all the Cities seated on the *Bosphorus*, *Propontis*, *Euxine Sea*, and the *Hellepont*, but visit by turns all the Famous *Marts* in the World.

Praise be to *God*, we are not born in *Moscovy*, *Russia*,
China,

China, or under the narrow-soul'd Governments of *Lycurgus*, *Plato*, and such kind of Jealous Law-givers; where it would be no less Punishment, than the Loss of one's Eyes, Ears and Feet, if not of Life it self, to travel out of his Native Country, or for a Stranger to come in, excepting Foreign Embassadors and Agents, who in *China* are forc'd to travel with their Faces veil'd or muffled from the Confines to the Court, lest they should spie the Disadvantages of the Country.

Doubtless this is repugnant to the Law of Nature and Nations, and Oppression of Humanity, and directly opposite to the Purpose of *God*, when he design'd and made us for Sociable Creatures: For, the whole Earth is but as one Country or Province, common to Men and Beasts. 'Tis our Element, and therefore we ought to be free in it, to range where we please, as the *Fowls* do in the *Air*; and the *Fish* in the *Sea*, without any Law, Restraint, or Injury. Such a Thought as this made *Socrates*, when he was ask'd, *What Country-man he was*, answer, *I am a Native of the Universe, and therefore free to live where I will*.

Thou know'st, our Cousin *Isof* has travell'd over all *Asia* and *Africk*, with some Parts of *Europe*. My Brother *Pesteli Hali*, has also visited many Regions in the *East*. Both of them have improv'd their Estates and Fortunes in the World, the one at *Astracan*, the other at *Constantinople*. Follow their Steps, and thou may'st have thy Heart's Content. Go, and observe the different Manners of Men, their various Customs, Laws and Religions. Survey the Mountains, Vallies, Desarts, Rivers, Lakes, Seas, Cities, Castles, Palaces, and all the other desirable Objects, which embellish this *Globe*.

But beware of the Infirmary of most Travellers, who, *Camelion* like, change their Humour and Manners as the Regions vary through which they pass.

Mere

Mere Mimicks, Buffoons, and Apes, who place their Excellency in imitating every Thing they see, or meet with. Thus degenerating from themselves, instead of Improving their Minds in true Science and Wisdome, and hardening their Bodies to endure patiently the Injuries of the Elements, with all the Fatigues and Contingencies of Humane Life, which are the chief Ends of *Travelling*, next to that of Learning how to serve our Sovereign, and our Country in a more refined Manner.

Solyman, never think that thou wilt deserve the Character of a *Prudent Traveller*, if at thy return thou canst only boast of Strange and Incredible Things thou hast seen, tell monstrous Romances, and Fictions more Fabulous than those of the *Gentile Poets*. Aim at Solid Knowledge, and the Improvements of a Rational Creature. As thou goest out a *Mussulman*, so return; but with all the Advantages that may recommend thee for a Person accomplish'd in *History, Morals, Politicks, and Divine Philosophy*.

If thou dar'st not undertake a Ramble at large, go to thy Cousin *Isouf* at *Astracan*, where he is settl'd in a Way of *Traffick* and *Merchandise*. Take thy Voyage by the *Black Sea*, and the *Palus-Mæotis*. Cast thy Eyes on the ancient Kingdom of *Colchis*, as thou sailest by her Shores; consider the Temper of the *Mingrelians, Circassians* and *Tartars*, with the Rest of the People through whose Territories thou wilt pass. And when thou arrivest at *Astracan*, tell my Cousin *Isouf*, that I wish'd thee to take this Course: He will respect thee for thy Uncle's Recommendation. Shew him this Letter, and let his own Eyes see the Hand-Writing of *Mahmut*, the Aged, Weather-beaten Slave of the *Earth's Great Sovereign*; the old Grey, Grissled *Watchman* of the *Sublime Port*, which is the Refuge of Mortals. He will find many Opportunities to advance thee. But

Iad-

I advise thee to wean thy self from all Fondness, Inconstancy, and Discontent. Be true to thy Trust, Sedulous and Active, Patient and Resign'd. Take all Things as they come from Destiny, without being peevish, or fretful.

So may *God* bless thee, and give thee the Riches of the Earth, and the Sweet Influences of Heaven; make thee happy here, and hereafter. Finally, may thy Rest be on high, in *Paradise*.

Paris, 1st of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1663.

L E T T E R II.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master of
the Customs at Constantinople.

There is no Doubt, but when thou wast in the *Indies*, the Names of *Sultan Dara*, *Suja*, *Aurengzebe*, and *Morad Batche* were not less known to thee, than that of their Father *Cha Iehan*, the *Grand Mogul*. Thy Business as well as Curiosity call'd thee often to the Court, where thou hast heard the Characters of these young Princes, whose early Years furnish'd the World with Matter of Noise, and great Expectations, and gave the old Monarch that begat 'em Trouble and Care enough to keep 'em in Order, and prevent their Machinations against one another as well as against himself. For in those Days he saw his Family divided into Factions, and a Royal Envy mix'd with Ambition, whetting Brothers and Sisters against each other, who by Nature were made for the Offices of Reciprocal Love.

Surely, 'tis but a glorious Infelicity for Children to be thus born Candidates of a Crown, when each
is

is oblig'd by a Principle of self Preservation, to pursue his Claim, in a Method wholly repugnant to Humanity, and the Affection that is due to those of the same Blood : When shaking off all Tenderness and Compassion, the Sons of one Mother must sheath their Swords in each others Bowels, to prevent their own Fate ; and ravish a Crown by Force, to save their Lives.

Yet this is the Misfortune of all the *Eastern* Courts, that they cannot see a Prince ascend the Throne, without the Slaughter of his Brethren, and all that can be suspected to pretend, or stand in Competition with him for the Sovereignty.

However, it must be confess'd that the *Indian* Policy in this Point is far more generous, than that of the *Ottomans* or *Persians*. Who either immediately after their Possession of the Throne, Murther in cold Blood all the rest of their *Lineage* ; or at least imprison them in some dark Dungeon during their Lives, and not seldom put out their Eyes. And this is owing to the Disadvantage the unhappy Children of our Monarchs lie under, in that from their Infancy they are confin'd to the *Seraglio*, and educated under the Tutelage of *Women* and *Eunuchs*, even during the whole life of their Father ; so that he who is advanc'd to the Throne, has all the rest in his Custody the First Hour of his Reign.

Whereas, in *Indostan*, the Princes of the Blood, are committed to able and learned Tutors, and as they grow in Years, encreasing also in Knowledge, Wisdom and Courage, they are dispos'd of, every one suitable to his Capacity. Some being made Ministers of State, others Generals of Armies, or Governours of Provinces : Whereby each is put in a Condition to make Parties for himself, among the *Grandees*, and those of Inferiour Degree, and to fortify his Interest in Court and City, Country and Camp. Thus an open Field is left for all

to try their Wit and Courage in, for the Sake of Inheritance; and 'tis more equal to let them Nobly Skirmish for a Crown, and make a Warlike Lottery for Life or Death, then set up one with the Advantage and Character of a Butcher, and turn the *Serail* to a *Shambles*, always polluted with *Royal*, *Innocent Blood*.

But every State pursues its own *Maxims*; and there are not wanting *Men* of the *Law*, who justify this Inhumane Conduct of our *Sultans*, as the only means to prevent Publick Distractions and Civil Wars: which always happen, where there are many Pretenders to the Imperial Dignity. As it lately fell out in the *Indies*.

I need not acquaint thee with what particular Dignities and Commands, the Great *Mogul* invested his Four Sons. Thou could'st sufficiently inform thyself of these Things when thou wast at *Dehli*, the Capital City of *Indostan*. Neither need I say any Thing of *Rauchenara Begum* or her Sister *Saheb*, the Two Daughters of *Cha Iehan*. Thou that hast been there in Person, know'st more of these Things, than I, who am oblig'd to the Merchants and Travelers for all my Intelligence of the *Indian Affairs*.

But I can certify thee of something, which has been transacted there since thy Return to *Constantinople*, the Fame whereof perhaps is not yet arriv'd to the *Imperial City*.

Know then, that in the Year 1655, a Rumour being spread abroad through the Provinces of *India*, that *Cha Iehan* was dead; each of his Four Sons, began to lay about him for the Crown. They did all that is usual in such Cases for Ambitious Persons to do, by courting the *Omrahs* and *Rajas* with large Presents and larger Promises, by obliging the *Souldiery* with immense Largeesses; in a Word, by rousing up the Friendship and Integrity of their *Adherents*, and by winning over *Strangers* to their different

ferent *Parties*, with whatsoever else was thought necessary to carry on a prosperous War against one another: For the Innate Desire of Reigning, had equally possess'd them all. But *Destiny*, which appoints and consummates *Humane Events*, had reserv'd the Crown for *Aurengzebe*, who surpass'd all the rest in Policy and Diffimulation.

With profound Craft this Prince over-reach'd his younger Brother, *Morad Batche*, and put him in Chains, in the midst of *Morad's* own Army; pacifying the *Officers* with Bribes, and the *Common Souldiers* with Encrease of their Pay, whilst he sent their *General* away Prisoner to one of his strongest Castles. This was the First considerable Stroke he gave toward the gaining a Crown. For, now he was not only rid of one Competitor, and the most dangerous of all the rest, but also became Master of his Army and all his Treasure, which being joyned to his own, put him in a Condition, to pursue his good Fortune with Success. Yet the War lasted almost Six Years, his Brother *Sultan Sujah* keeping him in Play on the Side of *Bengale*, and *Sultan Dara* near the Capital Cities *Agra* and *Dehly*.

But at last they were both forc'd to yield to the Fortune of *Aurengzebe*. In fine, he was establish'd and now sits on the Throne of his Fathers, whilst they sell Sacrifices to the Jealousie and Revenge of their Victorious Brother, being, as I'm inform'd taken Prisoners, and afterwards poyson'd or hurry'd out of the World some other Way.

Thus passes away Humane Glory, like a Cloud driven before the Wind; or like the Smoak of a Fire, which looks bright and gay for a while, crackles and gives Heat to all that are near it, but is either suddenly quench'd with Water, or evaporates into Air, and is no more remember'd. Dear *Pesteli*, consider that this Earth is not our Native Country:

Country: we are *Foreigners* here below; let us improve our selves, by every Thing we encounter, in Knowledge and Virtue, without Learning the Vanity and Vices of Mortals,

Paris, 4th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER III.

To Useph, Bassa.

Here is great Rejoycing for the Conversion of a certain Protestant Prince to the Faith of the Roman Church. They call him the Duke of *Mekle-bourgh*. He is said to spring from an Ancient Race of Kings among the *Vandals*. This Court caresses him in an extraordinary Manner, as they usually do all *Profelytes* of his High Quality; as for poor and vulgar Converts, they serve only to become the Priests *Slaves* and *Asses*.

The King, who is Styl'd the *Eldest Son of the Church*, and therefore ought to appear a living Demonstration of her boasted Virtues, has been very Liberal of his Favours to the New *Devotee*, creating him *Knight of the Holy Spirit*, which is the most Sublime Degree of Honour in this Kingdom, next to that of being made Peer of the Realm.

Courriers arrive one at the Heels of another from the Duke of *Beaufort*, who is Cruising about on the *Mediterranean*. But, I cannot get a Sight of any of them, nor learn what their Expresses contain. The Courtiers and Statesmen here are the very Whirlpools of Intelligence. Whatever News is communicated to them, is swallow'd up and lost for ever in profound Silence. They receive all, but return
none

none again. However, People take the Liberty to guess, every Man according to his Reason or Fancy. Some say, the Duke of *Beaufort* has engaged with a Fleet of *Algerines*, and driven 'em into their Harbour with great Loss on their Side, and Triumph on his. Others laugh at this as only a Court-Romance, who strive to prepossess the Nation with prosperous Stories of the King's Arms, both by Sea and Land. Whilst a Third Sort affirm, That those Dispatches come not from the Duke of *Beaufort*, who, they say, is dead, being kill'd by a Cannon-Bullet, in an Encounter with the *Corfairs* of *Barbary*: But, that they are sent from the next Chief Officers in the *Thoulon* Fleet, to give the King an Account of his Death, and receive New Orders.

In the Mean while, we are wholly taken up here at present with the Reception of the *Swiss*-Embassadors. They made their Publick Entry into *Paris* yesterday, after they had been magnificently entertain'd at the *Castle of the Wood*. A Thousand Chariots accompanied them through the Streets of *Paris*. They are brave Jolly Persons, Sons of *Bacchus*, and Hirelings to *Mars*, Stout in a Wine-Cellar, and no Cowards in the Field.

Courteous *Bassa*, Thou seest I do no forget my Friends, but send to all by Turns, the Advices that come to my Hands. I wish thou would'st favour me with a short Sketch of thy Pleasure with the *Grand Signior*, in the Neighbouring Plains of *Adrianople*.

Paris, 10th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

TIS hard to determine, whether the French King excel in *Martial* Affairs, or in those of *State*. He is good at Both. His Counsels are Wise, and his Actions great. A Man both in Body and Mind, form'd for *Empire*: And out-stripping his Years in all Things save the Affairs of Love. These indeed he pursues with youthful Vigour and Passion, being by Nature very Amorous, and esteem'd the Handsom'st Prince of this Age, by those who consider a Regular Shape, Graceful Features, and a Majestick Awfulness in the Face, as the Principal Ingredients in a Masculine Beauty.

'Tis certain, he's very Acceptable to the Ladies, who are the most Competent Judges in this Case. And they value him so much the more, because his Love never abates the due Sentiments a *Monarch* ought to have of his Glory. For he gratifies both Passions, without suffering them to interfere, manageing his softest Intrigues with such exquisite Prudence, as he still comes off a *Hero*.

He has had many Mistres, and 'tis a manifest Discovery of his Wit, that he never fasten'd his Affections on any that deserv'd not the same Character. She that has the greatest Share in his Heart at present, is call'd the *Dutchess of Vaujour*; a Woman rais'd to that Title by the King's Bounty, for the Sake of his love. She has a Refin'd Wit, and that's all can be said in her Praise. For, as to her Body, 'twould hardly tempt an indifferent Painter to employ his Skill, unless it were, in de-

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scribing

scribing what the *Taylor* endeavours to hide, and that's a Deformity much like mine, a Remarkable Bunch in the Back. Yet this great *Monarch*, loves her passionately, and will not be easily cross'd in his Amours.

The *Queen* and his Mother have endeavour'd by divers Methods to reclaim him; but all prove ineffectual. A while ago they set his *Confessor* to work, who with Abundance of unseasonable Gravity, represented to the Young Invincible *Monarch*, the Ill Consequences of Unlawful Love (for, these *Infidels* esteem none *Lawful*, but what is bestow'd only on One *Wife*.) He said all that was proper for a *Jesuite* to urge on such an Occasion, and a great deal more; threatening the Royal Lover with Severe Penance, and I know not what. Impatient of this Discourse from a Subject, yet respecting the Character he bore as a *Priest*, the *King* with a Reserv'd Countenance, thank'd him for his Pious Counsel, telling him withal, that for the Future he discharg'd him from his Service, being resolv'd to obey the Old *Canons* of the *Church*, and confers to none but the *Priest* of the *Parish*. Thus the poor *Jesuit* was discarded, and besides the *King's* Displeasure, he has drawn upon himself the Censures and Curses of his whole *Order*, for disobliging so potent a *Monarch*, only to please Two peevish Women.

Illustrious Minister, *Kings* are as *Gods* on *Earth*; and they esteem it a Prophanation of their *Divinity*, when their Actions are too narrowly scann'd by their *Subjects*.

Paris, 7th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Pestelihali, *his Brother*, Master
of the Grand Signior's Customs at
Constantinople.

THE News which thy Letter imparts, wou'd affect me with Incredible Delight, were such a Thing possible to come to pass. It is a long Time since I have been weary of dwelling in *Paris*, and of conversing only with *Infidels*. There is a perfect Antipathy between their Humour and mine. And 'tis no small Violence a Man does to his Nature in such a Case, when all his Actions and Words are counterfeited. This goes mightily against the Grain. But I have thought nothing too much to do or suffer, for our *Great Master's* Interest. And I'm still of the same Resolution. Yet Nature it self abhors Force and Restraint. Therefore 'twou'd be a vast Comfort to be recall'd from this disagreeable *Station*, and plac'd in some other *Post*, where I might serve *God* and the *Grand Signior* with more Ease.

Besides, I have met with nothing but Persecutions and Reproaches from some at the *Seraglio*, ever since I came to this City; as I have often hinted in my *Dispatches* to the *Grandees*, and particularly once to the Noble *Kerker Hassan*, *Bassá*, our Countryman and Friend. Wherein I also implor'd his Favour and Intercession, that I might have leave to retire into *Arabia*, and spend the Rest of my Days in the Place where I first drew my Breath; or at least, that I might be permitted to return to *Constantinople*, and give an Account of my Agency in these *Parts*, though it were to the Loss of my Head, if I deserv'd it.

I perceive that generous *Bassa* took Compassion on my Sufferings, and has done his utmost to relieve me. 'Tis to him I owe the Proposal that was made in the *Divan*, of sending me to the Court of the *Grand Mogul*, there to Negotiate some Private Affairs of Importance for the *Sultan*.

There is nothing that I have had a greater Passion for these many Years, than the Happiness of visiting those remote Parts of the Earth, so venerable for the Antiquity of their Inhabitants, and the Excellency of their Laws, Customs, Religion and Government; I mean, the *Gentile Indians*, and not the Race of the *Moguls*, who came out of *Tartary*, and are but of Yesterday, in Comparison with the *Aboriginal* People, whose Genealogies and Possessions of that Country, stretch beyond all the *Records* in the *World* beside.

Ever since I read the *Journal* of thy Travels in the *East*, I was inflam'd with an ardent Desire to see that Renowned Nation to converse with the *Bramins*, and pry into the Mysteries of their Unknown Wisdom which occasions so much Discourse in the *World*.

I know not what ails me, but I promise my self more Satisfaction from their *Books*, were I capable of understanding the *Language* in which they are writ, or from the Lips of those *Priests* who have 'em in their Custody; than from all the *Prophets* and *Sages* in the *World*. I fantasie I shou'd find something prodigiously strange and amazing in their *History*, yet squaring with Human Reason, and Probability of Truth. I shou'd meet with Arguments which I cannot yet start, to prove the *Eternity* of the *World*; Arguments clear and demonstrative: such as wou'd establish this *Doctrine*, against all Objections that have or can be made to the contrary.

The *Idea* which I already entertain of so unmeasurable

measurable a Duration, is only founded on my own Natural Thoughts, and supported by the Concurrent Opinion of several Ancient *Philosophers*. But I shou'd hope to see it discover'd by these *Indian Records*, to be a Truth as bright as the Sun, and fixed as the Center of the Earth.

There is another thing, for which I mightily admire the *Indians*; and wherein I endeavour to imitate them to the utmost of my Power: That is, the Justice and Tenderness they shew towards the Beasts. 'Tis a Thing which needs a considerable Expiation, if by chance they kill any living Creature, But, if they do it wilfully, out of Cruel Wantonness or Malice, and not in their own Defence; 'tis punish'd with Death, no less than if they had murder'd a Man. No care of Health, or Fear of Dissolution by Sickness, can tempt one of the *Brachman Race*, to taste a Bit of Flesh: Much less cou'd they be induc'd by the meer pleasure of their Appetites, to commit that which they esteem so enormous a Sin, and the very fountain of all other Vices. They count it the greatest Injustice that can be, to sustain their own Lives, by the Death of any of their Fellow-Animals; and they esteem it a Pusillanimity unbecoming a Man, when he dares not venture his Life on the Fruits of the Earth, and the Milk of Cattle, which he may enjoy in Innocence, and Nature affords him more than enough, of all Sorts of lawful Nourishment.

This *Religious* Abstinence, is the Mother of Heroick Vertues; and those who practise it inviolably, are always in a State to condemn the World, Death, and all Momentary Things. Hence it is, that the *Indians* go to the *Invisible World* as cheerfully, as they wou'd take a Journey to *China*, and *Persia*. *Turky*, or any other Part of the Earth. For they esteem *Death* no other than a setting out, or Voyage of the *Soul* to a more agreeable Religion,

But, I need not insist so much on these Things to thee, who hast been among them, and art familiarly acquainted with their *Genius* and inclination. I slide into this Discourse insensibly, by the Pleasure I take in thinking of these People and their admirable Vertues, as a Man falls in Love with a Beautiful Woman, by attentively gazing on her, and many Times forgets himself and the Business he was about, commits Errors and Indelicacies, and through the Confusion of his Spirits, is quite lost, like one in a Wood.

To return therefore to my purpose; a Journey to the *Indies* would be very pleasant to me on several other Accounts. The very *Stars* of my Nativity inclin'd me to travel, and from my Cradle in my Father's House, I was transported to *Constantinople*, many Hundreds of Leagues from the Place of my Birth. Thou knowst what a Roman I've been since that Time: And I can assure thee, I retain the same Disposition still. But, there's no *Country* under the *Moon* which I wish to see with greater Earnestness, than *Indostan*; the very Name whereof sounds almost as sweet as that of *Paradise*. Doubtless 'tis the *Eden* of the *Earth*, in many Respects. And the Inhabitants believe there was no better for the *Original Parents* of *Mankind* to dwell in, ranking the *History* of *Moses* on that Subject in the Number of Celebrated *Fables*. I approve not this Censure of the *Indians*, yet I tell thee as a *Mussulman*, I dare say, the *Mysterious Writings* of *Moses* are quite misunderstood by the greatest Part of *Mankind*. Neither can any Two of his *Interpreters*, agree exactly which was the Particular Situation of *Paradise*. Some plant that *Garden* in *Mesopotamia*, others in *Palestine*; and a third Sort affirm, 'twas in *Egypt*: This Man will have it in *Asia*, That in *Africa*. They are divided in their Opinions. And I might as well say,

say, 'twas under the *Red Sea* between them both; and bring as many *Cabbalistick* Proofs to defend it. But, it signifies nothing to us, let it be where 'twill. Every Place is a *Paradise*, which a Man phantasies to be so; and Nothing can beat me off from the Conceit I have of the *Indies*.

Besides, I shou'd take a vast Delight in my Journey thither; whether I went by the Way of the *Black Sea*, and so through the Ancient Kingdoms of *Colchis*, *Georgia* and *Cathay*, coasting along the Foot of Mount *Taurus*: Or, by the more Common Road, through *Syria*, *Arabia*, and *Persia*. Either way wou'd afford Matter of Thought to a Contemplative Man, whilst in some Places he beholds the Ruines of Famous Cities; and his Eye revels on the Spoils of Time, of Fire, of War, or of Earthquakes. In others, he beholds whole *Provinces* laid Waste, and dispeopl'd, only meeting here and there a few Cots, Herds, or Tents of *Arabs*. *Tartars* or *Circassian* Herdsmen; who straggle up and down the pleasant Fields of *Asia*, to pick and chuse convenient Pastures for their Cattle.

How pleasant would it be to travel thro' my own Country, and behold the Tents of the *Sons of Ismael*, spread o'er the Plains of the Vast and Horrible *Desart*? To meet with *Emirs* and *Sheghs* of *Arabia*, with their Flocks and Herds, Summering it up and down, and Frolicking from Mountain to Valley at their Pleasure.

From this to pass to another Variety in *Persia*, would be equally diverting. What kind of Thoughts should I have whilst on my Bed, with'in the Walls of *Bagdat*, the Stage of so many Great and Renown'd Actions, mention'd in *Ancient History*? I should call to Mind *Semiramis*, the Foundress of that Noble City, and all her Wars with the *Indians* and other Nations of the *East*. I should

reflect on her Policy, and the Weakness of her Son *Ninyas*. I should consider the various Translations of the *Eastern Empire*; the Alternate Fate of the *Medes*, *Assyrians*, *Babylonians* and *Persians*. And from thence I should Naturally fall upon the Conquests of *Alexander the Great*; the Rise of the *Macedonian Empire*; the Death of that Mighty Hero in *Babylon*, and the Cantonizing the *Empire* among his Chief Officers. Such *Memoirs* as these, would waken my Thoughts of the Vanity of all Humane Affairs, as it does at this time: And particularly I reflect on my Folly, in setting my Heart so much on Travelling to a Country, which I am never like to see.

For, alas, my Dear Brother, I am not able to endure at this Age, the Hardships of so long a Journey, as I could in my Youth. Much Sickness has impair'd the Strength of my Constitution. I am grown as tender as an Infant. The least Puff of Wind is ready to blow out the Flame of Life. And whereas formerly, neither Heat nor Cold, Hunger nor Thirst, Labour or Watching could hurt me; now my Health receives Damage from every one of these. I could not possibly out-live the Fatigue and Pain of travelling Two or Three Days together without a Drop of Water to refresh my panting Soul. An Habitual Fever has made me the Thirstiest Man in the World. Then I am not able to bear the scorching Heats of the Sun, to which a Traveller in those Parts is Necessarily expos'd. I should daily dissolve like Wax, or rather exhale in Smoke, in the midst of so many Fervors. In a Word, my Body is so Infirm, that I am very sure to die, before I can get Half Way to *Indostan*, let me take the nearest Road I can.

Yet if the *Ministers* of the *Port* shall think fit to send me, I am resign'd. For, I take no farther Care of my life, than as I may be serviceable to the *Grand Signior*.

I intend to write to our Illustrious Friend about it. In the mean time do thou for me, what the Prudence of Man, and the Affection of a Brother shall suggest, as most conducing to the Interest of our *Sovereign*, and our own Honour, which we ought to prefer to our Lives.

Our Mother is in Health, and Salutes thee with a tender Embrace.

Paris, 5th. of the 3d. Moon.
of the Year 1664.

LETTER VI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal
Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

THIS Court of late makes a double Figure; the one of *Real Sorrow* for the Dutcheſs of Savoy's Death, who was of the Blood-Royal of France; the other of *Counterfeit Mourning* for the Death of *Carolus Josephus*, Brother to the German Emperour. For, they inwardly rejoyce at this *Latter*; and wish the whole House of *Austria* were laid in their Graves: That Family being the only Obſtacle to the *Grandeur*, at which the *French Monarchy* aspires. The only Rub which Cardinal *Richlieu*, and his Successor *Mazarini* found in their Way, when they fought to exalt the *Bourbons* to the Empire of the *West*.

The Rise and Fall of Kingdoms, the various Changes of Government, the Alternate Fate of Nations, are Themes worthy of a *Muſſulman's* Thoughts; considering that the Victorious and Happy *Osmans* at this Day possess the Territories of ancient Renown, the Provinces and Dominions which formerly made the greatest Figures and Noise in the World.

What is now become the most Famous Monarchies of *Babylon*, *Persia*, *Assyria*, *Macedon*, *Greece* and *Rome*? Look for the Mysterious and Learned Kingdom of *Egypt*; the Religious State of the *Jews*; The most Ancient Kingdoms of the *Sicyonians* and *Argives*; The Commonwealths of *Lacedæmon* and *Athens*, with many other Countries mention'd in the Records of Time, and we shall find them all swallow'd up in the Universal Empire of the *Ottomans*.

The Histories of *Belus*, and how he got the Sovereignty by *Hunting*; of *Ninus* his Son who first taught the World the Methods of *Idolatry*; of *Semiramis*, *Ninyas*, *Sardinapalus*, *Arbaces*, *Belochus*, and the rest of those *Assyrian* Monarchs; found now like an antiquated Tale, or Dream. Neither is there any more Life at this time in the *Babylonian* and *Persian* Registers. The mighty Acts of the *Nebuchadnezzar's*, *Cyrus's* and the rest of those renown'd Conquerours, now serve but as Foils to set off the more Glorious Enterprizes, and Successes of our Immortal *Sultans*.

'Tis true, the *Persians* at this Day retain some Fragments of that once Vast and Formidable *Eastern Empire*. And the *Germans* have a Shadow of the Ancient Imperial Majesty of the *Romans*. But both the one and the other, are grown Effeminate and Weak; they have lost the Vertue, the Power and Fortune of their Predecessors.

Thou hast travell'd over all the Dominions of the *Sophi*, and been an Eye-Witness of the *Persian* Luxury, Libertinism, and Nakedness. Thou hast seen the Off-spring of *Heroick* Sages, transform'd to Swine, Dogs, Asses, and other contemptible Brutes, as if they'd drank of *Circe's* Cup. So fatal is it to decline from the Way of Vertue; nay, so impossible even to stand still in that sacred Path, without being violently pull'd backward. In a

Word,

Word, thou art so thorowly acquainted with the Present State of *Persia*, and all its Circumstances; that I shou'd appear too officious in pretending to describe either the Country, or the People that inhabit there.

But as to *Europe*, thou professest thy self a Stranger, and hast commanded me to characterise this Quarter of the *World*: Wherein *Germany* makes the most Majestick Figure by Land, *England* and *Holland* by Sea: *Spain* boasts of her Gold; whilst *France* treasures it up to pay her Armies, to keep foreign Kings in Pension, to build mighty Fleets, and Magnificent Palaces; to corrupt the *German* Princes, and make 'em *Pimps* to her Ambition, Instruments of her design'd *Grandeur*, which is no less than the *Western Empire*.

As for the Duke of *Savoy*, he is a mere *Tinnis-Ball*, or a *Shittle-Cock*, bandied to and fro between the Kings of *France* and *Spain*.

The *Swisses* are Poor and Mercenary. They cannot stay at Home unless they cou'd banquet on the Turfs and Stones: For all the Flesh, Fruit and Corn in the Land, is not half enough to keep 'em alive, and they have little or no Money, but what they get abroad. This makes 'em all *Travellers*, and most of them take up the Trade of War. They serve the *Pope*, the *French King*, and many other Princes for Pay: And where they once engage, they are very true to their Trust. But, I can tell thee, they wou'd be unwilling to fight for the *Grand Signior*, unless he wou'd allow 'em plenty of *Wine*; which thou know'st is contrary to the Discipline of the *Mussulman* Armies: And these *Suisses* are the profess'd Adorers of *Bacchus*.

The *Hollanders* are Industrious and Rich: They mind nothing but Merchandizing and Mechanicks. They wou'd fain engross the Trade of the *Indies* and

and the *Levant*, to themselves. They Traffick, that they may be in a Condition to fight, and they fight to establish their Commerce; having no sense of *Honour*, but only of *Profit*. If they attempt any Conquest, or make an invasion, it must be in *America*, or some other remote Country: For they're only upon the Defensive among their Neighbours, not daring to be the First Aggressors in a War; in a Word, they're like a Nest of Pismires, that trudge up and down continually to get Provision, but sting and bite those under whose Protection they live, if they have an Opportunity.

'Tis thought, the Prince of *Orange*, who descends from an Illustrious Stock, will e'er long reduce those *Republicans* to another Form of Government. The *French Style* him the *Head* and *Heart* of the *United States*, and these thou know'st command the *Hands* and the *Feet*.

Germany is counted the bulwark of *Christendom* against the mighty Power of the *Ottomans* and *Tartars*. But, in my Opinion, one of our Embassadors at the Emperor's Court, gave a truer Description of it, when he compar'd *Germany* to a Great Monster; with many Heads and Tails, which having a desire to break through a certain quick-set Fence or Hedge, and each particular Head making Way where it cou'd best among the less entangl'd Branches, where all caught in so many different Noozes, by the Interposition of strong Trees, and so the Monster was forc'd to retire with Shame and Loss: Whereas, he said, the *Osman Empire*, was like an Animal with One Head, and many Tails, and that One Head not encountering the like Difficulties, easily pass'd through, being follow'd by the Tails with one Consent, as the unwisted Ends of a Ten-string'd Cord pass through a Ring or Hole, when the united Part has lead them the Way.

I shou'd

I shou'd have mention'd *Italy, Poland, Denmark, Muscovy,* and other Regions of *Europe*, but it 'twou'd be too tedious for one Letter, which I shou'd neither have Time to write, nor thou Patience to read, at once.

Therefore, I desire thee to accept of this only as a rough Draught, an Imperfect Sketch of some Parts of the *West*. But in my future Dispatches, I will imitate the Painters, and endeavour to draw each Member and Lineament of this great Body to the Life, as near as I can discern 'em by the Lights I have in *Paris*.

Paris, 10th. of the 4th. Moon.
of the Year 1664.

LETTER VII.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

MAY *God* multiply his Blessings on thee, and cause thy Heart to sparkle with fresh Lights and new Joys, like the *Sky-Rockets* on a *Dunalma* [or *Royal Holiday*.] Accept also a small Present, not worth an Inventory, (consisting only of a few Pictures, Looking-Glasses, Watches, and other Manufactures of *France*,) from the Hands of *Mahmut*, thy Countryman, Son of thy Fathers Neighbour, and a Voluntary Slave of those who serve thee, if I had the Honour of an Opportunity.

Neither the Gift, nor he that offers it, is worthy of Esteem. But, thou hast Condescension enough to look on Both with the Eye of a Noble *Arab*, who knows not how to value the Sincerity of any Man's Devoir and Affection, which way so ever he expresses it.

I can

I can never forget the former Discoveries of thy Friendship to my Brother *Pesteli* and me; and in General, to all those of our House: Which still encourages me to expect greater Kindnesses; nay, in a manner, assures me of them: because, I know the Nature of true Generosity is such, that where it once begins to fasten on an Object, it never ceases to communicate its Favours, till Damn'd Perfidy gives a Check to the Current. And may he be Damn'd that then has the Impudence to ask for any more.

But Praise be to *God*, my Case is otherwise; I am not in the Number of the Ungrateful and Treacherous: And therefore, with Boldness I presume once more to address to the Dust of thy Feet, illustrious *Bassa*, begging thy Patronage and Shelter from the Persecution of my Enemies; whose whole Endeavour is to ruine me.

Thou know'st I came to *Paris* in the Year 1637. of the *Christians Hegira*. The *Sun* had then revisited the *Sign* he was in at my *Nativity*, just the Eight and Twentieth Time. I was a mere Youngster in the *World*. However, my *Superiours* thought me fit for this *Employment*. How I have acquitted my self in it ever since, I leave to themselves to judge: Yet, for Fashion's Sake, they will be always a finding Faults. One Sycophant or other is perpetually Railing against me, when they find any of the *Vizirs* and other *Grandeess* in a Humour to hearken to them. I Fancy 'tis for Want of Discourse. When they have nothing else to talk of, then they fall a censuring of poor *Mahmut*; who undergoes more Fatigues than a Hundred Thousand such * *Thlguch*, as they. I can't imagine, what they aim at; unless it be, that they wou'd have me turn *Christian*, and enter my self into some *Monastery*.

* This Word *Thlguch* was left so in the Italian, and the Eng. Translator knows not what to make of it.

Suffer

Suffer me, my Noble Friend, to tell thee, that a Man cannot want for Temptations to such a Change of his *Faith*, without being confin'd to a *Recluse* Life. He may be a *Friar* or a *Libertine*, a *Priest* or or a *Layman*, a *Zealot* or an *Hypocrite*, a *Chimney-Sweeper* or an *Abbot*, which he pleases, according as he is qualifi'd. And I can assure thee, he that wou'd be a good Man, which is beyond all the Rest, has incentives enough among the *Professors* of the *Nazarene* Worship, though the greatest Part are wicked.

As for me, I never thought that *True Religion* consisted in Empty Names and Titles, in Forms and Ceremonies, in Parties and Factions, or in any Thing but in a Life conform to Reason, and to the Will of *God*.

They take me here at *Paris* for a *Moldavian Rambler*, that has read something more than the *Parish-Clerks*. And because they know, I understand *Greek*, *Sclavonian*, and Two or Three *Languages* more, they wou'd fain make me a *Priest*, *Doctor*, *Orator*, or any Thing that I wou'd accept of, to serve an Interest. And I am compell'd to use, either a down-right Humility, or a forc'd Pride, that I may handsomely evade their Courtship: convincing 'em sometimes, that I am not fit for such *Dignities*, at other Seasons telling 'em, I am above *Inferiour Orders*, and that nothing less than an *Archbishops Pall*, or a *Cardinal's Hat* will satisfy my Ambition.

Thus I really dissemble, and jest my self in earnest out of Ample Estates, to serve *God*, his *Prophet*, and the *Grand Signior*: Yet am traduc'd at the *Seraglio* for a *Hypocrite*, an *Infidel*, and *God* knows what.

Here's honest *Eliachim* the *Jew* undergoes the same Fate; Whilst those of his own Party, especially the *Rabbi's*, proclaim him every where for
a *Chri-*

a *Christian*; and the *Nazarenes* point at him, as a *Türk*. Only my *Landlord* where I before lodg'd, who is an honest old drunken *Fleming*, takes *Eliachim* for a *Saint*, and swears he will have him Canoniz'd after his Death: And all this, for no other Reason, but because *Eliachim* treats him now and then with a Bottle of Wine: So partial are all Men to their own Humours and Interests. But the Truth on't is, *Eliachim's* an excellent Counterfeit, and my *Landlord* is not the only Man, who has this Veneration for him. He passes for a very Good *Catholick*, and a *Holy Man* among a great many others. His looks are so demure, his Mien so compos'd, and he has such Godly Discourse with him, about the *Sacraments*, *Indulgences*, *Miracles* and *Graces* of the *Church*, when he is in company with *Christians*, That he wou'd deceive the *Spanish Inquisition*, and cheat the *Devil* himself.

Such is the Violence we are forc'd to use to ourselves, who live in these hazardous Stations. And yet No-body considers us, or regards our Zeal for the *Grand Signior*. Our Reputation, Liberty, and Lives are precarious. We are not only in perpetual Danger of the Revenge of the *Nazarenes* who are our real Enemies; but also expos'd to the Envy, Malice and Persecution of those who ought to be our Friends.

I have often complain'd of the malicious Calumnies thrown on me by *Icingi Cap-Oglani*, and his Associates: And the *Ministers* were pleas'd to receive my Apologies. But now I suspect greater Treachery. I sent an account to the *Reis Effendi* some Years ago, how I was dog'd up and down the Streets of *Paris*, by a Fellow whom I knew not, and what Apprehensions that put me upon. I will acquaint thee farther, that being afraid of an *Affassine* in the Dark, I arm'd my Breast with a Quire of Paper, which is known to be Dagger

Proof.

Proof. I was not at all mistaken in my Guess. For the last Night, as I was returning home to my *Lodging*, between the Hours of Nine and Ten; I receiv'd a Stab in my aforesaid Breast-Plate, right against my Heart. It was not so dark but I could perceive the Person who gave me this Blow; and Self-Preservation taught me immediately to seize on him, and grapple as close as I could, extending his Arms with mine at a good distance from our Bodies. I am but little and short, yet I have a strong Spring with my Body, when I am once rous'd, as thou wilt imagine I was now. Besides, I have generally a certain Presence of Mind in Time of Danger, which fails not to prompt me with the readiest and most proper Course to escape. In a Word, I wrested the Ponyard out of the *Russian's* Hand, and stabb'd him dead with it, not thinking it safe to make a Noise, but chusing rather to die if my Strength fail'd me, than by crying out for Help, run the Risque of worse Consequences: For I had long expected some such Attempt as this upon my Life, from my Enemies at the *Port*. And concluding this Fellow to be one employ'd by them for that Purpose, I thought it no Prudence to have him seiz'd by the *Watch*, and punish'd by the *Law*, lest he should in Revenge discover me and my Business to these *Infidels*. Therefore I play'd the *Executioner* my self, and sent him out of Hand to another World; to prevent his telling Tales in this, Thou wilt say there was no Injustice in this, since 'twas in my own Defence, and to save the Honour of my *Sovereign*. As he fell, he uttered these Words in a faint broken Tone, *Mahmut, my Death will be reveng'd before long, and you cannot escape the Trap that is laid for you.* Then he expir'd.

This made me presently conclude, that he was employ'd by some-body at the *Port*: For, how else should

should he know my True Name? But upon Second Thoughts, I cannot be certain, but that he was set at Work by my Old *Sicilian Master*, since he knew my Name also. However, I have greater Reason to suspect the Former; because, it is not probable, that the *Infidel* would take so Chargeable and Troublesome a Method to Murder me. Neither had he Provocation enough. Besides, for ought I know, he may be dead. God only is acquainted with the Truth. However, to prevent future Assaults of this Nature, and a great many other Inconveniencies, I have remov'd my self to a New Lodging, in the most obscure Corner of the City, and very remote from the Plac'd where I liv'd before, being resolv'd also not to frequent the Court, nor any Publick Places as I have done formerly, but to take other Measures for Intelligence.

What I desire of thee is, to represent my Case favourably to the *Divan*, That they may approve of my Conduct. Do also whatever else thou judgest the Part of a Country-man and a Friend.

As for the Event, I patiently wait the Appointments of Destiny. For 'tis in vain to be too Sollicitous.

Adieu, High-born *Kerker*, and forget not *Mahmut* in his Distress. For, that is the Time, wherein true Friendship is tried.

Paris, 17. of the 5th. Moon.
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at*
Vienna.

BE not dishearten'd at the Troubles which thou encounterest in this World of Lotteries. But, remember the *Adage* of thy *Rabbi's*, *That EVIL which is Old as Night, is yet the Off-spring of every Morning.* The Ages are measur'd exactly, and our Hours are checker'd with Equal Mixtures of Happiness and Misfortune. We are not born to our own Desires. And as not a Man of us can remember how he was form'd in the Womb, so have we no Reason to repine at what happens to us since we came out of it. Whatever Power, Wisdom and Goodness took Care of us then, and afterwards inspir'd our Mothers and Nurses with Tenderneſs, and a Thousand Degrees of Patience beyond what is Recorded of *Job*, the same will provide for us to Eternity.

The Desire of Knowledge kill'd *Adam*, and the same Lust, propagated with his *Seed*, destroys all his *Posterity*. We can never be satisfi'd in our Confinement to this *World*, and therefore we flounce and flutter on all Sides, like Fish or Birds in a Net, to find a Way out: Whilst we do but entangle ourselves the faster, render our Restraint more uneasy, and delay the Possibility of our Release. Whereas Patience would soon set us free, and rank us among the *Immortals*. One thinks to escape by high-drinking; another by Fevers of Love or Glory; and a Third conceits, he shall by his Gold, be able to bribe the *Watch*, who Guard the last *Passes* of this *Life*, and perswade 'em to let him scamper safe to *Paradise*. Alas! Alas! All this is but

but the Sophistry of our Passions. 'Tis in vain to think of hast'ning or retarding our Fate, our Time is set, though we know not the Period. Resignation is our best Lesson, and Prudence the next.

Perhaps thou wilt call this a *Sermon*; rather than a Letter. But, I advise thee to read it with the Eyes of a *Stoick*; That is, whether it pleases thee or not, regard it not farther than it agrees with Reason. I would fain ask of the Man who expects to have his *Will* accomplish'd in this *Life*, whether he can prevail upon the Sun to rise any Morning within the *Artick Circle*, or the *Moon* to descend, some Night, and sweep the snow off from the top of Mount *Athos*. So Inexorable is our *Destiny*, so unalterable the *Decrees of Fate*.

Be not troubled therefore at any Thing; but remember that thou art a *Part* of the *Universe*, and that nothing can betide thee, which is not for the Good of the *Whole*.

What I have said is, to arm thee against all the Contingencies which may assault thee unawares, rushing upon thee on a sudden from behind the Veil, which covers all the Designs of *Providence* and *Nature*, *Destiny* and *Chance*.

I my self have lately experienc'd, that it is good to be thus prepar'd for future Events, having narrowly escap'd Death by a little Timely fore-cast.

It is not necessary for thee at this Time, to know all the Circumstances of my Danger. Suffice it to say, That I was assassinated in the Dark, kill'd him that design'd to be my Murderer, and am now forc'd to remove my *Habitation*.

Eliachim thy Brother in *Israel* will be at *Vienna* within fourteen Days. He will give thee a farther Account of all Things which it behoves thee to know: with fresh Instructions concerning my *New Lodgings*, and the Method we must observe for the

Future.

Future in conveying Letters; We cannot be too cautious in the *Grand Signior's* Business.

As for our own Lives, let us imagine they were only sent to serve him, on whose Life so many Millions of Lives depend.

Paris, 18th. of the 5th. Moon.
of the Year 1664.

LETTER IX.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, a Merchant at Venice.

I Am oblig'd to send Circular Letters at this Time, to all the Slaves of the *Grand Signior*, who have Business with me at *Paris*; to inform them, that upon a very Important Emergency, I am forc'd to change my Lodgings. I have already sent away *Dispatches* to *Constantinople* and *Vienna* on this Account to prevent the Errors they might commit in addressing their Letters. For the same Reason, I now write to thee, Thou needest not enquire after the Occasion of this Conduct; nor wonder at any Thing that happens to us extraordinary in those hazardous *Posts*. We must expect to encounter with Rubs and Obstacles in serving our *Great Master*. If these difficulties have but their proper effect, which is to Whet our Inventions, encrease our Diligence, and confirm us in our Zeal, all shall go well.

The Soul of Man never displays her Faculties and Perfections with greater Lustre, than when she is environ'd with Perils. These are the Tryals of Fortitude, Prudence, Justice and all the Vertues. He that sinks under Misfortunes, and Cross Events, has either no Soul, or 'tis asleep. Courage

Courage then, Fellow-Slave, and let thy Heart beat a continual Alarm. Be not dismay'd at any Thing, nor let Self-Love bereave thee of thy Honour: But go on in thy Duty, and trust thy Soul to God.

Thou livest in a City where Vertue and Vice are in Emulation, still striving to surpass each other: There are not more wicked People in the World than *Venice* affords, nor yet more Pious and Good. Fellow thou the best *Patterns*, and be happy. But do nothing by bare Imitation: For that's the right Way to become a Hypocrite. Let all thy Actions proceed from Vital Principles of Reason and Generosity in thy self. And when thou seest rare Examples, let 'em serve only to awaken and rowze thy Innate Vertue.

Send me no Letters till thou hast receiv'd fresh Orders from the *Port*. They will furnish thee with all Necessarily Instructions. After that, let me hear from thee as often as thou wilt. Thy Dispatches will be always welcome. Let them contain Matter of Intelligence chiefly, and that of the freshest Date. Penetrate into the Counsels of the *Republick* where thou residest. Insinuate thy self with the *Senators* and *Grandeess*. Dive into their Hearts, and unlock their Secrets. Communicate Nothing but the Truth to the *Ministers* of the *Port* or to me. If thou canst Discover their Inclinations to a *Peace*, or their Absolute Need of it, thou wilt do an Acceptable Service to the *Grand Signior*, and to the whole *Empire* of the *Faithful*: For then we can bring 'em to our own Terms.

Zeidi, to God I recommend thee, desiring him to preserve thee from *Wine*, *Women* and *Cards*, which are the Three Capital Temptations of *Venice*.

Paris, 1st. of the 6th. Moon.
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Murat Bassa.

I Cannot easily divine the Reasons why I am so much neglected by the *Ministers* of the *Port*. Above four Years have pass'd away, wherein many Nòtable Events have happened; yet no-body thought it worth his Labour to inform *Mahmut* of any Thing. So that all the Notices I could gain of Remote Transactions, are owing either to the Publick News of *Europe*, or at best to some particular Letters of Merchants residing in this City, with whom I conserve an Intimacy, for the sake of Intelligence, and for other Causes.

Thus I should have been in Ignorance to this Day, what Issue the *Bassa* of *Aleppo's* Rebellion had, were it not for an Accidental Interview I lately had of some *French* Travellers, who came from *Constantinople*. These inform'd me of the sudden Fate of that *Bassa*, when he was at the Height of all his Grandeur, within a few Days March of the *Imperial* City, at the Head of a Potent Army, and just upon the Point of Accommodation with the *Grand Signior*. They much extol his Bravery and Resolution: For the *French* are Naturally Lovers of such as dare boldly oppose their Sovereign. They equally condemn the sly Perfidiousness of *Mortaza Bassa*, to whose safe Conduct the Generous Rebel trusted his Life, and by that Easiness lost it. Yet they applaud *Mortaza's* Loyalty, Courage and Wisdom with the Eminent Services he afterwards did the *Empire*, in leading the Army against *Ragotski*, Prince of *Transylvania*, which at length list'd him to the Government of *Babylon*.

All

All these Things had been hid from me, were not the *Nazarenes* my Intelligencers. Nor should I have known how the Rebellion was carried on after his Death by his Revengeful Nephew, by the Son of *Cheusaien Bassa*, by a Bey of *Egypt*, and other Malecontents. Yet such Passages are fit for a Man in my Post to be acquainted with, that he may have a clear *Idea* of his *Master's* Circumstances, and so apply himself more effectually to serve him.

It had not been amiss, if I had receiv'd timely Intelligence of the Death of Prince *Ragotski*, in Regard there was always a private Correspondence between him and this Court. Which ceasing by his Death, it had been worth my Pains to observe, whether it would be continued by his *Successor*, or what other Measures they would take.

'Tis true I was acquainted with this, but not by the *Ministers* of the *Port*. I heard also of all the following Commotions in *Transilvania*, occasion'd by the different Factions of *Michael Apafi* and *Kemini Janos*, the Two Rival Princes. I was not sorry for this News, knowing that the Divisions of the *Nazarenes* strengthen the Unity and Force of the *Mussulman Empire*. I was likewise inform'd of the Fate of *Mortaza*, *Bassa* of *Babylon*, who fell a Victim to the *Grand Vizier's* Jealousy; with many other Passages. But neither from the *Port*, nor from any other Hands could I learn the least Intelligence of the *Venetian War*, and what Progress our Arms have made in *Candia*, *Dalmatia*, and the other Dominions of the *Republick*. Which makes me conclude, that either the *Grand Signior's* Residence at *Adrianople*, abated his Inclinations to Martial Affairs, which is also the Common Opinion of the *Christians* here in the *West*; or, that the War in *Hungary* for a while superseded all other Designs.

However

However it be, 'tis certain the Successes of the Ottoman Arms in taking *Newhausel*, *Leventz*, *Novigrod*, and other Places of Strength, with the terrible Incurfions of the *Tartars* through *Moravia* and *Austria*, put the whole German Empire into a great Consternation. *Embassadors* are sent from the Imperial Court to all the Christian Princes, imploring their Assistance in this General Danger of Europe.

Here is one arriv'd at this Court, whom they call Count *Strozzi*, a Person of good Address, and Master of much Eloquence. He has prevail'd on the French King to maintain at his own Charges Six Thousand Horse and Foot, to serve against the Victorious *Osmons*. A great many Persons of Quality, have list'd themselves as *Voluntiers*; and the meaner Sort talk of nothing but marching to *Constantinople*, and driving the *Turks* back to *Scythia*, from whence they first came.

Courteous *Bassa*, thou wilt laugh at the Vanity of these *Infidels*; who consider not that by the Grace of God, and Miracles of his Prophet, our Emperor is the King of all the Kings on the Earth, the Mightiest of the Mighty ones; the *Phoenix* of Honour, Power, and Unparallel'd Majesty; Brother and Companion of the Sun, Moon and Stars; a Prince of a Myfterious and Sublime Lineage, in whom are center'd all Glory and Excellency; the Shadow of God on Earth!

The Breath of Fame goes before the Van-Couriers of his Armies, purifying all Places, and filling them with Veneration and Terror. The Dust that is rais'd by his Heroick Cavalry, passing through the Air, causes Trembling and Astonishment in the Hearts of the Christians. The *Infidels* fall before the Fatal Cymetars of True Believers.

May the Angel of the House of *Ismael* continue to prosper the Holy Off-spring, to extend their Con-

quests, and propagate the *Faith* unblemish'd; that the Names of *Alla* and *Mahomet* may be heard in all *Climates*, and from the utmost Borders of the Earth.

Paris, 5th. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XI.

To Isouf, his Kinsman, a Merchant
at Astracan.

I Have often wonder'd, why among the Rest of the Nations in *Christendom*, thou would'st not bestow the least Transient Visit on *Spain*! But upon more mature Consideration, I find thou art a Man of Judgment in Travelling. That Country lies under a very ill Character, for the Penury of all Things necessary to sustain the Lives of the Natives; and by Consequence, 'tis not to be thought, they can spare much for Strangers. A very Inhospitable Region, abounding in Beggars, Thieves and Drones: Full of Wine and Gold, yet barren of Corn, and Rich People.

Thou wilt not think this a Paradox, when thou shalt consider, That the *Spaniards* have all their Corn from *France*, *Germany*, or *Sicily*: And that for this, and other Reasons, *Spain* is but like a Sieve through which the Immense Treasures of *Peru* and *Mexico*, are drain'd into other Countries.

You may Travel some Days together in *Spain*, without seeing any Thing save the dry Face of a Desert. And if you chance to meet with a House, wherein you may shelter your self, and your Horse, expect no better than a *Ramezan*-Entertainment.

For

For you must fast all Day, and think your self much respected, if you can get a few Onions, or other Roots and Herbs, with a Morfel of Bread and Flesh at Night, to keep you from being sensible, that you are actually starving.

Then the Inhabitants are the Proudest People on Earth. You shall meet with none but Kings, Princes, Viceroyes, or at least Men that conceit themselves such. They are also Merciless in their Revenge; Cruel, Obdurate, Covetous, Morose and Inexorable. In a Word, *Spain* is the *Jesuites* Paradise; the *Jews* Purgatory; and the Hell of *Women*.

I therefore commend thy Fortune, or thy Prudence rather which would not suffer thee to fall into the Hands of those *Barbarians*, nor think it worth thy Pains to breath an Air infected with so many Vices. Thou hast pass'd through many more inviting Provinces, and art at last happily seated to thy Mind. Improve thy Opportunities in doing good.

I sent a Letter to our Cousin *Solyman*, advising him to give thee a Visit. If he comes, receive him kindly, and perform the Part of a Kinsman; put all Expences to my Account, and remember that no Man is born for himself.

*Paris, the 6th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1664.*

LETTER XII.

To Afis Bassa.

ALL *Europe* is alarm'd with the Mighty Preparations which our Invincible *Sovereign* is making to invade the *German Empire*. Great is their

Consternation and Fear, and *Couriers* are every where running up and down from one *Kingdom* and *Court* to another, to remonstrate the Common Danger, and beg Assistance. Every Body appears Zealous in a Cause which concerns all *Christendom*, and the *French King* has lent the *Emperour* Eight Thousand Men.

The *Duke of Beaufort* is also gone with a Squadron of Ships to encounter the *Corfsairs* of *Argiers*, and other *Dominions* of *Barbary*.

The *Pope* has sent to the *Emperour's* Assistance Six Thousand Foot, and Two Thousand Horle. And the Rest of the *Emperour's* *Allies* are raising Levies for him as fast as they can: It being current News, that the *Grand Signior* in Person, is at the Head of Two Hundred Thousand Men, entering *Hungary* as a *Conqueror*: That he has taken above Forty Towns, ruin'd all the Country where he pass'd through, and that in a little time he will be at the Walls of *Vienna*.

In the mean time, this *Court* appears Insensible of the General Danger which threatens *Christendom*. They are altogether taken up in *Ballads*, *Plays*, and *Feasting*, minding their own Interest more than that of their Neighbours, and revelling, as if the *King of France* were sole *Monarch* of the *World*.

Here is arriv'd a *Legate* from *Rome* to compose the Differences between the *Pope* and this *Crown*. His Name is *Cardinal Chisi*. He is receiv'd with unparallel'd Magnificence, as if he were an *Angel* from *Heaven*: For the *French King* loves to shew his Grandeur on such Occasions. Besides, all the *Nations* which are in the *Communion* of the *Latin Church*, have an unreserv'd Veneration for the *Roman Musti*, whom they esteem the *Successor* of *Peter* the *Prince* of the *Apostles*.

This young *Monarch* has a large *Soul*. The whole World seems too little to satisfy his Ambition. He lays the Foundation of Designs, greater than those of *Alexander*, the *Conqueror of Asia*. He heaps up Money at a prodigious Rate; raises vast Armies, builds Magnificent Palaces, keeps *Kings in Pension*, supports many *Princes of Germany*; and in a Word, commands more of them, than does the *Emperour* himself, who is their *Lawful Sovereign*.

Yet after all I cannot perceive that he loses any Degree of that Respect which he owes, and which his *Predecessors* have always paid to the *Grand Signior*, who is the undeniable *Arbiter of the whole World*.

God grant our *Sovereign* long Life, perpetual Victories, and a good Stomach to his Meat, which the *King of France* wants, to the Accomplishment of his happiness: For at present he feeds like a Sparrow.

*Paris, the 19th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1664.*

LETTER XIII.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

THOU wilt perceive the vast Respect I have for thee, by my frequent Dispatches. Thy Commands are to me as the *Laws* and *Sanctions* of the Ottoman Empire, which I will never violate. I am no Flatterer; witness my Letters to some of the *Grandeess*; wherein I have not spar'd to re-
I 3 prove

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To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

THOU wilt perceive the vast Respect I have for thee, by my frequent Dispatches. Thy Commands are to me as the *Laws and Sanctions* of the Ottoman Empire, which I will never violate. I am no Flatterer; witness my Letters to some of the *Grandeess*; wherein I have not spar'd to re-

prove their Vices, Errors, and Male-Administration. If a *Bassa* has been unjust, seditious, or engag'd in Rebellious Practices: If he has prov'd an Extortioner, a Drunkard, or a Tyrant; he has not escap'd without a due Reprimand. I have been bold in correcting, advising, and giving Counsel to the Greatest Ministers in the Empire. And this was a Province appointed me by the *Flower of Sublime Glory*, the *Phoenix of Honour*, *Sole Favourite* and *Trustee* of the *Grand Signior*, the *Vizir Azem*, in whose Custody were the Seals of *Imperial Secrets*, *Majestick Decrees*, and *Royal Edicts*: Who being the *Primum Mobile* of the *Resplendent Mussulman State*, gave Life, Activity, and Order, to all the *Inferiour Orbs*, *Springs*, and *Instruments of Government*.

I receiv'd this Command many Years ago; and he that gave it me, is gone to the *World of Spirits*. Yet the Injunction remains in Force, being stamp'd with the *Mysterious Signet*, the *Character of Supreme and Immutable Authority*. In Obedience to which, I have never warp'd or flinch'd from the duty enjoyn'd me. And to demonstrate, that I did not do this in a vain Ostentation of the Power which was given me; I have not fail'd all along to pay to a Man of Merit, the Attach and Veneration which was his due.

'Tis with inexpressible Pleasure, I throw my self at the Feet of a Wise and Vertuous Man; with extream complacency I kiss the Dust whereon he treads, and unfold all my Faculties, in expressing my Esteem. I am full of *Platonick Love*, and build Altars in my Breast, to a Soul deserving the Innocent Sacrifices of amorous Passions; the Incense of Gratitude, and a pure Affection, an *Holocaust* of Integrity and Loyal Friendship.

I protest, by the hopes I have of sitting on the Banks of the Rivers in *Eden*, and of being regal'd
in

in the delectable *Chioses* of *Paradise*, that I honour thy Learning and other Sage Perfections; that unblemish'd Life, those excellent Morals, and the unparallel'd Sweetness of Modesty, which Crowns all thy Actions. But I will say no more to a Man who cannot hear his own Praises. The best Method of expressing my Regard, will be to answer thy Expectations, in presenting thee with the true Pourtraicture of these *Western Nations* and People, which thou so passionately covetest.

I must desire thee to excuse the Confusion and want of Order in my Letters; since I send thee a Medley of Remarks, as they come to my Knowledge and Memory.

It is not long ago since I wrote to *Ismail Eb'n Achmed*, a Kinsman of mine, a Merchant at *Astracan*; and among other Things, I took Notice of his neglecting to see *Spain* in his Travels; for he has been in most of the Kingdoms of *Europe*, and over all *Asia* and *Africk*. In that Letter I describ'd *Spain* in its worst Colours. Now I will shew it to thee in another Figure, without swerving from the Truth: For every Country has its Perfections and Excellencies, as well as its Defects and Blemishes.

If *Spain* have a barren Soil for Corn, Nature has made Amends for that Fault, in the Purity of the Air, and the Plenty of Fruits: The Sands of her Rivers are the most perfect Gold. Her Villages, tho' few, are greater, and more Populous than some Cities, witness *Madrid*. Her Mountains are of Iron, Marble, and Jasper. Her Vallies underlaid with Lead, Brass, and Silver; *Spain* of old was the *Tharsis* and *Solomon*, the *Ophir* of the *Phœnicians*, and the *Peru* of *Rome*.

In those Days the Inhabitants of *Spain* were Famous for their Fortitude, and Invincible Constancy. 'Tis recorded, that the Inhabitants of *Sagun-*

to in the Province of *Valentia*, when they were besieged by *Hannibal*, and sore press'd by the *Carthaginians*, chose to burn themselves, with their Wives, Children and all their Wealth, rather than yield to their Enemies.

Their *Fidelity* also was so remarkable, that some of the *Roman* Emperours had always a Guard of *Spaniards* near their Persons; as the *French* King, the Pope, and other Princes do now confide in the trusty *Swisses*.

But tho' there remain still some scatter'd Remnants of the Ancient Vertue among them, especially in *Biscay* and *Castile*, yet the greatest Part of the *Spaniards* are degenerated. They make no Figure now in the World, but only for their Gold, and the Vastness of their Dominions. For they possess the best half of *America*, are Lords of Two Mighty Empires, and not without large Territories in the other *Three* Quarters of the World. Yet the too great Extent of their Power has weakn'd its Vigor; the Affluence of their Wealth, has really impoverish'd them; and by straining their Honour too high, they have crack'd it, being now of little or no Esteem in *Europe*. Their Glory fades, at the rising Grandeur of *France*, which makes radiant and swift Advances towards its *Zenith*. This young Monarch is already become the *Arbiter* of all *Christendom*.

Accomplish'd *Minister*, there is nothing in Nature stedfast: The World is but an Eternal Circulation of Events, Vicissitudes, and Changes without Beginning or End. Only *God* remains Immutable, in his own Essence, which is the Center of every thing. May thou and I meet there, and then we shall be eternally happy. Adieu.

Paris, 12th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Musu Abu'l Yahyan, Professor
of Philosophy at Fez.

BY the Faith and Obedience I owe to *Mohammed* our Holy *Lawgiver*; by the *Alcoran*, and all that is esteem'd Sacred among the *Mussulmans*, I swear, thy long Silence made me conclude my First Letter was unwelcome to thee. But now I'm convinced to the contrary. Thy generous Answer has remov'd my Apprehensions, and fill'd me with Complacency. Hencesforth I shall rest assur'd and confident of thy Friendship, promising my self vast Improvements from so learned a Conversation, tho' only by Letters at many hundred Leagues Distance.

As to what thou requirest of me, concerning the various Languages of *Europe*, I will intorm thee the best I can, according to the Observations I have made, and the Intelligence I have receiv'd from Men of Letters, and from Books, which are the Pictures of learned Souls, Mirrors wherem they may behold their own Perfections, whilst they are on Earth, and after their Departure to the *Invisibles*, other Men may see the Interiour Beauties of their Mind represented to the Life. For Words are the perfect *Sculpture* of the *Intellect*, or at least its *Mezzo-Tinto*. They are the express Portraicture of Divine and Human Reason. Thus the *Alcoran* is call'd by some of our Holy Doctors *The True Image of Original, and Increated Wisdom.*

Now of all the Words and Languages on Earth, thou know'st the Preheminance has been for ever given to those of the *East*, and among

them to the *Arabian*, both in Regard of its Purity and of its Antiquity, from whence it is Styl'd the *Virgin Mother* of Languages, the *Dialect* of the Blessed above.

Thou know'st, that for this Reason it is, the *True Faithful* covet no *Species* of Learning more ardently than to be perfectly skill'd in so Divine a Speech, wherein the *Volume of Celestial Majesty* was penn'd in Heaven before the Throne of God, and sent down on Earth by the Hand of *Gabriel, Prince of the Messengers* who fly on the Errands of the *Omnipotent*. It was sent I say, to the *Prophet*, who could neither write nor read, that the World might be convinc'd of its Divine Original. Yet the Incredulous will not believe: Tho' it is manifest to any Man of Impartial Sense, That a Person altogether ignorant of Letters, could not possibly compose a Book, the most Elegant that ever was penn'd in the World, and wherein not the least Blemish or Contradiction can be found from the *Chapter of the Preface*, to the *last Versicle*, which winds up the whole *Volume*. Oh! obdurate Hearts of *Infidels*; Oh! wilfully Blind, that shut their Eyes against the Splendors of *Eternal Light*: Oh! resolutely Deaf, that stop their Ears against the Voice of God and his *Prophet*, neither will they listen to the soft Whispers which are wafted from *Paradise*.

Such are the *Nazarenes*, who for the Sake of the *Greek* and *Roman* Tongues, of which they are passionately enamour'd, educate their Children in a fair Way to believe all the Monstrous Fictions of the Ancient Poets, or at least all the Lying Tales and *Legends* of their own Priests, which are Ten Times more Fabulous than the Former, and more Inconsistent with Reason. And this they do rather than be at the Pains of learning *Arabick*, which would instruct them in Truths as Clear and Serene as the *Orient Sun*.

I shall

I shall say little of these Two ancient Languages of *Greece* and *Rome*, in Regard they being now grown Obsolete, and only to be learn'd in Schools, thou, no doubt, art vers'd in them *ad Unguem*, as the *Latins* phrase it.

That which seems properest for me to inform thee of is, That the *Roman* or *Latin* Tongue appears like an old Antiquated Mother thrust out of Doors by her Four ungrateful Daughters, *Italian*, *French*, *Spanish*, and *Portuguese*. These are her Natural Off-spring, begot during the *Roman* Conquests in the *West*, and degenerating after that Empire was in its Decline. So that now they are taken for no better than *Mongrels* or *Bastards*. In *Spanish* there is a great Mixture of *Gothish* and *Moresco* Words; the *French* retain many of their old *Gaulish* Idioms. The *Italian* is corrupted with a Hotch-potch of Words, left by the *Vandals*, *Huns* and *Longobards*. Yet that fault is recompenc'd by Abundance of *Greek* Etymologies. As for the *Portuguese*, 'tis but a Dialect of *Spanish*, and lies under the same Imperfections.

The only pure *Maternal* Languages now current among the common People in any Part of *Europe*, are the *Teutonic*, *Sclavonic*, and *British*: The first is spoken in *Germany* to Perfection, but corruptly in *Suedeland*, *Denmark* and the *United Provinces*. The Second is common to the *Hungarians*, *Moldavians*, *Poles*, *Rascians*, and many other Nations. The last is confin'd to the *Welsh*, a People inhabiting a Corner of *Great Britain*, driven thither by the Victorious *Saxons* their Conquerors, above a Thousand Years ago. As for the Rest, they are only mix'd Dialects, and so not worth taking Notice of; excepting one Mountainous Part of *Spain*, where the Inhabitants are said to speak Pure *Arabick* at this Day. They are suppos'd to be a Remnant of the *Moors*. The

The Criticks here in the *West*, use to give these following Rules in Reference to Languages. If you would address to *God*, speak in *Greek* or *Latin*, because of their Antiquity, Purity, and Majestick Loftiness. If to *Kings*, speak in *Spanish*, in Regard of its slow Pronunciation and Gravity: If to *Men*, use *Italian*, to *Women*, *French*; to *Dogs*, *Welsh*: But if you would affright an *Enemy*, or the *Devil* himself, speak *High-Dutch*.

They relate a Story of a *German* Embassador at the *French* Court, who deliver'd his Message in *Teutonic*; which when a certain *Grandee* heard, and took Notice of its harsh and strong *Emphasis*, he swore 'twas his Opinion, That this was the Language wherein *God* curs'd *Adam*, *Eve*, and the *Serpent*. The *German* turning to him, answer'd briskly, 'Tis possible *Monfieur*, it may be so; but then I hope you'll grant, that *French* was the Occasion of this Curse, when the *Devil* chose to tempt *Eve* in that Language for its *Effeminacy*, wheedling her à la mode de *Paris*, to eat the forbidden Fruit.

Renowned *Musu*, do me the Honour of frequent Letters: Instruct me in Things whereof I'm ignorant: Make me familiar with the Remarkables of the Country where thou residest: Transport *Fez*, with the other Parts of *Africk* which are known to thee; transport them I say successively to *Paris* every *Moon*, on a Piece of Paper, and I will send thee all *Christendom* by way of Exchange: For thus it becomes the Lovers of Wisdom, to barter for Knowledge.

Paris, 10th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XV.

To Osman Adrooneth, Astrologer
to the Sultan at Adrianople.

Those of thy *Profession* here in the *West*, are wholly taken up in contemplating a certain *Comet* which appears in the *Firmament*. 'Tis of that Sort which they call [*bearded.*] And some will have it to resemble a *Lion*, others say 'tis like a *Dragon*, a *Crocodile*, a *Bear*, and I know not what. There is hardly a *Species* of Four-footed Beasts, to which the Giddy Rabble do not resemble it. And some assert it to be the perfect Figure of a *Sword*.

The *Mathematicians* are straining all their Skill, to take the true Dimensions of this *Celestial Apparition*. The *Painters* are drawing it to the Life; the *Poets* are making Songs and Ballads of it. And the more Learned *Sages* are framing *Astronomical Schemes*, like so many Gins or Traps to catch this *Meteor* in. They watch all its Motions, and dog it from one *Heavenly House* to another; they track it through the most intricate Paths of the *Sky*.

If it stands still, or makes a Transient Address to any *Planet*, Eminent *Star*, or *Constellation*, we are presently alarm'd with the News of it, and bid to be upon our Guard, as if there were some Mischief a-plotting against us *Above*. The World is harangu'd with Fatal Predictions of Wars, Famine, Earthquakes, and other Calamities, the sure Consequences of this suppos'd *Prodigy*.

Tell me, thou who art Conversant in the Science of the *Stars*, and the Mysterious *Philosophy* of *Nature*, what these *Comets* are? Whether they be only

only *Exhalations* drawn up into the *Higher Region* of the *Air*, by the Force of the *Sun*; Or, whether they be more solid and durable Substances? Whether they be of a Posthumous Origin like the Clouds, Hail, Rain, Snow, and other *Meteors*, the daily Products of *Nature*, the Upstart Off-spring of the *Elements*? Or, whether they are in the Rank of those *Beings*, whose Antiquity is untraceable, which are as Old as the World; such as the *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, and this *Earth* whereon we tread?

For my part, I believe 'tis no Heresy in *Science*, whatever 'tis in *Religion*, to start New *Maxims*. For ought we know, both in the one and the other, what we call Innovation, is but a Reviving those *Principles*, which through Desuetude, or the Corruption of Times are grown Obsolete, out of Date and forgotten, tho' really the most Primitive and Ancient Truths in the World.

Thus I cannot forbear thinking there are some other *Globes* scatter'd up and down the Infinite *Expanse*, beside those whose Continual Brightness exposes them to our Eyes.

The *Moon*, 'tis known, with *Venus* and other *Planets*, receive their Light Gradually from the *Sun*, by *Hemispheres*: So that 'tis certain each of these Orbicular Bodies is always Dark by Half. And where is the *Sollicitism*, if we suppose there are other Opake Bodies in the *Firmament* which receive no Light at all, and by their Nature and Qualities, are Incapable of receiving any but from within themselves? So we may suppose these *Comets* to be such solid *Globes*, made Resplendent by an Eruption of their Central Fires.

God only knows the Truth in such Cases. And thou art better able to decide these Questions than I. Therefore referring it to thy Sage Judgment, I pray him who made the *Stars*, and orders their Dominion on Earth, to bless thee with Favourable Influences,

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Influences, That thy Soul may be always like a Land flourishing under the Sweet Aspects of Orion and the Pleiades.

Paris, 22d. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XVI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal
Secretary of the Ottoman Em-
pire.

THE *French* have had so many Occasions of Joy of late, that it is hard to determine, which affects them most nearly.

The Satisfaction which the *Pope* gave this *Monarch*, for the Injuries formerly done to his *Embassador at Rome*, began the Triumph of the *French Court*. I have already sent Intelligence of that Quarrel, and how high the Resentments of the King flew, on the same Day that he receiv'd the First News of so Barbarous an Affront. Now I shall acquaint thee, That there ensu'd a *Treaty* between them at *Pisa*, a City of *Italy* in the Dukedom of *Tuscany*, after the *French Troops* had terrified them into a *State-Penitence*, by the menacing Approaches they made toward the *Ecclesiastical Territories*, through the *Principalities* of *Modena* and *Parma*. These Two are Friends to *France*, and their Interest makes them so, in Regard that Crown protects 'em from the *Pope's* Oppression, who is always esteem'd an Ill Neighbour, by the *Italian Princes*, whose Dominions lie next to his. For this *Roman Prelate* is very Potent and Rich; he would in a short time be Lord of
all

all *Europe* in *Temporals* as well as *Spirituals*, were he not curb'd by the King of *France* and his *Allies*.

This makes all the *little Sovereigns* round about *Rome*, stand in Awe of the *Monarch*, who was born to command *Crowned Heads*. Wonder not at the Expression: For I tell thee, some of the greatest Princes in *Europe* are his Pensioners. This very Quarrel with the *Pope*, has gain'd the *French King* Three *Cardinals* more than were his Friends formerly.

The Conclusion of the *Treaty* was, That the *Pope*, should send a Legate *de Latere* into *France*, to pacify the King's Wrath; and that the *Militia* or *Roman Guards* whom they call *Sbirri* and *Corfes*, should be for ever abolish'd, and a *Pyramid* be erected over against their Guard-House, with an Inscription in *Latin* and *French*, declaring their Crime and Punishment.

This put the Court of *France* into a very Jolly Humour. They fell presently to Feasting and Revelling; and the King's next Project was the Conquest of *Barbary*. To this End he sent the Duke of *Beaufort* with a Fleet of Great Ships, to clear the Seas of *African Corsairs*, that so an Army might be safely transported from *Toulon*, and landed on the opposite Shore. His Design in this was to reduce the Inhabitants of those Happy Countries to the old *Idolatry* of their *Fore-fathers*, to plant there the *Nazarene Superstition*, and make himself the Sole Lord and Proprietor of *Africk*.

I cannot divine what Success he will have in this great Enterprize; but it appears as if *God* were angry with the *Mussulmans*: Such continual Losses they sustain by Land and Sea.

It is with no small Grief I saw not long ago, the *French* who serv'd in *Hungary* this Campaign, return to *Paris* laden with the Spoils of *True Believers*. I cannot behold the very Cymetars and
Ensigns.

Ensigns which these *Infidels* took from the vanquish'd *Osmans*, hang up in their *Temples* as *Trophies* of their *Victory*, without inexpressible Passion and Regret. 'Tis said here, the *Grand Signior* has lost in *Hungary* above Thirty Thousand Men this Campaign; whereof Ten Thousand were kill'd in one Battle, and a Hundred and Fifty Colours taken, with Sixteen Cannons.

Besides, these *Giafers* grate my Ears with another *Bravado*, boasting that one *French Ship* of War fought Seven Hours with Three and Thirty of the *Grand Signior's* Gallies, sunk Five, scatter'd the rest, and came off with a compleat Victory.

'Tis a vast Advantage the *French* have in the Situation of their Country, in that it is wash'd on the South by the *Mediterranean*, on the North by the *Main Sea*: So that 'tis easy for them to curb the greatest Part of *Europe* on one Side, and sufficiently molest the *Levantine*s on the other. As for the *Western* Parts, this Kingdom is their very Center: Where all the Lines of War, Peace, Commerce and Traffick meet and terminate. She is to *Christendom*, what *Egypt* and *Sicily* were in former Ages to the Empire of *Old Rome*, an inexhaustible Granary. Whatsoever desirable Things, Nature has frugally drop'd here and there in other Regions, are found in this Kingdom as in their *Original Seminary*. Corn is plentiful as Grass, Wine is almost as cheap here, as Water is with you in some Parts of *Turky*. The Fens and Lakes are cover'd with *Wild Fowl*. The Meadows with *Sheep*, *Deers*, *Goats* and *Oxen*. There's nothing scarce but *Hens*, *Eggs*, and *True Believers*. I had almost forgot their Remarkable Plenty of Salt, the bare Custom of which, augments the King's Coffers with Four Millions of *Zequins* every Year.

France also abounds in *Hemp*, a most necessary Vegetable, whereof she not only makes all her own

own Cordage and Sails, but also furnishes her Neighbours; which brings in a considerable Revenue. There is an Infinite Plenty of *Fruits*, and *Trees* for *Timber*, of *Iron*, *Marble*, *Free-stone*, and all Things necessary for *Building Ships* or *Houses*, for Defence or Offence by Land or Sea. Neither are there wanting *Mines* of *Gold*, *Silver*, *Tin*, *Lead*, *Copper* and other Metals whereof Men make the Instruments of War, and the Entertainments of Peace. In a word, this Country is so enrich'd with every thing, that some Historians and Philosophers have call'd it the Parent of Plenty, others the Fountain of Earthly Bliss, the most Incomparable Region of this Globe, the Epitome of the World, or rather a little World it self.

Serene Scribe, thou wilt not wonder at the Universal Successes of the *French* Arms, when thou considerest these things, and here the Provinces are Peopl'd like Kingdoms, the Cities appear like whole Provinces, for Multitude of Inhabitants. To say all in a Word, The Common Character of *France*, is the same which Philosophers give to Nature. That there can be no *Vacuum* found in it.

Paris, 25th. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XVII.

To Abdel Melec, Muli Omar, President of the College of Sciences at Fez.

Permit me to rush into thy Presence, Venerable Patron of Philosophy, without the usual Formalities of Address, or Punctilio's of Introduction.

Let

Let me be admitted like a Man with Coals of Fire on his Head, as the Custom is at the *Imperial Port*, in urgent Cases: For I am newly inflam'd afresh with *Pythagorism*, *Platonism*, and *Indianism*.

Floods, Fires, and other Devastations by War, Famine, Pestilence, Earthquakes, and such like Contingencies, have either quite abolish'd the *True* and *Primitive Science* of the First Ages, in most Parts of the Earth; or at least very much diminish'd and obscur'd their *Original Splendor*.

The best Manuscripts are lost, unless the *Indians* have preserv'd em. Our Fathers grew Torpid, Stupified, and Desperate, under the Publick Calamities which overwhelm'd whole Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms, and Empires: There was no Encouragement for a Scribe or a Man of Letters, to put himself to a needless Toil in labouring to preserve the Records which came from Heaven: Histories of the World Invisible, Celestial, Perfect, and Eternal; Traditions of undiscoverable *Antiquity*; *Pandects* replenish'd with Bright *Oriental Wisdom*, and seal'd with the *Tetragrammaton*, which thou know'st is the *Signet* of the *First and the Last*; even of the *Divinity* which comprehends all Things, and is it self comprehended of none.

Had they gone about such a Task, they knew that some ill Fate or other would swallow their Writings, and bury them in Eternal Oblivion. Hence it is, that at this Day we can hardly boast of the Footsteps of ancient Knowledge, a few Fragments and Reliques of *Primitive Learning*, scatter'd up and down in divers *Authors*, and much adulterated with the vain *Opinions* and *Errors* of After-Times. For every writer was either inclin'd, or forc'd, to flatter the Age wherein he liv'd, and not oppose their Tenets. So that now there is scarce any True *Philosophy* extant on this side the *Ganges*.

How

How those *Brachmans* only had the Happiness to conserve so Sacred a Treasure, can be no other way made out, than by their own constant Tradition, that the Deluge of *Noah* never reach'd those utmost Borders of the Land toward the *East*. And perhaps the same Reason may be given for the untraceable *Chronologies* of the *Chinese*, their Neighbours. For tho' they differ in the Sentiments and Rites of their Religion, in their Laws, Customs, and manner of Government, yet they both agree in affirming the World to be indeterminately Old, putting a certain Number of Millions of Years, for an uncertain, far beyond it; which is but a modest Retrenchment of their own Thoughts, as if they were unwilling, it should be falsely censur'd that they aim'd at an *Hyperbole*.

They say, That the *First Matter* is *Co-eternal* with *God*, as *Light* is *Co-eval* with the *Sun*, produc'd also, and depending after the same Manner. For as the *Light* diffus'd through the Air, is not properly the *Sun*, but an Inseparable Effect of it; so the *Universe* is not *God*, but his Production, ever subsisting on him, and never to be divided from his *Eternal essence*. And for ought I see, the most significant Language in the World has no other way to express things of this abstruse Nature. They are too sublime for humane Thought; much more do they transcend the Power of Speech. All the *Dialects* on Earth are too barren of Words, and Words too defective in Sense, to describe the Ineffable Secrets of *Eternity*.

As for the various Ranks of Beings, the Infinite Diversity of Forms, resulting from the *First Matter*, they think it reasonable to believe. That they were successively produc'd in time; every one in its Order, and according to its Perfection.

I tell thee, it appears much more Rational for me to believe this, than that the *First Matter* it
self

self was produc'd out of nothing above Five or Six Thousand Years ago, as the *Jews* and *Christians* seem to teach, Rather than starve my Reason with so short an *Idea* of the World's Age, I would embrace the Sentiments of *Democritus* and *Epicurus*, suppose an *Infinity* of *Spaces* and *Worlds*, an *Eternity* of *Generations* and *Corruptions*, a *Continual* Change not only of *Individuals*, but of the very *Species* of things, through the *Fatal* Concourse and *Blending* of *Atomes*: Yet not denying the *Unity* of the *Divine* Essence, nor undervaluing his *Providence* all the while. For these things are, in my Opinion, very compatible one with another.

I do not pretend to be singular, or set up for a *Dogmatist*. Neither am I ambitious of being esteem'd a Wit, by venting Notions above the reach of *Vulgar* Capacities. 'Tis only the pure Love of Truth, which encourages me to take this Liberty with thee, who in Matters of *Philosophy* art the only Master of the Age.

To thee therefore I submit all my Sentiments, as to an Oracle; desiring thy *Impartial* Answer, and couching the Faculties of my Soul, in the most humble Attach to thy *Venerable* Wisdom, I become mute as a Mommie.

Paris, 30th. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Mirmadolin, Santone of the Vale
of Sidon.

What is this World, that on all sides Invades our Senses? This Earth under our Feet; those Clouds whirling over our Heads; these Winds shaking the Trees; that Azure Sky, with all its glittering Ornaments? What's all this but an Eternal Dream; a mere Shadow of God Almighty's Thoughts? 'Tis pleasant living in it; 'tis also painful. In his Sense this Universe is perfectly good; in ours 'tis mixed with evil. He made it for his own Diversion, and our Scrutiny. 'Tis to us a Field of Riddles, and Contradictions. In *Summer* we curse the Heat, and in *Winter* blaspheme the Cold. Yet we bless both the one and other, when we feel 'em in due Measure and Season. One Hour, this Colour pleases the Eye, another that; and perhaps in the next, 'tis disgusted at them both. We never find Rest or Content in any thing. The softest Musick at some times grates our Ears, like the croaking of Toads. The most agreeable Odours, are as the Smell of a Sepulchre, loathsome and abominable. The most delectable Wines and Savoury Meats, at such Seasons, are unpalatable as the Beverege and Diet of Hell. Neither can the more insinuating Charms of Women, put us in a better Humour. All the whole System of Nature joined together, is not sufficient to afford us Ease. Nothing but a Ray from the Omnipotent can alleviate our Melancholy, or give us a taste of our selves. For we are the very Deity in scatter'd Fragments; or we are separated Drops of the Divine Essence: Volatile
Spirits

Spirits of Eternity; by *Fate* or *Chance*, fix'd in proper Vehicles of *Time*, and *Matter*. O *Santone*! This whole *Corporeal Universe*, is but a *Web* spun from the Bowels of an *Infinite God*, and wrought with inimitable *Artifice*, to catch, *Immaterial Forms*, *Idea's* and *Souls* in, which are the *Genuine Off-spring* of the *Eternal Mind*. We *Mortals* of *Humane Race*, are but so many parcels of the *Divinity* in *Disguise*, trapan'd into *Bodies*, by certain hidden *Baits*, *Magnets* and *Charms* lurking in *Embryo's*, with which we have some *Sympathy*. We are all *Gods* in *Masquerade*. So are the *Beasts* of the *Field*, the *Birds* of the *Air*, and the *Fish* of the *Sea*.

Let us not therefore condemn the *Antique Ceremonies* of *Gentile Religion*, which taught Men to adore the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*; the *Elements* and all that is within their *Circumference*, especially the *Souls* of departed *Hero's*, *Demi-Gods*, *Nymphs*, and the *Rest* of those *Beings* which are the *Eldest Progeny* of *Eternal Nature*. For in so doing, they did but build *Altars* to the *Original Fountain* of the *Universe*. Since *God* is in the *Winds*, in the *Rain*, in the *Thunder*, *Lightning*, *Hail* and other *Meteors*; in the *Heavens*, and *Air*, *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*; in the *Fire*, *Earth* and *Water*; in *Plants* and *Animals*; finally, since he is in the *Elements*, and every thing compounded of them; he is not only in them, but is these very Things by an *Ineffable Production* of himself. And when the *Final Consummation* shall come, it will be but a withdrawing all the extended *Lines* of his *Infinity*, into their *Center*, where thou and I, and every divided *Atome* in *Nature* shall meet, be united and swallowed up in *Eternal Beatitude*. Amen! Amen! Oh thou *Lord* and *Father* of all things, *Inexhaustible Abyss* of *Miracles* which know no *End*.

Paris, 8th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To the same.

Supposing it were otherwise than I have said: Grant the Doctrine of *Epicurus* true. Believe that we and all things were produc'd by the *Fortuitous Concourse* of *Atomes*. Yet still we have the same, or greater Reason to value our selves as diminutive *Gods*, since in this Sense we must of necessity be *Eternal*, every *Atome* being so, of which we are compounded. In the Opinion of these *Philosophers*, there's no such thing as an *Origin* or *Beginning* of the *Universe*: Each *Particle* of *Matter* with them, is as old as the *Divinity*. We have all rang'd *Eternally* from one *Form* and *World* to another; danc'd to the measures of *Fate*, been Parts of the Orbs above, and of the Caverns below; stray'd through the Heavens and all the Elements; taken an Universal Career, through *Infinite* and *Endless Spaces*; and are now (as fix'd as we seem in these solid Hulks of *Flesh*) in the same Hurly-Burly as ever.

These Bodies which we carry about us are not compounded of the same *Atomes* as they were Seven Years ago. There is a perpetual Flux and Reflux of *Particles*. We die as fast as we live. Every Moment substracts from our Duration on Earth, as much as it adds to it. We move, Breathe, and do all things by *Paradox*. Our very *Essence* is a *Riddle*.

With an open Heart therefore, I applaud thy Religious Negligence of Humane Affairs, in that thou art Divinely careless of thy self, and every thing else, save only to conserve thy Innocence.

What

What signifies it, whether we believe the *Written Law* or the *Alcoran*; whether we are Disciples of *Moses*, *Jesus*, or *Mahomet*; followers of *Aristotle*, *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, *Epicurus*, or *Ilch Rend Hu* the *Indian Bramin*? Of what Import is it, whether we pray or not? Whether we kneel before Images, or in a Naked *Mosque*? 'Twill be all one in the winding up. We are but the Machines of Chance. As we live, so shall we die; and *God* knows what will become of us afterwards; neither is it worth our while to be solicitous, since we can be certain of nothing. Perhaps, every *Atome* of which we are made, may be scatter'd from the Rest; we may be transported Piece meal into Ten Hundred Thousand Millions of Worlds; and seven-fold as many Years may expire, before Two the minutest *Particles* of our Frame, meet together again. We need not to be troubled at all this; nothing can hinder us from being *Immortal* and *Eternal*, tho' it be but in Fragments.

Go on then, Sacred Vagabond, Pious Rambler, Holy Fugitive; go on, to assert in the course of thy Life, this great Truth, *That all things depend on Everlasting Chance or Destiny*. Thy actions shall reprove the Hypocrites of the Age, who abound in Specious Words. And thy Divine Indifference shall condemn the Hellish Zeal of furious Bigots, who think to please *God*, and atone for their Sins, by sacrificing Humane Blood, and massacring all that are not of their Faith.

God, or *Chance*, or *Fate*, shall transport thee after Death, to happy Regions, Immarcessible Joys, and an Endless Succession of Bliss. Every *Atome* shall find its *Paradise*. Thou shalt mount by Degrees to Full, Infinite and Eternal Felicity. Adieu for a time.

Paris, 20th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER XX.

To Isouf, his Cousin, a Merchant at Astracan.

W^Hen I reflect on thy Happiness, in having been all thy Life at Liberty to change thy Residence, and ramble whithersoever thy Fancy invited thee, and that even now at *Astracan*, thou art no longer confin'd than by thy own Pleasure or Interest, I cannot forbear envying thee.

There is an inexpressible Delight in ranging the various *Tracts* of the *Earth*. Whereas to be perpetually shut up and imprisoned as I am, in a City so close and high-built, that the very Winds can scarce find a Way into her Interiour Parts, is a perfect Hell upon Earth.

To speak the Truth, *Paris* may be call'd a Heap or Aggregate of Cities, built one upon another, like *Pelion* upon *Ossa*, since the Houses here are as high as the *Minarets* at *Constantinople* and divided like the Air into the *lower, middle, and upper Regions* or Apartments; Or rather like the *Heavens*, whose Number *Astronomers* assert to be *Nine*. For with so many Stories, do some Houses, nay whole Streets in *Paris*, lift up their Heads; and every Story or Apartment's peopl'd like a *Bee-hive*. So that in this Infinite Throng of Inhabitants, and such as come hither about Business, we are ready to be stifled with one anothers Breath: Whereas thou knowest, in the Cities all over the *East*, the Houses are intermix'd with Gardens: They are low-built, with *Terrasses* on the Top to take the cool Air on by Night, with *Parterres, Kaskaneys, Divans, Conservatories*, and all the other
Con-

Conveniences for refreshing the Senses, by *Water, Wind, and Odoriferous Smells.*

This makes me long to be at *Constantinople, Damascus, Mosul, or even at Astracan*, where thou residest, though that City want many Delights, which others enjoy. However I shou'd there encounter with *Tiara's and Turbants*, the very Sight of which would half cure my Discontent. May my Portion be with *Tagot*, if I am not tir'd with seeing Nothing but these Hats, and Short-Coats, these ridiculous *Franks*, these *Apes* without Tails. And then to hear them rant against the *Grand Signior*, and all *True Believers*; to hear them blaspheme the *Messenger of God*, curse the *Alcoran*, revile the *Mufti*, and all the *Mollahs*, with a Thousand other Impertinences, which none but such *Reprobates, Giaurs, and Infidels* wou'd be guilty of; makes me either wish my self Deaf, or that my Tongue were at Liberty to answer them. But, much rather wou'd I desire to be in a Place, were I might enjoy my Ears, to receive the *Salem* from my Friends that are *Mussulmans*, and to hear the Name of *God* devoutly blest'd on any Occasion that awakens the Sense to Piety.

Oh that I were among my Countrymen, the *Arabians*, who dwell in Tents, and frolick about from Hills to Valleys, tasting by Turns the various Sweets of the Forest and the Plain! The Groves and Meadows, Pastures and Arable Grounds, Cities and Villages, all contribute to their Delight. They want no Innocent Joy that the Earth can afford. Their Wealth consists in the Multitude of their Sheep, Camels, Goats and Oxen. And for them is all their Care, that they may not want Grass and Water in due Season. As for themselves, they are resign'd to *Providence*.

So are the *Tartars*, who sleep in Hords or Wag-gons; the only *Cavaliers of Asia*: Whose Life

is a perpetual *Campagne*, from the Cradle to the Grave: Their Labour and Ease are derived from the same Fountain; exercising themselves on Horse-back at Seven Years old; and feeding on the Milk of Mares as soon as they are wean'd from their Mother's Breasts. Toil and Recreation with them are one and the same thing, since they know no other Pleasure but what consists in Riding, Fighting and Conquering; or else in Death, which they believe translates them to new Joys, and those more poignant than they knew before. Therefore they bravely court it at the Point of a Sword, or the Mouth of a Cannon: Nothing being more scandalous or hateful than a Coward among them.

I protest, the very *Idea* of *Palus Mæotis*, and *Taurica Chersonesus*, with the Rest of those Horrible Fens and Marshes, on the North of the Black Sea, which encompass the Dominions of the *Tartars*, affects me with a Passion, or rather such a Medley of Passions, as I know not how to name. Those ample Deserts, those untrack'd Solitudes, appear to my Imagination, like the Limits of this old Habitable World; and the Frontiers of some new, strange and unknown Region: some *Terra Incognita*, where an Universal Desolation and Silence keep their Seat for ever: Where no Voices are heard but those of uncouth *Satyrs*, *Fauns*, and other *Exotick Tenants* of the Woods and Moors. No other Sound but the whistling and roaring of the Winds. No Prospect but that of Trees which have appear'd from the Infancy of Time, and where those are wanting, the Eye is wearied in a long endless Waste, which nothing seems to bound, but the declining Arch of distant Skies, or low, black, melancholy Clouds, skirted with Mists and Fogs, Eternal Mantles of the Northern Climes.

This

This is the Figure of those solitary Tracts where I would chuse to live, rather than in a City which stifles me, with too much Plenty of every Thing, but fresh Air, and honest People.

Israf, the Contrarieties which we find in Earthly Things, give a Gust to each other. And, the most Magnificent Palace wou'd seem a Prison, were a Man always confin'd to live in it.

Cousin, I wish thee perpetual Liberty, and Happiness.

Paris, 7th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER. XXI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

A Midst the variety of Obligations which I have to discharge; I forget not to obey thy Commands. I have already in my former *Dispatches* acquainted thee with the Characters, and some Remarkable Passages of *Henry IV. Lewis XIII. Lewis XIV. Cardinal Richlieu, Cardinal Mazarini,* and the Prince of *Conde*. Now I will say something of the Famous *Mareschal de Turenne*, whose Fame reaches wheresoever the *French Wars* have been talk'd of for these Forty Years. The Name of this great *General*, is *Henry de la Tour d' Auvergne*, Son to the Duke of *Bouillon*.

When his Father was near his Death, he call'd for both his Sons, whereof this was the youngest. And among other Exhortations, he recommend-

ed in a special Manner Three Things to their Practice : Never to renounce or change their Religion : Never to take up Arms against their Sovereign : Nor to provoke the *First Minister*.

As to the First, the *Mareschal de Turenne* has hitherto kept it inviolably, but he has faulter'd in both the other ; having revolted from his *Master's* Service during his *Minority*, and oppos'd the Interest of *Cardinal Mazarini*, when the *Parliament* persecuted that *Minister*.

However, this hinders not but that he is a Great Souldier, and besides he is since reconcil'd to the *King*. He seems to be born for *Martial* Affairs. And they relate of him, That when he was but Ten Years Old, and his Governour missing him, had sought up and down every where for him, he at length found him fast asleep on a *Cannon*, which he seem'd to embrace with his little Arms as far as they would reach. And when he ask'd why he chose such a *Couch* to lie on, he made Answer, *That he design'd to have slept there all Night, to convince his Father that he was hardy enough to undergo the Fatigues of War, though the Old Duke had often perswaded himself to the Contrary*. And to speak the Truth, no Man was more Careless of his Body than this Prince.

At Fourteen Years of Age he was sent into *Holland* to serve in the Army under the *Prince of Orange*, who was his Uncle. There he apply'd himself to all the Discipline of War, doing the Duty of a Private Soldier : Which is the common Way that *Cadets* or younger Brothers take to rise to the most Eminent Offices. He was equally forward in Labours and Perils, never shunning any Fatigue or Hazard, which might bring him Glory, yet he was not rash, the Common Vice of Youth, but temper'd all his Actions with an extraordinary Prudence and Solidity of Judgment,

beyond

beyond what was expected from him at those Years. Yet, on the other Side, his Counsels were not slow and Flegmatick, being of a very ready Forecast; and he seldom fail'd in his Contrivances. He was soon promoted to a Place of *Command*. And the Exactness of his Conduct rais'd him a vast Reputation, so that by Degrees he at last arriv'd to that Height of Power and Honour he now possesses. He appears Indefatigable in his Body, and of an Invincible Resolution. He hates Flatterers, that think to gain his Friendship by praising him. And is equally averse from making use of such fawning Insinuations to others, though the Greatest *Princes* of the *Blood*, or the *First Minister* himself.

He has also a certain Stedfastness of Spirit which cannot be warp'd by any Artificial Addresses, though made to his own apparent Advantage, if they propose to him any Thing that has the least Semblance of what is base and dishonourable. Thus he wou'd never consent that the Honour of taking *Dunkirk* some Years ago, should be ascrib'd to *Cardinal Mazarini*, tho' that Minister privately courted him to it, offering him the Greatest Commands in the *Kingdom*, if he would do him that Service; and the *Mareschal* knew it might prove his Ruin, if he did not. Yet such was his Integrity and Love to the Truth, that by no means would he be brought to condescend to this Meanness of Spirit: Yet, perhaps it might only proceed from the Aversion which in those Days he had for the *Cardinal*. Many times it is evident, That a *Natural* Passion is made to pass for a Moral Vertue. Besides, perhaps he was unwilling to be depriv'd of the Glory due to him for that Important Service.

He is a Man of few words, and so secret in all his Counsels, that no-body knows any thing of his

Designs, till he puts them in Execution. Every Man esteems him the most Liberal *Prince* of this Age, having no other regard for Money, than, as it serves the Necessities of his *Family*, and enables him to oblige his Friends.

In a Word, whatever Vices he may have, he is yet endu'd with so many Good Qualities and Virtues, that he is belov'd by all the Nation, and in Particular Favour with his *Sovereign*, who treats him not as a *Subject*, but as one of his most intimate Friends.

May *God*, who has rais'd up this Great *Genius*, to aggrandize the *French Monarchy*, continually supply the *Grand Signior* with Valiant and Expert *Generals*, that the *Empire* of the *Faithful Osmans*, may encrease like the *Moon*, but never be in its *Wane*, till that *Planet* shall no more appear in the *Heavens*, and the Fastning of the *Elements* shall be dissolv'd.

Paris, 12. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XXII.

To Orchan Cabet, Student of the Sciences, and Pensioner to the Grand Signior.

THE *French King* has lately receiv'd a gross Affront from the *Poets*. They have often been Satyrical upon his Loves, and now they begin to burlesque upon his Money. A Day or Two ago,

This Letter was written Originally in Slavonick.

as he was newly risen out of his Bed, he found on a Table in his Chamber, a Paper containing these Verses.

*Tu es Issue de Race Auguste,
ton Ayeul est Henry le Grand ;
Et ton Peré Louis le Juste,
Pour Toy, tu n'es qu'un Louis
(d' Argent.*

Thou know'st where the Force of the *Poet's* Wiles, having travelled in *France* and learned their *Language*. The *King* smil'd at the Reading of it, and seem'd to be pleas'd with the Frankness of the *Author*, saying, *He was worth a Thousand Flatterers*. He promised likewise to give him Five Hundred *Louis's* for his Wit, if he would discover himself, as also to pardon him on his Royal Word. But the *Satyrift* would not venture himself, knowing that *Kings* have more ways than one to revenge themselves of Private Persons, their *Subjects*. However, since the *King* appear'd so well pleas'd with this, he was resolv'd to give him another Touch of his Skill. And the very next Morning in the same Place, the *King* found these words:

*Tu ne le Sçaura pas Louis,
Car j'étois seul quand je le fis.*

There have been many Conjectures made about the *Author* of these *Lampoons*. Some say one thing, and some another. And there are not wanting such as fasten it on a *Virgin of Collen*,

now residing at this Court: Her Name is *Anne Marie de Skurman*. She is very Learned, and speaks *Arabick, Latin, Turkish, Greek, Italian, French* and *Spanish*, as fluently as her Native Dialect. She is of a Fine Wit, and piercing Judgment in the Controversies of *Philosophy* and *Religion*.

There are several *Epistles* of hers in Print, some penn'd in *Latin*, others in *French*, address'd to the *Queen-Mother, Cardinal Richlieu, Cardinal Mazarini*, and others; besides a *Book of Poems*, most of them *Satyrs*. And 'tis this last gives the World such a Jealousie of her writing the Lines which were found on the *King's Table*. For the *Criticks* have compar'd 'em with her Style; and find a very near Resemblance between them.

But let who will be the *Author*, I think the *French King* is wrong'd in the Character they give him. For though he has heap'd up great quantities of Gold and Silver to carry on his vast Designs, yet he is no *Miser*, being very Liberal to Persons of Merit.

I send thee this for thy Diversion, and in order to our Future Correspondence. Take it for an Example, and be as Familiar with me, remembering the Old *Latin Proverb, Manus manum fricat*.

Paris, 11th. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1665.

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LETTER XXIII.

To the Captain Bassa.

MA Y thy Heart be Chearful, and thy Voyage crown'd with Success, wherever thou failest, Noble Old *Tarpaulin*, and *Favourite* of the God of the Sea. The *Empire* of the *Ottomans* has not had so brave a *Commander* of the *Navy* these Thirty Years. God grant thee good Fortune against the *Infidels*, whether on the *White* or *Black Seas*. Thou art already Famous for thy Exploits on the Latter, in above Twenty Engagements with the *Cossaks*, *Circassians*, and the rest of those Thievish Countries. But nothing has raised thy Character so high as the last Combate thou hadst with *Pachicour*, the Renowned *Pyrate* of those *Parts*, who threatned not only his *Christian* Neighbours, but also the *Ottoman Empire* with Infinite Ravages.

But thou hast stemm'd the Tide of his Glory, humbled the Maritime People his *Confederates*, and by that means made thy self a way into the *Archipelago* and *Mediterranean*, where thou ridest as another *Neptune*, *King* of the *Waters*.

Take not this for Flattery; for I tell thee, I have not said so much to a *Bassa* of the *Sea* these Seven and Twenty Years: Neither indeed had I any Reason. He that merited the most Applause in all that time, was the Brave *Zornesfan Mustapha*. And I address'd no more to him than his due. Fortune did not favour him, or else he had done great things. As for the Rest, they were generally Men never bred to Sea-Affairs, but Minors of the Court, or Bullies of the City, who were better at making a Noise, than at any Action of
Hazard

Hazard or Importance. And there were some Bo'd *Renegades*, but they play'd fast and loose, and no body knew where to have 'em.

Treachery infects the whole World ; but in these *Western* Parts it reigns as in its Center. Here's nothing but Undermining and Ambushes ; One *State* trepanning another out of their Guards, and then they play their own Game.

It would be endless to acquaint thee with the Original of the Quarrel between the *English* and the *Dutch*. Let it be enough for thee to know, that these People are at odds now : And in regard the Strength of both *Nations* lies in their Shipping, they are preparing to cover the *Northern* Seas with Navies : but the *Islanders* still get the best on't. They claim the *Sovereignty* of those Seas, and in my Opinion they deserve it. I speak according to my Intelligence ; being assur'd, that no Nation ever prevail'd against 'em on that Element.

They have had a terrible Fight this *Summer*, wherein the *Dutch* lost Seventeen *Ships* of War, besides Vessels of smaller Note. The *Commander* of the *English Fleet* is call'd the Duke of *York*, a Great General, and Brother to the *English King*. His Name was famous in *France* and *Flanders* during the *Spanish* War. And tho' the *Land* afforded him no farther Occasions of Glory, yet he has found some in the *Sea*. *Opdam*, the Greatest *Admiral* that ever the *Dutch* could boast of, fell a *Sacrifice* to his *Genius*.

I am the more Particular in this Relation, because it is fit thou should'st know the Characters of all the Brave *Heroes* living.

Since this Fight, the *King* of *France* has sent an *Embassadour* to the *English Court* to mediate a *Peace*: What Issue his Negotiation will have, is of no great Import to us, who serve the *Grand Signior*,

Signior, Sole Lord of the *Four Seas*: But I will tell thee something which it concerns thee to know.

The King of *France* is a going to cut a *Canal* through Part of his Kingdom, by which the *Mediterranean* may be joyn'd to the *Main Sea*. This is a vast Design, and much discours'd of in *Europe*, being a Parallel to what has been formerly attempted by some *Kings of Egypt*, and *Emperours of Rome* to joyn the *Mediterranean* and *Red Sea* together, for the sake of an easier Traffick to the *East-Indies*.

Thou oughtest also to be inform'd of the Duke of *Beaufort's* Exploits on the Coasts of *Barbary*. He is Commander of the *French Navy* in those *Seas*, and has done great Injuries to the People of *Algier*, *Sarcelle*, *Bougie*, and other Ports.

Tho' these *Rebels* are deservedly punish'd for deserting the Protection of the *High Port*, yet let us remember, that the *Algerines* are *Mussulmans*, and therefore ought not to be abandon'd to the Malice of *Infidels*.

Mighty *Bassa*, sail thou in the Strength of *God* against the Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*. And when thou hast finish'd thy Voyage here below, may a Wind of Mercy waft thee o'er the Waters which are above the *Firmament*, and land thee safe in one of the Ports of *Paradise*.

Paris, 3d. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1665.

The End of the Third Book.

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LETTERS

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A Spy at *P A R I S*.

VOL. VI.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Achmet Beig.

THIS *Court* has put on the Exterieur Semblance of *Mourning*, whilst they inwardly rejoyce, at the Death of *Philip IV. King of Spain*. He deceas'd on the 17th. of the 9th. Moon. 'Tis possible their Grief is more real for the Death of the Duke of *Vendosme*, a Prince of Royal *Extraction*, and whilst living not far remov'd from a possibility of inheriting the *Crown of France*. But now he is gone to the Grave, the General Receptacle of all Mortals, and which makes no Distinction between the *Noble* and the *Vulgar*.

There

There have been Abundance of Ceremonies perform'd on the Part of the *King*, the *Dauphine*, the Duke of *Orleans*, the Duke of *Valois*, and other Princes of the Blood, for the Health of the Departed Soul : For the *Nazarenes*, to give them their due, fall not short of the *True Faithful* in believing the *Resurrection* and *Immortality*, to come. They consign the Bodies of the Dead to their *Sepulchres*, with solemn Rites of *Religion*, perfuming them with *Incense*, and sprinkling them with *Holy Water* : Rehearsing also certain Sacred *Hymns* and *Prayers* appointed for that Purpose. Neither do they neglect to Fast, and give Alms, to perform any *Pious Office* which is practis'd by the *Mussulmans*, for their Friends who are gone to the *Invisible State*. They agree with us in Abundance of good things, and if they mix some Superstitions and Errors, let us pity their Weakness, and praise God who guides us into the Right Way, and suffers us not to be seduced into the Way of *Infidels*. He is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*, the *Joy* of the *Elect*, and the *Hope* of all *Nations*. Should he punish Men according to their Hourly Demerits, the Earth would soon be depopulated, and void of any other Inhabitants save the *Beasts*. But he knows our Mold, and remembers that we are no more than a mere *Froth* or *Spume* of the *Elements*, and that in a very little time, by the Course of *Nature*, we shall vanish like *Bubbles* which yield to every *Blast* of *Wind*. Therefore he spares us, and connives at our Infirmities, because he is the Lover of *Souls*.

I speak this as an Incentive to Charity among our selves, and to our Fellow-Mortals. It seems to me unreasonable, that we should pursue with Inexorable Hatred all the *Followers* of *Jesus*. He was a *Holy Prophet*, humble, mild, chaste, and harmless. He did many good Works himself, and

come

commanded his *Disciples* to imitate his Example: He rebuk'd those amongst them, that would have call'd down Fire from Heaven to consume his Enemies: Enjoyning them to return Blessings for Curses, Prayers for Blasphemies, and Good for Evil. There are those amongst them, who obey his Precepts: As for the Wicked, I am not their Advocate. If the Greatest Part of the Christians live contrary to the *Law* of the *Messias*, let us consider also how many Hypocrites, Libertines, Hereticks and Atheists there are among those who profess the *Mussulman Faith*. Doubtless, there are Good and Bad of all *Religions*. And 'tis impossible to find an Assembly of Just Men, without a Mixture of Sinners.

As for our Difference with the People of *Jesus*, in Matters of *Worship*, it ought not to make us forget that we are Men, compounded of the same *Flesh* and *Blood* as they. And for ought we know, God who made all the Nations of the Earth, may accept of their various Rites and Ceremonies in paying him *Divine Adoration*.

We that are the Posterity of *Ismael*, and worship the Eternal after the manner of our Fathers, who followed the Pattern of *Ibrahim* the Beloved of God, cannot deny but that the *Law* of *Moses* was of Divine Original: And yet it contains Precepts and Injunctions, to which we are wholly Strangers in our Practice; tho' the *Jews*, who are the Descendents of *Jacob*, obey them to this Day.

So we believe what the *Alcoran* says of the *Messias*, That he is the Breath and Word of God; That he heal'd Diseases, rais'd the Dead, wrought many other Miracles, and preach'd the true Heavenly Doctrine. Yet there's abundance of Difference between the Ceremonies which the very Apostles us'd in the Service of God, and the Worship

ship establish'd by *Mahomet* our Holy Lawgiver. But he tells us, That they who live up to the Law of *Jesus*, shall go to *Paradise* as well as the *Muslimans*.

The greatest Scandal which the *Christians* give us, is their Setting up *Pictures* and *Images* in their *Temples*, and the Reverence they pay to those Insensible Pieces of Humane Art. And yet for ought we know, they may be excusable before *God*; since they profess openly in the *Publick Decrees* of their *Councils*, That the Veneration and Honour they pay to the *Figures* of *Saints* and *Angels*, is only Relative, their *Devotion* at the same Time resting not on this side the *Prototypes*.

If this be true, I see no more Hurt in their Worship of *Images*, than in Bowing and Prostrating before the *Alcoran*, which is but another Sort of *Imagery* representing the *Divine Will*.

In a word, if the *Hieroglyphicks* of the Ancient *Egyptians* are allow'd to be Lawful Letters, and Instruments to express the Inward Conceptions of the Mind; in my Opinion, the Painting and Sculpture which we see in the *Churches* of the *Christians*, ought not to be condemn'd as an Idolatrous Practice, when 'tis only us'd as an easier way to convey the *History* of *Jesus*, and the rest of the *Prophets* and *Saints*, to the Vulgar, who are generally Ignorant of *Letters*. Unless we shall say, That the *Son* of *Mary* was an *Idol*, and the *Prophets* and *Saints* were *Devils*; which *God* avert from the Mouth of a *True Believer*.

Paris, 13th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To William Vospel, *a Recluse of*
Austria.

THY Dispatch came to my Hands, in a good Hour. I perus'd with Reverence the Paternal Instructions it contained; the Grave and Judicious Apophthegms; the Sacred Rules and Institutions of a Regular and Spiritual Life; the Morals more refin'd than those of *Pindar*, *Epiſtetus*, *Seneca* or *Cato*. But pardon me, if I relish not so well thy *Panegyrick* on some of the newly Canoniz'd *Saints*; from which you take Occasion to extol the *Pope's* Infallibility, and to exclude from *Salvation*, all that are not within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*.

I am a *Christian* and a *Catholick* as well as you. I honour the *Apostles* and *Martyrs*, with all the *Primitive Saints*, *Confessors* and *Holy Doctors* of the *Church*. But I can never be perswaded, that a Man for being a Murderer, Traytor, an Inventor of Cruel Devices, or a learned Sycophant, can merit *Heaven*, tho' he may be rank'd in the *Red Lines* of the *Calendar*. Much less can I believe, that all Men shall be Damn'd, who are not in *Communion* with the *Bishop* of *Rome*. Certainly the *Catholick* or *Universal Church*, is not shut up within the Narrow Confines of the shattered *Roman Empire*. Consider *Greece*, *Armenia*, *Egypt*, *Moscow*, *Æthiopia*, and all the Spacious Territories of *Europe*, and the *East*. How many Millions daily say the *Pater-Noster*, and pray in *Jesus's* Name, yet never paid Obedience to any but their own *Patriarchs* and *Bishops*? Were not all
the

the *Apostles* equally in *Commission*; were not the *Churches* they founded and establish'd, equally Holy and Orthodox? Where then commenc'd the Mighty *Schism*, but in the morose Pride of Victor, who (for the Sake of *Paschal* Niceties) affronted all the *Churches* in the World, and was for that Reason severely reprov'd by a French Bishop of his own Obedience; besides the Repre-
mands of *Polycarp*, and other *Prelates* of the East? Was not St *John* the Beloved, that rested his Head with Divine Honour on the Breast of *Christ*, as privy to the *Laws* of his Master, as *Peter*, *Paul*, or any other Abortive *Apostle*? Remember the First General Council at *Jerusalem*, where *James* the Brother of our Lord sat President, decreeing *Abstinences* exactly opposite to the present Roman *Faith* and *Practice*. And believe at the same time, that 'twas Imperial Vanity and Pride, which first begot the Fatal Separation. *Heresy* was but the Bastard of the *Apostolick* *Canons*, cherish'd, and too much countenanc'd, by *Constantine* and his Successors, till the Fatal Time of *Phocas*, whose untimely Death made all things ripe for the intended Usurpation. Oh! *Guicciardine*! How truly hast thou writ the State of Modern *Rome*! Worthy as *Horace* of Eternal Honour. Thy Faithful Prose equals his Courtly Verse, and merits New *Augustus's* to Patronize it.

Believe me, Father *William*, I have no Spight or Enmity against the Roman High-Priest. I reverence him equally with his Brethren, the Patriarchs of *Constantinople*, *Jerusalem*, *Alexandria*, and *Antioch*. I would go beyond this, for the sake of Conformity to Ancient Custom, and in Obedience to the Celebrated Council of *Nice*: I would willingly acknowledge him the *Primate* of the World. Let him have the first Place, in God's Name, among the *Patriarchs* of the Univer-

sal Church. But let him not ride on the Necks of his Equals. Let him not pretend a Power to cancel the *Apostolick Canons*; reverse the *Traditions* of the *Fathers*; repeal the *Decrees* of *General Councils*; dispense with the *Laws* of Nature, Grace, Reason, Morality, and the very Institutions of his Predecessors, Men, without Question, as Infallible as he. This is not the way to make *Profelytes* to the *Roman Faith*, unless it be of Fools and Knaves. The World has receiv'd New Lights, Father *William*; and Men begin to hiss Religious bantering off the Stage. Nay even they who are most guilty of it, I mean the *Roman Courtiers*, Cardinals and Priests cannot forbear laughing at the Folly, and Credulous Easiness of those, on whom they impose their *Pious Frauds*. The bigotted *Laity* are by them esteemed no better than silly Asses, tamely couching under the Burdens of their *Ecclesiastical Lords and Drivers*.

Therefore 'tis time for thee to open thy Eyes, lift up thy Head, and lay aside *Monaſtick* Simplicity, I do not Counsel thee to turn *Libertine*, or imitate the *Italian Gallantry*, which has taught the *Priests*, instead of Sacred Continence, to squint a Benediction on some Charming Lady from the Altar, in the name of *Dominus Vobiscum*, or *Sursum Corda*; even whilst they are preparing for Divine Revels, to banquet on the Flesh and Blood of God. Oh! Monstrous Perfidy and Execrable Profaneness! Nor if thou art affronted and revengeful, would I advise thee to time the Execution of thy Wrath like the *Sicilian Vespers*, and make the Bells become the Signals of thy Cruelty; which ought and were design'd and consecrated on purpose, to drill on Harmless Souls to Church, with their dull, sleepy, jangling Chimes; and with their more Triumphant, Lofty Musick, on the *Festivals* of *Saints*, to make devouter Christi-

ans dream they're going to Heaven, instead of roa
Massacre. I would not have thee hope to merit
Paradise, by sending thither in Obedience to the
Pope, or *General* of thy *Order*, the Majestick *Souls*
of *Kings* or *Emperors*, in Vehicles of Sacred Poy-
son, or Envenom'd *Eucharists*. Believe that those
Prelates, Priests, or Monks, who are thus Divinely
Profane, and Mercifully Cruel, shall become Mitered,
Vested, Cowled *Monsters*, in the fiercest
and most violent glowing Dens of *Hell*; there
with the most exalted Arsenicks, Mercuries, and
whatsoever gives the highest Pains to languish, pine,
and rack away Ten Thousand, Thousand, Thou-
sand Ages, in Pennances of slow effect; which ex-
piate but very late, the crying Sins of guilty Mur-
derers, and Bloody Hypocrites.

Yet such as these, since Modern Times, are the
only Men thought worthy to be *Canonized* for
Saints, which made a certain Honest Cardinal cry
out in Presence of the *Pope*; *These New Saints*,
force me to doubt the Old ones.

Father *William*, the same Thought begins and
ends my Letter. Yours was upon the stretch, ex-
tolling far too high the Largeness of the *Roman*
Church, the *Infalible Power* of *Popes*, the *Miracles*
of these *New Saints*, And I for my Part, am a
Man abhorring Bigotry. I cannot believe things
contrary to my Reason. I wish the Differences of
Mankind in Point of *Religion*, were rationally com-
pos'd; and that the Good of all Sects, Factions,
Parties, Churches and Communions, were uni-
ted in this Life, as they surely will be in the
next.

In the mean time, to the *Father* without *Begin-
ning*; to the *Son* without a *Younger Brother*; to the
Holy Ghost, the *First* and the *Last*; to the *Virgin*
Mary, the *Mother* of the *Entire Deity*, I recom-
mend thee and all good *Christians*, hoping to see
you

you in Heaven, tho' we cannot it seems thinkalike
on Earth.

Paris, 1st. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

ACCORDING to thy Desire, I have procur'd and
sent thee the *Alcoran*, with other *Writings*
of our *Holy Doctors*; *Books* which will conduct
thee into the Right Way. Thou wilt find in these
Volumes, a Spirit of Life and Power. There
breaths in them a certain Vital Principle of Rea-
son; so that whosoever reads them attentively,
may feel (if I may so speak) the very Pulse of
intellectual Wisdom, beating in every Sentence.

There is a vast Difference between these *Wri-
tings*, full of Arguments Clear and Intelligible;
and the Whimsies of thy *Rabbi's*, who abound in
Sacred Fables and *Divine Romances*.

Who can peruse your Celebrated *Misna* with-
out Disdain? Or look into your more applauded
Talmud, and not feel himself touch'd with Hor-
rour, at the Monstrous Blasphemies and Ridicu-
lous Forgeries therein contain'd? Dost thou not
laugh at the Story of God's pickling up the *Levi-
athan* till the Days of the *Messiah*; and that other
of the *Bull* which daily devours the Fodder of a
Thousand Mountains? Or wilt thou shew me the
Nest of that *Bird* from whence the *Talmud* says,
an Egg falling on the Earth, threw down Three
Hundred tall Cedars with its Weight, and at
length

length breaking, overflow'd Sixty Villages with the Liquid Substance included in the Shell?

Such as these, must needs be fit Themes for the Contemplations of the *Omnipotent*: And yet your *Rabbi's* teach, that *God* studies Nine Hours of the Day in the *Talmud*. Can any Man of common Piety, hear these Blasphemies and not tremble? What Affronts are these to Human Sense? What Impositions on the Reason of the Credulous *Jews*? Does the most perfect of all *Beings* acquire Knowledge by Degrees, or is the *Eternal Intellect* improv'd by reading of *Books*? Or if it were so, would he not make a better Choice than of a *Volume*, which in the Incredible Stories it relates, exceeds all the *Figments* of the *Poets*?

Tell me *Nathan*, canst thou swallow that loud Lye of the *Talmud*, which tells thee, That there was a *Lyon*, who when he roar'd at the Distance of Four Hundred Miles from *Rome*, all the Women that were with Child in that City, being affrighted at the Noise, miscarry'd, and the Walls of *Rome* fell down? And when he drew nearer by a Hundred Miles, he set up his Throat again, which made so terrible a Sound, that all the *Roman's* Teeth fell out of their Heads, and the *Emperour* himself felt such Convulsions, as had well-nigh cost him his Life.

Surely the *Crow* which the *Talmud* speaks of in another Place, was but a Puny to this Monstrous *Lyon*; and yet it seems, that *Crow* swallow'd a *Serpent* that had eaten a *Frog* as big as a Village of Threescore Houses, and when he had done flew into the next Tree. I suppose, that was the Tree which grew in *Paradise*, and was Five Hundred Miles high, according to the *Talmud*. Have I not Reason for this Raillery, when one of your *Rabbi's* solemnly swears, he was an Eye-Witness of these Things? Who can forbear to ridicule
the

the Bigottry of those, who give up their Faith to such Delusions?

Thou wilt meet with more Rational Entertainment in the *Books* of the *Mussulman Doctors*; more especially in that Transcript thou hast of the *Volume* first dictated in *Heaven*. That confirms the true Law of *Moses*, but damns the Impostures of the *Talmud*, attributing this Invention of such Errors to the *Devil*.

But thou wilt ask me, perhaps, what I mean by the True Law of *Moses*. Shall I tell thee the Opinion of one of thy own Nation, a *Hebrew* of the *Hebrews*, as he pretends; and for ought I know, of the same Tribe with thyself: For I am a Stranger to the *Genealogies* of you both.

Some Years ago here was in this City, a Man who if we may believe him, has been in all the Cities of the World. The *French* call him the *Wandering Jew*; and he confirmed that Title, by the Profession he made of his Birth, Descent, and Universal Travels. No doubt but thou hast heard of this Man, or at least of such a Character, and therefore I need not repeat what he said of himself, and what the Generality of Mankind believe of him. Suffice it to tell thee, that I was once in his Company half a Day together; when among other Discourses he told me, That the true Law of *Moses* has been lost for above these Two Thousand Years, except in the *North Parts* of *Asia*, where there are an Infinite Number of *Hebrews*, but far different in their *Religion* from all the *Jews* in the rest of the World. He says, the Country where they Inhabit, is environ'd round with High and Inaccessible Mountains. I ask'd him the exact *Geographical* Situation of this Country; but receiv'd no other Answer, than that it lay beyond the River *Sabbation*. Then I remembered what I had read in *Esdra*s, a Scribe of thy
L Nation,

Nation, concerning the Transmigration of the Ten Tribes, who were carried away Captives by the *Assyrians* : How they pass'd through a certain River on dry Ground, the Waters being divided to the Right Hand and to the Left, and that after the same manner they should return again in the Latter Days ; But that in the mean time the Region where they live, was hidden from all other Mortals.

Comparing this Passage with what I had heard from the *Wandering Jew*, I became almost perswaded that the People and Country of which he spoke, were the very same mention'd by *Esdra*s. God only can discern the Truth from Error in Histories of so remote and Ancient a Subject.

As to their Religion, I was just going to give thee an Account of what he said concerning it, but am interrupted by Company. Wherefore I am forc'd to break off abruptly. Expect a full Relation in my next. I am in haste.

*Paris, the 4th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1666.*

LETTER IV.

To the same.

THE Interruption which made me so suddenly conclude my other Letter, lasted not long ; so that I have time enough to perform my Promise by the same *Post*.

I was about to relate what the *Wandering Jew* told me of the Religion of those Remote Hebrews in *Asia*, which take as follows.

He

He says, they are a *Nation of Philosophers*, bound by their *Laws* to Study the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences*. They have none but Iron Money current among them; the Use of Gold and Silver Coins being expressly forbidden by their *Laws* to prevent the Temptations of Avarice and Theft: For who would steal or covet a Metal, which for its Bulk was not easie to be hid, nor for its Beauty very desirable, being every where common in the Veins of the Earth, and serv'd only as a Method of Barter and Commerce among themselves, where the Inequality of Merchandises entangled their Traffick, and would not admit of a ready Exchange?

This took from them the Occasion of many unnecessary Arts at Home, and they had no Temptation to travel abroad; The Chief Design of their *Lawgiver* being to oblige them to spend most of their time in *Religious* and *Philosophical Exercises*, and the rest in preparing Necessaries for humane Sustainance. They had no Need to buy any thing of *Foreign Countries*, or to build Ships for that End, who were bound to live content with the Natural Product of their own Fertile Country: For Luxury has not as yet set Footing in that happy *Region*, if we may believe this Traveller, He says, they feed altogether on the Fruits of the Earth; not admitting any Art or Employment which tends to superfluity; but only such as serve the necessary Uses of Life, wherein they shew an admirable Dexterity and Skill.

When they travel from one Town to another, which is very frequent, they never carry any thing to defray their Charges by the Way, or when they arrive at their Journeys End: All Entertainment of this Nature being free and reciprocal. Such is the Custom of the Country.

They have no *Lawyers* among them, but if any Contention arise, 'tis presently determin'd by the

Arbitration of the next Neighbour, to whose Sentence all submit: Every Man being willing to lose something of his Right, rather than disturb the Publick Amity and Peace.

As to the manner of their *Worship*, they are strict Observers of Purity in washing, anointing, and shaving their Bodies.

They have *Temples* also where they assemble every Seventh Day, and having offer'd up the First-Fruits of the Earth, they sit down in the Courts, and Banquet together with Joy, whilst the Priests entertain them with excellent Musick, and Songs, in Praise of God and his Works. To this End the Courts of their Temples are made very large; that they may contain so many distinct Families; and stately Pavillions are set up, adorn'd with the Boughs of Green Trees, with all manner of Flowers carelessly intermix'd. But amidst all their Feasting they are not permitted to taste of Flesh. They eat only the Fruits of the Earth with Milk, Honey and Oyl. And their common Drink is Water and Wine.

At the Age of Sixteen Years, every Man is bound to take the following Oath:

"I swear that I will adore but *One God*, who
 "brought our Fathers out of *Egypt*, and has conducted us by a Mysterious Path to this Land of
 "Promise. I will Religiously serve him all my
 "Life, for that he has vouchsafed to plant me in
 "the *Family* of his Elect, and not either of the
 "two *Tribes* who were left behind in the *Land*
 "of *Delusions*. I will do justly to all Men, neither
 "will I voluntarily hurt or kill any Living Creature,
 "unless it be in my own Defence. I will
 "not taste of the Flesh of any Animal, but in all
 "things observe the Abstinence commanded by
 "*Allah* to *Moses* on the Mount. I will Religiously
 "obey my *Prince*, to my last Breath, and rather

" be torn in Pieces Ly wild Beasts than betray
 " him, or consent to betray him to another : For
 " he is the *Vice-Roy* of God. I will never conceal
 " my Knowledge of any Conspiracy against him,
 " or my Country, neither will I discover his Se-
 " crets to any, if it should ever be my Honour to
 " know them. I will observe the *Traditions* of
 " my *Fathers*, and teach the same and no other to
 " my Posterity. In fine, I will in all things obey
 " the Laws, of this Sacred Kingdom, this Region
 " of Peace, this Garden of Bliss. All this I so-
 " lemnly swear by the First Father of Light, and
 " by Nothing the Profound Womb of Darknets,
 " and by Silence the Companion of that Depth
 " which no Created Being can fathom, which is
 " the same as if I should wish my self annihilated,
 " if I violate this Oath in the least Point.

These are all the Terms of the Oath, that I can
 distinctly remember, which I here insert to shew
 thee what Opinion these *People* have of the Law
 which was given to *Moses* on the Mount, and how
 they reject the *Two Tribes* that were left in *Pale-*
stine, and esteem'd of that Country but as the
 Land of Delusions ; accounting their own Country
 the *Region of Promise*, and themselves the *Elect* of
 God.

One would think, that these were the *Posterity*
 of the *Ten Tribes* that were carried away Captives
 by *Salmanasar* King of *Affyria*. And this was also
 the Opinion of that *Wanderer*, who told me, that
 both their *Pentateuch* was different from yours,
 and the *Language* wherein it is written. For he
 said, it was rather a Dialect of *Arabick*, in which
 Language thou know'st God wrote the *Ten Com-*
mandments on the Two Tables : Among which one
 is, *Thou shalt not Kill*. This Prohibition they say,
 extends to all *Living Creatures*, tho' your Doctors
 interpret it as only reaching to Men, and so do

the Christians. But the *Mussulmans* interpret it thus, *Thou shalt neither kill Man nor Beast without Reason*. By which Clause, the Beasts are privileged from the wanton Cruelty of Men, who otherwise would murder them only to make Sport; yet wicked Men are not exempted from a violent Death, as a Punishment of their Crimes.

This Traveller says also, that the People of that Country are so healthy that they generally live till they are a Hundred and Twenty Years old, which is almost twice the Age of other Mortals. This he ascribes to their exquisite Temperance and Moderation in all things, as also to the Dryness of the Soil, and to the Force of certain Winds, which continually sweep the Air of this delectable Region, and purge it of all hurtful Qualities.

If ever it be thy Fortune to see this Person, he will acquaint thee with a great many more delightful Passages, which it would be too tedious for me to insert in a Letter. Besides, my Memory is treacherous, and I often forget those things at one time, which I remember at another: But if thou art solicitous to hear more, I will oblige thee with all that I can call to mind of this *Traveller* in another Letter.

In the mean time, make a right Use of these Hints, and weigh one thing with another; examine all things without Prejudice or Partiality. Trust no Man's Reason but thy own in Matters of a disputable Nature, since thou hast as much right to decide the Controversy, as any Man. And thus thou wilt never become a *Bankrupt* in Religion.

Paris, 4th. of the 1st. Moon.

of the Year 1666.

LET-

LETTER V.

To Mohammed Hadgi, Dervich, Eremite of Mount Uriel in Arabia, the Happy.

AS I think, this is the last of my Hours in this World, and the First of a New Life, which I shall commence in Immortality. I perceive, That the *Fatal Period*, the *Moment of Transmigration*, set by *Destiny*, is approaching. The *Crisis* of my Blood is dissolving apace, my Spirit hastens to get loose from these Mortal Chains: I feel my Soul trying and stretching her Wings, preparing to take her Eternal Flight to the Region assign'd her by God and Nature.

I have not Presumption enough to hope for *Paradise*, nor am I so abandon'd to Despair as to conclude I shall go to Hell. I rather believe, *Araf*, or the Place of Prisons, will be my Portion; in Regard I fear the Evils which I have been guilty of, are not over-balance'd by my Good Actions. 'Tis well if Vertue has counterpois'd Vice in the Course of this Mortal Life. However, I am resign'd, and commit my self to the *Indulgent Creator* of all Things, who will not fail to dispose of me according to the Order which he has establish'd in the *Universe*.

Methinks were I even in *Hell*, I cou'd not forbear praising that *Fountain of all Things*. I wou'd teach the Devils and Damn'd a new Lesson of Patience and Contentedness, of Humility and Devotion, of Generosity and Love, amidst their Tremendous Torments. I wou'd survey with an Indifference becoming a *True Believer*, the Horrid *Abyss*, with all its dreadful Vaults and Apartments.

I wou'd consider the Wonderful Architecture of those Infernal Prisons, the inexpugnable Strength of the Walls; their Prodigious Thickness and unmoveable Fastness; I wou'd contemplate every Thing with the Reason of a *Philosopher*, and the Piety of a *Mussulman*, not giving my self up to the Passions of a Fool, and an *Infidel*.

All this I imagine were easie to perform in those Fatal Caverns and much more, but God knows how the Experience of such an Intolerable Anguish and Restraint, might alter a Man's Mind.

However, I find it *Medicinal* to think of the last and worst Things, to be always prepar'd for Death, and whatsoever shall follow it? For, Surprises are apt to unman us, and plunder us of our Reason. I was in the Heighth of a violent Fever, when I began this Letter; yet now 'tis abated, and I palpably feel the gentle Returns of Health and Life. This is owing, in my Judgment, to the real Belief I had, that my last Hour was come, which I have so long expected. And I cou'd almost perswade my self, That I shall disperse a Thousand *Maladies*, recover out of the most dangerous *Paroxysms*, and prolong my Days to Old Age, by the mere Force of these Contemplations.

My Faith in this Point is grounded on Experience: For, I have often found, That to be arm'd against Calamities with an even Mind, is either a sure Way to avoid them, or at least to protract the Season of their Arrival. And if there were nothing else in't, but the rendring 'em more easie when they come, 'twere worth any Man's Pains to try the Experiment.

Doubtless, there is no Terrour in Death, but what the vain Opinion of Men creates. 'Tis as pleasant for a Thinking Man to die as to live; if it be only for this Reason, that in his Passage
from

from the Life he has lead before, he shall not have bare naked *Idea's* for his Contemplation ; but *Matter* of Fact, and the most Important, that ever employ'd the Soul's of Men.

O Admirable *Sylvan*, consider with thy self whether it will not be highly grateful to thy languishing Soul, when thou shalt perceive demonstratively, by the Intallible *Enthymema's* of thy trembling Pulse, that thou art just ready to be releas'd from the deceitful Sophistry of Humane Life ! That thou art near escaping from a narrow Cage to be upon the Wing at large, to fly into the Ample Fields of Beauty, Light and Endless Happiness : Reflect also at the same Time, O Holy *Exemite*, that I shou'd think it no Pain to be freed from my Confinement to a stinking Nest of *Infidels*.

But why should I give them that Reproachful Epithet, when for ought I know, I am a greater *Infidel* my self ? 'Tis true indeed, I am of the Lineage of *Ibrahim*, *Ishmael*, and the Holy Race ; I bear in my Body the *Seals* of a *Divine League* or *Covenant* between *God* and *Man* ; I was *circumcis'd* in due Time, and gave Supreme Glory to one *God*, and Honour to *Mahomet* his *Messenger*. I pronounc'd the *Seven Mysterious Words*, whose Sound excites the Harmony of the *Spheres*, sets the Angels a dancing, puts all *Nature* into Motion, and makes the *Devil* as deaf as a Beetle. Nay, as our *Holy Doctors* teach, the very Breath with which that Sacred Confession is utrer'd, blows the Ashes of *Hell* into the Eyes of the *Damn'd*, and strikes them blind. In a Word, I have fasted, pray'd, given Alms, and perform'd all the External Duties of a *True Believer*, yet I have Reason to fear, that the best of my pious Actions are not sufficient to cancel my Sins. My Practice runs counter to my Faith, there seems to be a double Spirit in

me, one inclining me to Good; and the other forcing me to Evil. For, whilst I really in my Heart believe the *Alcoran* and obey *Mahomet*, our *Holy Law-giver*, I am compell'd to deny both, to profess the Life and Manners of a *Nazarene*, to counterfeit an *Infidel*, and do a Thousand other ill things, to please the *Grand Seignior* and his Slaves. Thus I play fast and loose with God Almighty; and turn Religion into *Gross Purposes*. Yet Heaven knows, that I obtest all the Elements to Witness, that I would fain be Innocent, and live in unblemish'd Vertue: But the Fatal Necessities I lie under, constrain me to a perpetual Course of Vice. Which makes me sometimes cry out in the Agonies of my Soul, *O God! I pray thee, either to alter my Circumstances, and reform my Nature, or make new Laws more easie to be kept.*

Venerable and Patient *Solitary*, bear with my importunate Complaints; and remember that though thou art as an *Angel* for thy Perfections, yet *Mahmut* is but a Man, subject to a Thousand Frailties. Pity him and continue to afford him thy Sage Counsel; rest also assur'd, that amongst all his Infirmities, he still retains an Inviolable Affection, and Dutiful Regard for the Tenant of God's Prophet.

Paris, 22d. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU mayst report it to the *Divan* for a Certainty, That *Miramud* the Son of the *Xariph* of *Salle*, is taken Prisoner by the *French*. That bold Youth has long rov'd the Seas uncontroll'd; has done many Injuries to the Christians, fill'd *Salle* with Slaves: Now he himself is become a Captive. Such is the Fortune of War by Sea and Land; to Day Triumphant and Victorious, to Morrow Vanquish'd and in Chains.

Yet he lost not his Honour with his Liberty, having bravely defended his Vessel, and strew'd the Decks with slaughter'd *French*; till overpowered with Numbers, he was compell'd to yield. His Enemies extol his Courage, and the Greatness of his Mind, which would not sink under the Pressure of this Misfortune. He seem'd to have the Command of himself, (which is the most Glorious Victory) and suffer'd not his Free-born Soul to be led Captive by his Passions; but behav'd himself with such an even Temper, as plac'd him above the Pity of his Enemies, and rather made him the Subject of their Emulation. He is brought to the Court, where he is entertain'd as a Guest, rather than as a Prisoner: Being invited to their Banquets, Masks, Plays, and other Diversifements. Neither is he debarr'd the Privilege of Hunting, which might give him the fairest Opportunity to escape. But he is ignorant of the Language of this Country; and few of the *French* understand *Moresco*: So that it is almost impossible for him to make any Party, or consult his Flight, unless the King's Interpreter should assist.

assist him. Besides, the *French* have a higher Opinion of his Generosity, than to apprehend such an Ingrateful Return of the *Royal Usage* he finds in this *Court*.

As for *Mahmut*, he has not as yet made himself known to this *Brave Captive*. But if the Ministers of the *Divan* shall think it the Interest or Honour of the *Sublime Port* to engage in this Affair, I want but a *Commission* to set *Mirammud* safe ashore in *Africk*.

I will not hazard any thing in an Affair of this Importance, without an Order from my *Superiours*. When their Pleasure is once known, the Execution shall be swift. I wait for thy Commands, as for a Decree of Destiny, which cannot be repeal'd.

The *God* of our *Fathers*, who multiply'd the *Seed* of *Ismael* as the Grass of the Field, and gave them the *Sovereignty* over many *Nations*; grant that the *Sublime Port*, which is the *Nursery* of the *Faithful*, may always take such Measures as shall advance the Interest of the *Mussulman Empire*.

Paris, 14th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER VII.

To Hamel Muladdin, Xariph of
Salle.

THY Son is no longer a *Captive*, but a *Conquerour*: His first Appearance before the Ladies of this Court was an Equivalent to his Ransom. He is like to do thee greater Service by his Chains, than when he rang'd the Seas. His Beauty may do more Mischief in *France*, than all thy

thy Ships of War; since it has already created such Rivalships and Factions among the *Fair Sex*, as engages the *French Gallants* on many unhappy Rencounters; and in a little time it will be difficult for the Interested Sparks, to meet and part with unsheath'd Swords. Libels and Panegyricks, divide the Studies of the Wits; while one flatters, another Lampoons the Amorous Females; and *Miramud*, the *Illustrious Slave*, is all the Talk. In a word, he finds Royal Usage, having the Liberty of the *Court*; and all are pleas'd with his graceful Deportment, and undisguis'd Conversation. Every one affects his Company, and he has the Fate of *Princes*, *Never to be alone*. His Skill in riding, and throwing the Lance, has enflam'd the Noble Youth with Martial Emulations: They esteem *Miramud* the most accomplish'd Person of this Age.

Canst thou now repine at thy Son's Glorious Thralldom? A Captivity, that loads him with so many Honours? That lays his Conquerours at his Feet? And subdues all Hearts to his Matchless Perfections? His Followers find Friendship among the *Infidels* for his sake: 'Twere to be wish'd, that equal Humanity were shew'd to the *Christian Slaves* in Barbary. I tell thee, thy Son is so admir'd and lov'd, that all thy Treasure will not redeem him. The *French* are generous, and scorn to sell the Brave for Gold. They will sooner give thee thy Son again, expecting from his Gratitude, a Recompence surpassing the Value of Money; that is, an Inviolable observing the *Conditions of Peace*, which they say, thou hast so often broke. Thy *Embassadors* are expected here, to consummate a lasting Friendship. When that is done, thou wilt quickly see thy Son return, attended by a numerous train of *French*, who have vow'd to follow his Fortune through the World,
fo

so long as he draws not his Cymetar against their King.

I have dispatch'd an Account of this Adventure to the *Kaimacham*, that so the *Sublime Port*, which gives the Law to all the *Kings on Earth*, may interest it self on thy Behalf. The *French* seem to have a profound Attach to the *Ottoman Empire*: Whether it proceeds not more from Fear, and the Principles of Policy, than from any real Love to the *Mussulmans*, I will not determine. They speak reverently of the *Grand Signior*, covet his Friendship, and applaud the Victorious Enterprizes of the *True Believers*. Indeed they are Naturally a Martial People, and honour all Men of brave Spirits and daring Resolutions. They have this particular Reason also to bear Friendship to the *Invincible Osmans*, because we are almost continually in Wars with the House of *Austria*, the Old Enemy of *France*. The *Germans* are wont to say, That the *Dragons Head and Tail* are in Conjunction, when the *Turks* and the *French* invade the Empire at the same time. These are numbred among the *Constellations* by *Astrologers*, to which the *Germans* allude in this Proverb; being ever Jealous of some private Treaty between the *Sultan* and the *French Court*.

God, who is the Wisest of the Wisest, instruct thee to adjust thy Differences Happily with this Noble Nation, that so thou mayst see thy Son again in Peace at *Salle*.

Paris, 14th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

*To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of
the Customs at Constantinople.*

UPON my Word, thy Letter came in a Critical Hour, to prevent, for ought I know, more Mischief than could have been repair'd again all the Days of my Life. I have but just taken my Eyes off from it, and set Pen to Paper, to express my Thanks to thee for the Care thou tak'st of thy Exil'd Brother; for the Post goes this Night, and I have appointed to meet *Eliachim* the *Jew* with some *Armenians* within these few Minutes, It had been an unfortunate Meeting for me, had not thy Dispatch come so opportunely to give me Warning of our Cousin *Solyman's* Perfidy: For these *Furr'd-Caps* are his Spies and Confidants. The Back-Blows of *Tagot*, *Negidher*, and the *Great Devil*, be upon him and them. What have I done to that Ungrateful Villain, to merit such ill Offices from him? But upon thee be the Mercies of God, the Favours of his *Prophet*, and the Benedictions of all good Men and Angels: For thou art to me as one of the Watchers above, more than a Brother: Thou art the *Tutelar Genius* of my Life, my good *Demon* in time of Danger.

We had design'd this Evening for a private Banquet of Wine, which, thou knowest, dilates the Hearts of Mortals, unlocks Secrets, and makes the most reserv'd Man in the World too Talkative and Open.

I keep as great a Guard upon my Tongue, perhaps, as another; but God knows how far I might have been tempted by such good Company, to
let

let it loose for the sake of Discourse: For these Fellows are soft as the Air in their Address and Conversation; they appear as Innocent as *Santonnes*; sincere as *Hadgi's*; Loyal and Courteously as the *Pages* of the *Serail*. They would wheedle Ninery Nine of *Argus's* Eyes out of his Head successively, before he mi's'd One.

They came first to *Paris*, as Merchants; and no doubt, but *Solyman* had given 'em Instructions how to insinuate into *Eliachim's* Acquaintance, and so by Degrees into mine. For that honest *Jew* trades with People of all Nations and Characters.

However it be, I remember the very Words which thou insertest in thy Letter, were spoken by me in Company with these *Inidels*. But I shall find away to be even with them, and *Solyman* too, before they'll dream of it.

In the mean time, I pray heartily, that if ever it shall be thy Misfortune to be in the like Peril; Destiny or Chance, Providence or Fate may raise some Friend to give thee a Caution; and that thou may'st not with the Unhappy *Cesar*, neglect to read it in time.

I'm now going to encounter these *Giafers*; perhaps I shall catch 'em in their own Snares. If not, I'll secure they shall not catch me.

Dear *Pesteli*, may thy Soul repose under the Protection of God.

Paris, 1st. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

TO whom should I complain in my Adversity, but to my Friend? I have been more embarrass'd within these two *Months*, than through all the former Course of my Life. Troubles of divers kinds throng in upon me. I seem like a Butt or mark whereat every *Species* of Misfortune, like a skilful Archer, directs the Fatal Arrows of its Malice. I am near overwhelm'd with Calamities. Heaven and Earth are set against me, and all the Elements conspire my Ruin. Yet no Persecution appears so terrible as that of Men, nor any Affliction so poignant as that which proceeds from the Ingratitude and Perfidy of my own Country-men, Persons related to me by Blood.

Age and much Sickness have confin'd me to my Bed for a considerable time, which is no small Alloy to Humane Happiness. But to render me perfectly miserable, the Ministers of the Port are angry with me for being Old and Infirm, and for not continuing to serve the *Grand Signior*, with the same Vigour and Strength as formerly: Else what mean the frequent Reproaches they send me, whilst I am not in a Condition to answer them; or make an Apology for my self? Would they have me Immortal, and Proot against the strokes of Destiny and Death, which thou know'st are Unavoidable? Whilst I were in my Prime, Healthy and strong as an Eagle, they encourag'd me with the fairest Promises in the World, telling me I should never want for Money, or the protection of the *Grand Signior*. Yet even then I receiv'd not my Pension without Murmurs and obscure Menaces.

Menaces. So hard a thing is it for Courtiers to be touch'd with any Man's Necessities. But now they threaten plainly to stop all farther Supplies, unless I will grow Young again, and do Business as briskly as when I'd numbered but Thirty *Summers*. Thus they serve poor *Mahmut*, as we use Oranges and Limons, whose vital Spirit when we have suck'd out, we throw the rest away as unprofitable. Yet not one of them will contribute in the least to my Recovery. Only the generous *Cara Hali*, our beloved Friend, hearing of my Malady, sent me a strange *Chymical* Liquor, with the Celebrated *Confession El Razi*, some *Bezoar*, and the most precious Balm of *Gilead*: All prepar'd to my Hand, with Directions, and seal'd with an Authentick Signet.

These indeed had a marvellous Operation on me. I tried them but Yesterday, and find my self suddenly restor'd to some Degrees of Health, as by a Miracle. Whether it be the vast Esteem I have for that Excellent *Physician*, with the Confidence I repose in his Skill and Judgment, has had some Influence on me, or what else I know not; (yet we use to observe, that the Patient's good Opinion of his Physicians is half a Cure :) However, these Sovereign Medicines have inspir'd me with a new Energy. And had I not other Afflictions to break my Heart, I cou'd almost promise my self to reach the Age of *Nestor*. But my *Unfortunate Stars* will have it otherwise, and I am resign'd to Destiny.

Thou know'st my Cousin *Solyman*, the *Turbant-Maker*, and art no Stranger to his Humours and Fortune: What an unsetled Man he has been in the whole Course of his Life: That no Employment cou'd ever please him, nor he be long fix'd in any Place. How he has rambl'd from *Constantinople* to *Scutari*, from thence to *Chalcedon*, &c.

Always

Always murmuring against Heaven, and complaining of his hard Fate, in that he was not bred a Courtier, a Student, a Soldier or any Thing but what he really is. Thou art acquainted also with some of his Religious Caprices, how he is addicted to doing the Book, making the Triple Knor, and to a Thousand other foolish Superstitions; by which whilst he aspires at the Character of a Sage, or a Cunning Man, he renders himself more Contemptible than an Ideot; forfeiting the Esteem of all wise and good Men, for the Sake of a little Fame and noisy Character among the Empty, Giddy Multitude.

But after all, I believe thou art wholly a Stranger to his Secret Malice, and the Rancour with which he persecuted me, his poor Exil'd Uncle. I my self was deceiv'd by the Subtle Apology he made some Years ago for the Slanders his Tongue had utter'd; when he transferr'd all the Guilt of that Injury on *Shashim*, *Istham*, the *Black Eunuch*, and *Ichingi Cap Oglani*, Master of the Pages. But now I'm convinc'd he is a Traytor, a Villain, and a Fellow void of Faith or Honesty.

I receiv'd a Letter from him within these seven Days, full of Tender and Insinuating Expressions, thanking me for all the good Offices I had done him, and for my seasonable Counsel in several Cases. Professing also at the same time an Inviolable Friendship, and that he would make it his Study to do me some Effectual Service. Yet the next Post brought me a Dispatch from my Brother *Pesteli Hali*, wherein he bids me beware of *Solyman*; assuring me that he had good Reason to suspect, that Cousin of mine had some ill Design upon me. This is certain says my Brother, *Solyman* boasts to his Familiars, not without some Insult, that there is not a Word or Action escapes his Uncle *Mahmut at Paris*, but he is soon inform'd
of

of it at *Constantinople*. And that which confirms me in the same Jealousie with *Pesteli* is, That he inserts in his Letter to me, some Passages and Discourses *Verbatim*, which I must needs own to have been between me and *Eliachim* the Jew, with two or three *Armenian* Merchants, in our most private Meetings at *Eliachim's* House or my Chamber. These he learnt from some of *Solyman's* most Intimate Companions.

What can I make of all this, but that these *Armenians* are of *Solyman's* Council, his *Privado's*, his *Chronee's*, &c. whom having Business of their own at *Paru*, that perfidious Wretch has engag'd to pry into my Secrets, to give him a constant Account of what Discoveries they make, and if possible to trepan me into some Irrecoverable Error in my Conduct, that so he may finally ruin me.

O *Mahomet* ! What is become of the Reverence due to thy Sacred Name, to thy Law, and to the Book penn'd in Heaven ? Where is the *Mussulman* Faith and Integrity ? The Religious Fastness of Friendship, with which our Fathers prop'd up one another in the Service of God and the Empire of True Believers ? But there is no need of exclaiming against Faith and Piety on this Account : Humane Nature it self is Responsible for the Baseness and Ingratitude of my Kinsman. He no longer deserves the Character of a Man. I advise thee to shun his Company as a Pest, a walking Contagion among Mortals.

In a word, dear *Dgnet*, let not thou and I suffer our selves to be carried away by a vain Pity or Tendernefs for any Man, tho' he be the Son of a Mother's Sister ; since there is no Trust in Flesh and Blood : But let us learn the Maxims of French Wisdom, which teach Men to lay the Foundation

of

of their own Happiness, in smiling at the Misfortunes of others.

*Paris, the 14th. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1666.*

LETTER X.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

RESIDES the General Characters of *Countries* and the *People* Inhabiting there, it is necessary for thee to be inform'd of Particular Emergencies, and such Events, as deserve a Place in the *Eternal Records* of the *Ottoman Monarchy*, the Fifth and last in the World. That so the *Ministers* of the *August Divan*, the destin'd *Arbitrators* of the *Universe*, *Judges* of all *Humane Affairs*, and *Counsellors* of the *Great Sultan*, may in the *Sacred Code*, as in a *Mirror*, behold whatever happens in the distant *Climates*, worthy of Remark.

After the Salutations, therefore proceeding from profound Humility, entire Respect, and perfect Friendship, know that a devouring *Pestilence* has lately made a Fatal Decimation in the *English Territories*, especially in *London*, the *Capital City* of that *Island*, where above a Hundred Thousand *Souls*, struck with *Invisible Darts* from *God*, went off the *Stage* of *Humane Life*, in less than Six *Months* Revolution.

The dire Contagion by Degrees spread farther through the *Adjacent Provinces*, and reach'd the most remote and solitary Corners of the Land: Death set his Standard up, proclaiming Open War against

against the Inhabitants; with flying Troops of Mortal Plagues, he ravag'd over the Isle, filling all Parts with doleful Cries and Lamentations: The *Cemeteries* were not large enough to hold the Carcasses of such as fell before the dreadful *Conquerour*: But open Fields were turn'd to Sepulchres, and cramm'd with Spoils of Humane Race: An Universal Desolation reign'd: Death celebrated Cruel Triumphs every where.

Such as pretend to *Astrology* and hidden *Sciences*, will have this to be an Effect of the late *Comet* which appear'd at the End of the year 1664. whilst others attribute it to nearer Natural Causes; and some conclude it is a Judgment sent from *Heaven* on that *Rebellious People*, who a few Years before had involv'd the Nation in a Civil War, and barbarously Massacr'd their King. God only knows the Truth that is conceal'd from Man.

Thou mayst Register also, That the *Queen-Mother* of *France* is newly dead, and the Crook-back'd Prince of *Conti*. On which account, this Court is now in Mourning, and the Churches hung with Black, whilst Melancholy Bells, perpetually invite the Living to pray for the deceased Royal Souls; and deep-bas'd Organ Pipes breath out Incessant doleful Aspirations, sounding like Inarticulate Prayers, and Funeral Sighs for the departed. In this the *Nazarenes* approach near to the Faith of True Believers. They give Alms also, as we do, and settle Stipends on certain Priests and Derviches, to mumble over daily Masses for the Dead; which is an evident Sign, That they have hopes of Immortality, and look for the Resurrection. Doubtless, there's something Good at the Bottom of all Religions, tho' it be overlaid with Errors and Corruptions.

God direct us through the Meanders, which Humane Frailty involves us in; and grant every
Mussulman

Mussulmana particular Chart and Compass, whereby to steer his Course through the uncertain Tracts of Mortal Life ; that he may at last arrive in Paradise. For we shall never find the Way thither by General Rules,

Illustrious *Hamet*, I pray that thou and I may at a destin'd Hour, encounter one another in the Walks of *Eden*, there to converse under Immortal Shades near to some warbling Stream of matchless Wine or Water ; to revolve our past Fatigues on Earth, and to caress our selves in the Security of Endless Bliss.

Paris, 15th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER XI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THou and thy feigned *Messias* be damn'd together for Company ! Must I be baulkt of my Money for the Sake of your new *Superstition* ? How many *Messias's* have ye had, Twenty Five at least, besides the Son of *Mary*, who is acknowledg'd and bless'd for ever ? Must all the World be bubbled to Eternity by the Fables of your Nation ? Curse upon your *Rabbi's* and *Cochams*, those Pimps to the more Religious Debaucheries of Mortals. *Nathan*, I took thee for another Manner of Man. However if thou art a Sworn Servant to *Sabbati Sevi* the new *Sham King* of the *Jews*, I have nothing to say to it : Do as thou wilt. But, I dare be a Prophet so far as to tell thee, thou wilt be cursedly left in the Lurch, with the rest of the Fools,

Fools, thy Bigotted Brethren. Let what will be, it behoves thee as an honest Man to transmit the Bills that are entrusted to thee. Whether *Sabbati Sevi*, *Ben Joseph* or *Ben David* be the Name of your expected *Messias*, I would not have *Ben Sadi* degenerate. Continue thou Faithful, and the few others that are entrusted with the *Sublime Affairs*; and let all the Rest of the Common *Jews* go to *Gehenna*, or to the *Vale of Tophet*, which you please. But I wou'd fain have thee in the Number of the Righteous, who shall possess Paradise. Some of thy Letters have encourag'd me to hope for this, but thy last makes me almost despair of seeing thee happy either in *This World* or the Next: For, thou writest like one in a Phrensy, raving on *Chimera's* of strange Honour, Glory and Power which thou shalt shortly enjoy in the Kingdom of thy Phantastick *Messias*; thou art already a Prince in thy own Conceit.

For God's Sake, *Nathan*, wean thy self from these Religious Fondnesses: Awaken thy Reason, which is the distinguishing Character of a Man. Examine the Grounds of this new Delusion; search into the Birth and Origin of *Sabbati Sevi*, and thou wilt find him to descend of an Obscure and Base Parentage; his Father being but a Kind of Mungrel *Jew*, and by Profession an Usurer, which is forbid by the Written Law of *Moses*, and in the Great *Alcaron* it is accounted Execrable: His Mother a Woman of the Curds, suspected for a Witch, in Regard, most of that Infidel Nation practise Magick Arts, and Diabolical Charms. And 'tis not altogether improbable, that your Counterfeit *Messias* was educated privately by her in the same Studies, whence he learn'd the Methods of Enchantments and Illusions, to deceive the Senses and impose on the Reason of Mankind.

I can

I can tell thee of a Truth, that there are more Eyes on him and his Actions, than he is aware of; and I my self at this Distance have receiv'd a particular Relation of his Life, from such as knew him a Youth at *Smyrna*, the Place of his Nativity. He is accus'd of many Vices and Extravagances during his early Years. His Conversation was wild and dissolute, being a noted *Inamorato* or *Stallion* over all that City. For which and some other Crimes, he was expell'd the *Synagogue*, and banish'd from *Smyrna*, by the Mutual Consent of the *Mussulman Cadi*, and your own Rulers. He was also excommunicated by the *Rabbi's* as a Heretick, for broaching certain Doctrines repugnant to your Law, and the General Faith of the *Jews*. All which cannot but be a prevailing Recommendation of him to the Office of *Messias* or King of *Israel*.

From hence he rambled up and down the *Morea* and other Provinces of *Greece*, leaving a Memorial of Infamy, where-ever he set his Foot; continually marrying and divorcing of Wives, debauching of Virgins, and frequenting the Company of Harlots, till those Countries grew weary of him, and threatn'd to chastise his Wickedness. Then he pass'd over into *Syria* and *Palestine*, beginning to set up for a Reformer of your Law, and at *Ferusalem* openly professing himself to be the *Messias*; whereby he drew a Rabble of Lunaticks and Frantick People after him. But as for the Seniors and Governours, they have rejected him as an Impostor.

Consider, *Nathan*, the Fate that besel *Ben Cochab*, as he call'd himself, that is, the Son of a Star, who pretended to be the *Messias* in the Days of *Adrian*, Emperour of the *Romans*; Reflect on the Calamities which over-whelm'd him and his Followers, to the Number of Four Hundred Thou-

and *Jews*; who all fell with their *False Prophet*, Sacrifices to the just Revenge and Fury of that Incens'd Monarch: For they had impudently boasted that by such a prefix'd time, he should be taken Captive and depos'd from his Throne by the *Messias*, who should assume the Imperial Dignity, and all the World should obey him. But when those who surviv'd the Slaughter of their Brethren, reflected on the Author of so Tragical a *Catastrophe*, they chang'd his Name in Contempt and Hatred, calling him no longer *Ben Cochab*, the Son of a Star, but *Bar Cuziba*, the Son of a Lye, a False Prophet, and Seducer of the Brethren.

Thou hast all the Reason in the World, to have no better Opinion of *Sabbati Sevi*, since he is rejected by the Wiser Sort of *Jews*, and has not perform'd one Miracle in Confirmation of his pretended *Messias-ship*. Neither has any uncommon or preternatural Appearance happen'd before or since he assum'd this Dignity. Whereas all your *Rabbi's* teach, that no less than Ten Eminent and Remarkable Prodigies shall precede the Coming of your *Messias*. And I remember thou thy self about Ten Years ago sentest me a Letter much to the same Effect, telling me that certain Monstrous Sorts Men should come from the Ends of the Earth, whose Eyes shall be as Venomous as *Basilisks*, with a great many other Stories of like Nature.

Hast thou forgot this, *Nathan*, or art thou so far infatuated with the bold Impostures of this Impudent Deceiver, or for his sake, to deny thy former Faith, reverse thy own Sentiments, and disannul the Traditions of thy Doctors? For shame rowze up thy Intellectual Faculties and suffer not thy Reason to be lull'd asleep by the Prestigious Umbrages and Charms of a lewd Vagrant, a Wizard, a Cheat.

Have

Have but Patience at least, till thou see those Signs accomplish'd which are to usher in your *Messias*, before thou give up thy self to so dangerous a Credulity. Let the Sun first emit those Pestilential Vapours, which shall kill a Million of the *Koprim* or *Infidels* every Day, as your *Traditions* threaten. Let that Luminary be also totally eclips'd for the space of Thirty Days. In a word, let all the other Prodigies come to pass, which thou thy self didst once so passionately believe: And then I promise thee on the Word of a *Musfulman*, that I will be thy *Profelyte*, and embrace thy Law, and adore thy *Messias*; on condition, that otherwise thou wilt be my Convert, believe the Alcoran, and obey the Messenger of God, the Last and Seal of the Prophets.

Paris, 11th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER XII.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am afraid the *Divan* will be oblig'd to send another *Agent* to *Vienna*, to supply the Place of *Nathan Ben Saddi*, who is running mad after the new *Messias* of the *Jews*. There is no doubt but thou and the other Happy *Ministers*, residing at the *August Port*, have heard of a certain *Impostor* at *Smyrna*, by Name *Sabbati Sevi*, of *Hebrew Race*, who calls himself the *Only begotten Son of God*, *Messias* and *Redeemer of Israel*; and what Multitudes of doting Credulous *Jews* he draws after him. So that there is a *Schism* broke out between them, and they are divided into Two

contrary Factions both in *Smyrna*, and all over the *Levant*. It is impossible that these things should be concealed from the *Resplendent Seat* of *Fame*, since they have reach'd even our Ears who dwell at this Distance: Nay there is hardly a *Province* or *City* in all the *West*, which has not receiv'd Intelligence of so Remarkable a Novelty.

I have receiv'd a Dispatch from *Zeidi Alamanzi* at *Venice*, wherein he informs me, that all the *Jews* of *Italy* are preparing to visit the *Holy Land*, and to see the Face of their long expected *Messias*, who they now believe is really come on Earth, and is that *Sabbati Sevi*, at *Smyrna*. They are settling their Affairs, as fast as they can, acquitting themselves from all Worldly Engagements, and those who are devout, give themselves up to Prayer and Mortifications; whilst others spend their time in Feasting, Dancing, and all manner of Mirth. He says, some of them will sit or stand up to the Nose in Water, for Four and Twenty Hours together. And this they do in Imitation of *Adam's* Penance, according to their Tradition: For they are taught, that the *First Father* of Mortals after he was banish'd from *Paradise*, as a Punishment for his Sin, stood a Hundred and Thirty Years together in Water thus reaching to his Nostrils.

Others of these Superstitious People, will sit naked many Hours together on a Heap of *Pismires*, till they're almost stung to Death. A third Sort dig their own Graves, and going down into them, cause themselves to be covered all over with Earth, except only their Faces; and in this Condition they will lie till they are almost famish'd.

In the mean while, they send Circular Letters from all Parts, congratulating each others approaching Happiness and Deliverance from the Oppression of the *Gentiles*: For so they term all that
are

are not of their own *Nation*. And in these mutual Addresses, they fail not to Prophecy, That their *Messias* shall in such a *Moon*, go to the *Great Tyrant*, King of the *Ismaelites*, and Lord of all the *Children of Moab and Edom*; (So they blasphemize our Glorious *Sultan*.) That he shall depose him from his *Throne*, and lead him away Captive; after which he shall have the Dominions of the whole Earth laid at his Feet.

With such kind of wild Stuff, do these deluded People flatter one another and themselves, as if in a little time they were to be *Lords of all Things*. So that no Trading or Commerce goes forward among them; An Universal stop is put to all Business; it being esteem'd an Inexpiable Sin, to follow their Trades in the Days of the *Messias*, who is to enrich them with the Wealth of all *Nations*.

Strange Rumours are spread abroad, of the Return of the *Ten Tribes* over the River *Sabbation*, who were carried away Captives by *Salmanassar* King of *Affyria*, and never were heard of since, till they now discourse of their being encamp'd in the *Desart of Mount Sinai*, in their March to the *Holy Land*. 'Tis reported also, that a Mighty Fleet of Ships were seen at Sea, whose Sails were of *Sattin*, and their Streamers bore the Figure of a Lyon, with this Inscription, *The Lyon of the Tribe of Judah*.

The *Christians* seem astonish'd at these things, yet some look on 'em only as Dreams. As for honest *Eliachim* here, he is no more mov'd at these things than I; only he laughs at the Folly of the Credulous World, and curses the *Jews*, for bringing such Contempt on themselves and their Posterity. But *Nathan* is like one Hag-ridden, or defil'd by the *Lamia* of the Night. He has lost all Reason, and 'twill be no less than a Miracle that must restore it again.

Sage Minister, whilst these Execrable People thus lose themselves for the Sake of their *Counterfeit Messias*, let us continue to honour the *True One*, even *Jesus the Son of Mary*, who is now in *Paradise*, and our *Holy Prophet* with him.

Paris, 21st. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER XIII.

To Murat Bassa.

THIS has been a Considerable Year of Actions and Events. At the Beginning of it, I sent to the *Port* an Account of the Death of the *Queen-Mother of France*, and of the *Prince of Conti*; now I will farther inform thee of a *War* that is broke out between this *Crown* and that of *England*. The Occasion of it was this: The *English* and the *Hollanders* trafficking in *America*, had had some Misunderstandings and Feuds about the Limits of their several Conquests in those Remote Parts of the World. The *Hollanders* being the strongest, did many Injuries to their Neighbours the *English*, and domineer'd over them as their *Lords*. The *English* resenting this very heinously, and grown weary of their Oppressions, sent Complaints to their *King*. He to redress his *Subjects* order'd his Resident at the *Hague*, to demand Satisfaction of the States. They refus'd to do him that Justice; upon which he was resolv'd to have Recourse to his Arms, and accordingly proclaim'd War against *Holland*; making all necessary Preparations to carry it on. The same did his Adversaries. The *French King* in the mean time was oblig'd

oblig'd by a *Treaty* with the *Hollanders* concluded in the year 1662. to espouse their Quarrels; yet that he might not break with *England* rashly, he first sent an *Embassador* to that *Court* to mediate a *Peace*. But that proving Ineffectual, he proclaim'd a *War* against that *Nation*, and commanded the *English Embassador* to depart his *Kingdom*. The *Duke of Beaufort*, who is *Admiral at Sea*, was order'd to Equip a Gallant *Fleet*, and joyn the *Dutch-Navy*; Which he perform'd with all Imaginable Diligence and Expedition. There have been Two Combats between these Enemies at Sea, and in both the *Dutch* had the worst of it: Neither did the *French* escape without some Loss, having Two of their Greatest Ships severely shatter'd, and a Third taken by the *English*.

The *Plague* still rages in *England*, and has almost depopulated whole *Provinces*. Whilst a milder Death has robb'd *France* of one of her Greatest *Heroes*: The *Count d' Harcourt*, of whom I have often made mention, is gone to celebrate the *Triumphs* due to his Valour and Fortune in another World.

The *Emperour of Germany* has at last married the *Infanta of Spain*, after abundance of *Devours* and *Hesitations* about that Business. These *Nazarenos* can do nothing with Expedition. The *Spiritual Courts*, as they call them, have more Tricks and Cramp Words to amuse People with, than an *Indian Mountebank* or *Jugler*. Neither are *Sovereign Princes* more exempt from their Jurisdiction, than the meanest of their Subjects. Especially the *Court of Rome*, can make or annul *Marriages* at Pleasure. And they are sure to be *Excommunicated*, who refuse to submit to their Orders. This *Holy Court* can also bind or release *Sins*, open or shut the *Gates of Paradise*, make a *Devil* a *Saint*, or a *Saint* a *Devil*. In a word,

they can do every thing if there be Gold in the Case. But if that be wanting they can do nothing but shrug their Shoulders.

Thou mayst also inform the *Divan*, that the *French King* has given Permission to some of his *Subjects*, to undertake a *Conquest* in *America*, and establish a Commerce in that *Part* of the *World*. Many Vessels are equipped in Order to this Expedition, and they that are concern'd in the Voyage, are as merry as *Jason* and his *Argonauts*, when they were preparing to fetch the *Golden Fleece* from *Colchos*. That *Western Continent* affords immense Riches, and tempts all the *Nations* in *Europe*, to make an Experiment of their Fortune, in gaining one Part of it or other. 'Twere to be wish'd it lay nearer to the *Ottoman Empire*. No Record can discover the *Origin* of the *Inhabitants*. Yet most *Authors* conjecture, that they pass'd over from the *North-East Parts* of *Asia*, where the *Streights* of *Anian*, are very Narrow, and would invite Sea-faring Men to seek new Adventures. Besides, by their being *Canibals*, it appears very probable, That either they descended from the *Tartars* or the *Tartars* from them. God alone knows how to adjust the Differences, and reveal the Secrets of *History*.

Brave *Bassa*, 'Tis no matter from what *Stock* we are descended, so long as we have *Vertue*. For that alone is the only True Nobility. God re-gale thee with his Favours.

Paris, 30th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother, Master of the Customs, and Superintendent of the Arsenal at Constantinople.*

WHEN I hear of thy Prosperity, my Heart is dilated like his who has found hidden Wealth. Yet I am sorry for the Disgrace of the good Old Man, thy *Predecessor*: But we must not censure the Conduct of our *Superiours*. The Justice of their Actions is not to be call'd in Question. The *Sultan* cannot err. This is an Establish'd *Maxim* in all *Monarchies*, especially in that of the Renowned *Osmans*.

As for what relates to thee, in this New Advance thou hast made; thy own Experience acquir'd by many Years Travel and Observation in Foreign *Countries*, added to the Knowledge thou hast in the Laws, Discipline and Customs of thy own will be a sufficient Guide, to conduct thee in the Management of thy Business. Yet despise not the Counsel of others. A Man is never nearer to Ruin, than when he trusts too much to his own Wisdom. Therefore the greatest Emperours undertake nothing of Moment rashly or without Advice. Temerity often blasts the fairest Designs.

It will be of particular Import to thee, to hear of a Tragical Event that has lately happen'd to *Rexan*, a Great City in *Russia*, by the blowing up of the *Magazine*. This Gunpowder does more Mischief than Good in the World. The Ancients fought as successfully with Bows and Arrows,

M 5

Swords

Swords, and Spears, other Instruments of War, without running the Hazard of blowing up whole Cities into the Air, in time of Peace. And they could undermine the strongest Castles, even those situated on Rocks, without the help of this Infernal Dust. Nature taught 'em to be Industrious in defeating their Enemies, and they spared no Labour to gain the Victory. Our Fore-Fathers were hardy and strong, patient of Toils and Fatigues: They cut their Way into Mountains of Stone, if any Place of Strength were built on it, which they had Occasion to besiege. And as they hew'd away that Part of the Rock which supported the Walls, they underprop'd the Foundation with Wooden Pillars: And when they had finish'd their Mine, they set Fire to certain Combustible Matter, which consuming these Supports, the Walls and Gates that rested on them, sunk down and left the Fortrefs naked and open to the Besiegers.

It had been well for the Inhabitants of *Rezan*, if their City had been only thus gently dismantl'd, by some Enemy against whom they might have afterwards employ'd their Courage to defend themselves, or make Composition. But poor Unfortunate People, they have felt a ruder Shock, an unmerciful Blow of Fate, their City being in a Minute's time, without the least warning, stormed, plunder'd, and laid in Heaps, by an Enemy which gives no Quarter.

This Accident happen'd on the 15th. of the last Moon, about the Hour of *Ulanamisi*. There were Five Hundred Barrels of Powder in the *Magazine*; and the Force of the Blow was so violent, that besides the Destruction of that City or at least the best Part of it, all the Neighbouring Villages round about it, felt its Fatal Effect, some of their Houses shaking as in an Earthquake, others falling to Pieces.

Assuredly,

Affuredly, Heaven is angry with these Infidels, and turns the very Instruments of their Defence and Safety, into Scourges for their Chastisement. I formerly sent *Saleh* the Superintendent, an Account of the like Misfortune that befel the City of *Gravelines* in *Flanders*, and of other terrible Effects of the Wrath of *Heaven* in the *Low-Countries*. One Disaster follows close on the back of another; yet the *Infidels* are insensible and stupid, as they were in the Days of *Noah*, when the Flood came and surpriz'd all the Inhabitants of the Country. That *Prophet* gave 'em warning of the approaching Danger. He was Three whole Years in cutting down *Indian Plain-Trees*, and preparing Planks, Beams, Pins and other necessities, and Seven Years more in Building that Wonderful Ship. The *Infidels* went by daily, and saw him at Work, but they derided the Patient *Apostle*, and taught their Children to mock him, saying, *Where is the Water this Ship is to sail in?* After the *Ark* was finish'd, it lay on the Ground Seven *Months*, till they had Thrice sacrific'd some of *Noah's* Followers to their Idols.

It was perfected in the *Month* of *Rajeb*, and in the *Month* of *Saphar* was the Decree of the Chastisement sign'd, which was to be executed on all of *Mortal Race*, save *Noah* and the *Fourscore* that were with him, with the Two *Pairs* of every *Species*, which the *Four Winds*, by *God's* Appointment, collected together, and drove into the *Ark*, and the *Body* of *Adam*, which was enshrin'd and brought to *Noah* by *Angels* out of the *Region* of *Mecca*. There was also *Philemon* the Good *Priest* of *Egypt*, with his whole *Family*.

Just as the determined Day and Hour of the Flood was come, the *Prince* of the *Country*, stimulated by his Evil Destiny, mounted his Horse with some of his *Retinue*; and having sacrific'd to
their

their *Idols*, rode toward the Place where *Noah* and his Company were shut up in the *Ark*, with a Design to burn it to Ashes. He call'd out aloud to the *Prophet*, with Scoffs, saying, O *Noah*, where is the Water in which this Ship is to sail? It will be with you incontinently, replied the Holy Man, before you can remove your Station. Come down, thou *Dotard*, said the proud Infidel, otherwise I will burn thee and thy Companions with Fire. O miserable Man, said *Noah*, Turn to God, for his Judgments are ready to burst forth on you.

The Prince Incens'd at this, commanded his Slaves to put Fire to the *Ark*. But while he was yet speaking, he manifestly saw the Water gushing out on all Hands round about him, and under his Feet. Then his Heart was troubl'd, and full of Anguish and Fear. He hasted to secure himself with his Family and Goods, in the Castles which he had built, on the highest Mountains. But alas, the Earth open'd, and broke like a Spiders Web; so violent was the Force of the Waters which boyled up every where. The Clouds pour'd down vast Cataracts of Rain, mix'd with Dreadful and Insupportable Thunder and Lightning. The Miserable *Infidels* throng'd upon one another, cursing and blaspheming their Gods who had deluded 'em. Great was the Confusion and Cry every where; for such a Calamity had never been known since the *Moon* gave her Light. If any were so nimble as to reach the Foot of a Mountain, yet he could not ascend by Reason of Stones which fell on his Head, and Torrents of boiling Water that ran down upon him, as if it had come out of a Cauldron. And suppose he had reach'd the top, it had been but a short Delay of his Fate; for in a word, the Waters swell'd forty Cubits above the highest Mountains, and all the Living Generations perish'd.

Son

Son of my *Mother*, when thou readest this *Memoir* (for it is a *Fragment* of an Ancient *Arabick Writing*) think on the Day of Judgment, which shall surprize the World, even as the Deluge did. At that Hour, the greatest Part of Men will not dream of any such thing, till they see Flames and Rivers of Fire bursting forth from the Springs and Fountains which before yielded Water, and showers of Fire descending from *Heaven*, instead of Rain. For the *Elements* will change their Courses, to accomplish the *Decrees* of him who made them, and to consummate the Revenge of the *Omnipotent* against *Unbelievers*.

Paris, 2d. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER XV.

To Useph, Bassa.

Surely, the *Gods* of the *English* are angry with that *People*, and the *Guardian Spirits* of the *Isle*, have forsook their *Charge*. I sent a *Dispatch* at the beginning of this Year to *Murat, Bassa*; wherein I inform'd him of a *Destructive Plague*, raging at *London*, and in other Parts of the *Nation*. That *Pestilence* continues still, but under different Forms, to assault the Living, and augment the Number of the Dead.

God only knows the Origin of these *Epidemical* Contagions; whether they derive their *Pedigree* from *Heaven* or *Hell*; from the *Earth*, or any other *Element*. Perhaps some latent *Poysons* in the Air, mix with the *Breath* of *Mortals*, and by their *subtile Energy*, soon dissipate the vital
Flame.

Flame of Humane Bodies, like the Infectious Blasts of the Wind *El-Samiel* in *Arabia*, which in a moment's time commit a Rape upon the Lives of Travellers, scorching their Spirits up, and leaving on the Sands a black, stiff Carcass of Jelly'd Flesh, as tho' they had been Thunder-struck: Or, perhaps some Venomous Exhalations from the Minerals below, transpire through Chinks and Crannies in the Earth, to plunder Mortals of their Breath, like to the Fatal Vapours in the *Cave of Death*, not far from *Virgil's Grot* in *Italy*: Or, who can tell, but that some hidden *Meteors* above, or some Malignant *Stars*, may send down whole Battalions of empoysen'd *Atomes*, to invade this *Region of Mortality*; and in *Death's Name*, *King of the World Invisible*, to claim and carry away a certain number of *Ghosts*, prick'd down by *Destiny*, a *Tribute* set by *Fate*? However it be, that whole *Island* may well be call'd at this time the *Grand Infirmary of Europe*, where Baneful Sickneſs makes its Publick Residence. The timorous *Giaſfers* run from Place to Place, thinking to escape from *Heaven's* all searching *Pursuivants*. They fly from Populous Towns to Villages; and from these again to unfrequented Desarts, Woods, and Heaths, carrying their Wives and Children with 'em, and all the Substance of their Houses. The Roads are cover'd with the Caravans of doubtful Passengers, who dread to think of going back, to the Contagious Seats they left behind, yet know not where to be receiv'd anew. So general is the Consternation, so strong the Fear of those who yet survive, lest they should also catch the Infection and die.

Besides this, they have felt the strokes of another surprizing Calamity: *London*, the *Capital City of England*, being newly consum'd by Fire. It is not certain, whether *Design* or *Chance* first kindled

dled the devouring *Element*. But it fell out at an unlucky Season, when the Wind was high, and from its Eastern Quarter blew the Flames full West, which spreading North and South, demolish'd all before them, laying the greatest Part of that Rich and Famous City in Ashes.

Some ascribe this to a *Plot* of the *French*; others term it, a Judgment of *God*, for their Rebellion, Pride and other crying Sins. Whilst with equal Probability, a third Sort affirm, 'Twas contriv'd and put in Execution by a Cabal of *Carpenters* and *Masons*, who wanting Employment, and projecting the Method of enriching themselves, disdaining also the Inartificial and Obsolete Form of Buildings, resolved to put this City into a New Figure, and raise it according to the Models of Foreign *Architecture*. Every one guesses as his Affections incline him, or his Conjectures follow the Byass of his Interest. Men are always partial to themselves and the Cause they have espous'd. *God* only knows the Truth.

The Superstitious among the *Roman Catholics*, take Occasion from the timing of this Horrible Conflagration, to insult o'er the *English Protestants*; who from some obscure Passages in the *Book* of their *Gospel*, used to foretel in a *Prophetic* Manner, That the Final Ruin and *Catastrophe* of *Rome* would happen in this Year 1666. Whereas by Fatal Experience, more sure than vain Predictions, they find the *Metropolis* of their own Nation, reduc'd to Ashes.

Whoever are the Instruments in these *Tragedies*, 'tis certain the Designs of *Fate* are still perform'd. Every *Kingdom*, *State* and *Community*, has its Critical Periods and Climasters, wherein it suffers Detriment, *

etc.

* *This*

* *This Blank the Italian Preface mentions, and says, 'tis owing to the Loss of some Part of the Arabick Letter, suppos'd to be torn off by Chance or on some other Occasion.*

Paris, 2d. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER XVI.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

I Am melancholy, beyond the Description of *Painters, Poets*, or the lively Eloquence of *Cicero*. Methinks, I'm some *Exotick Being*; a perfect *Foreigner* on Earth; a *Stranger* to his *Laws* and *Maxims*. I appear to other *Mortals* like a *Giafer* or *Frank* in his *Western-Dress* at *Morocco, Babylon, or Constantinople*. I mean not for my outward *Habit*, (for in that I'm *Conformable* enough to the *Mode* of the *Region* where I reside) but I'm all *Unfashionable* within; *Ridiculous* in my *Sentiments* and *Conversation*. When others laugh, I sigh, and find a Reason to be sad, in the midst of merry Company. Even Wine it self that exhilarates all the World beside, does but encrease my Melancholy, by adding Strength unto my labouring Thoughts. It sublimates my Spirits up to Sacred Phrensies. I am all Lunatick at such a time. Each Glass creates new Dreams, more wild than the strange Flights and Raptures of a *Santone*. My heated Spleen, like Mount *Gibbel*, belches forth horrid Clouds of Smoak and Vapours, which lay long smothering in its spongy Caverns; these quickly spread and cover all the

the *Horizon* of my *Soul*, rendring it Dark and Glomy, as the *Cymmerian* Solitudes, or the more dismal Valleys bordering on the River *Styx*, where furly *Charon* waits to Ferry o'er the *Caravans* of trembling *Ghists*, and land 'em in *Elyzium*.

Oh! that those *Fables* of the Ancient *Poets* were but true! Or that I knew but something certain of our *Future State*! Whether the *Soul* survives or no, when Death has stopt the Circulation of our Blood? And what becomes of that *Immortal Substance*, after its parting from the *Body*? Whether it pass by Transmigration into the *Embryo* of some other Animal, as *Pythagoras* taught; or be united, swallowed up and lost in the *Universal Soul* of the *World*, as *Plato* did believe? Or if some other *Magnet* does attract its Presence; and hidden Sympathies of *Nature* teach it to form its self a Vehicle or Body of the Elements? Perhaps, some *Souls* unite with Air, whilst others mix with Water, Earth or purer Skies. This for its horrid Sins in Mortal State, may be by the *Eternal Nemesis* sunk down into the Fatal Caverns of Mount *Ætna*, *Strombolo*, or *Vesuvius*; there to Incorporate with burning Rivers and Lakes of Sulphur and other Minerals, to hear perpetually the frightful Cracking, Rumbling, and loud Thunders of those Infernal Vaults: to be without Intermission annoy'd with the Eternal Stench of melted Mines, whose poignant Vapours equally kill it and revive it every moment, that it may be confin'd to an endless Circle of Miseries: To feel the Excruciating Torments which no Tongue can utter; whilst the Incessant Rapid Motion of those Exalted and most Violent Fires, with which it is embodied by Decree of *Fate*, rob it of the very Possibility of the least easy Thought or quiet Minute; and at the same time rack it with Infinite Tortures.

Think

Think not my Dear *Physician*, that it is Impossible a Separate *Spirit*, can thus be sensible of Pains. There's no such thing as a Separate *Spirit*, save *God* who made all *Bodies*, and therefore was before them. The *Angels* themselves are partly Corporeal; so are the *Devils*. Do not believe then that Mortal Man, who is in a middle State between these Two, shall by Dying, gain a Privilege above the most Illustrious *Spirits* in *Heaven*. As soon as Death has dislodg'd us from One *Body*; *Nature*, *Providence* or *Fate*, provides us Another, according to our Qualities, Inclinations and Merits. We may as well by *Metempsychosis*, become the *Spirit* or *Soul* of a flaming Sulphur-mine, or at least of some Part of it, as of a Horse, an Eagle, or a Dove: For such, for ought we know, may be the Disposition of Divine Wisdom, Justice and Omnipotence.

By the very same Reason another *Soul* may be transported to the Open, Happy Skies, where it may either range in boundless, free, and serene Tracts of *Bliss*; or be Enfranchis'd in the Corporations of the *Stars*; to dwell in *Palaces* of *Azure*, *Topazes*, and *Diamonds*; to possess *Provinces* more Rich than in *Peru* or *Guinea*, where the Rusticks plow up Gold; more beautiful and pleasant, than the Famous Fields of *Theffaly*. *God* knows what will become of us after our Dissolution: But the Ignorance of this one Truth, occasions all my Melancholy.

Death is not formidable of it self, nor all the dolorous Circumstances that precede it: 'Tis only what comes after, raises all my Terror. Were I to melt away in lingring Agues and Consumptions; or to be sooner posted off in high wrought Fevers, Pleurisies, or Pestilence: Or if it were my Fate to die by Pistol, Sword or Poyson, or any other Kind of Slow or Sudden Death, allotted me

me from *Chance* or *Nature*, *Providence* or *Fate* : Should *Heaven* consume me in a Trice by *Lightning*; or this *Globe* with equal *Swiftneſs*, bury me in ſome ſurprizing *Earthquake* : 'Twould be all one to *Mahmut*, were it not for the After Claps, to which I am a Stranger. I tremble at the Hidden and Unſearchable Force of *Nature* : I dread the Irreverſible Unknown *Decrees* of *Fate*, the *Secret Methods* of *Eternal Deſtiny*, the *Laws* and *Order* of the Other *World*, in Billetting the Troops of *Humane Souls*, that go to *Winter* there, after this *Life's Campagne* is finiſhed.

Once in a Cold and Froſty Evening, as I was travelling o'er a bleak wide Plain, and felt the penetrating Blaſts of North-East-Winds, with chilling Sleet, which fell upon me from the Clouds; my Spirits alſo tyr'd with tedious Journeys, and my anxious Thoughts were wholly taken up about a Reſting-Place that Night, and how to avoid the Affaults of Robbers, with a Thouſand other Perils, threatning a Stranger on the Road; at length I chanc'd to think of the Untry'd and Remote Voyage I muſt One Day make to Another World. It chill'd my Blood to imagine the diſconſolate Naked Circumſtances of a *Separate Soul*, which for ought I knew, might be bewilder'd, loſt, and forc'd to wander up and down through untrack'd Waſtes of miſty frozen Air, where the Inhospitable Element affords no Guides, nor *Carvanſera's* to comfortleſs, poor, ſtaggling *Ghosts*; unleſs they would accept a Lodging in ſome Cloud, the Ciftern and Chariot of Rain, Hail or Snow; there to Incorporate with the unwelcome *Meteors*, and be whirl'd round the *Globe*, or elſe precipitated down to Earth again in Showers; from thence perhaps to be exhal'd by the Sun, and mix with *Embryo's*
of

of *Lightning*, *Fiery Dragons*, *Ignes Fatui*, or other Bodies hourly Flaming in the *Welkin*, and thus to circulate in *Endless Transmigrations*. Who knows the Circumstances of departed *Souls*, or *Laws* of a *Separate State*? Let him declare what Usage we shall find in that Invisible and Dark recess from Life: He shall be then esteemed more than *Apollo*, by the pensive *Mahmut*. Not the old *Delphick Oracle* could receive greater Reverence from the Inquisitive World; nor *Mecca* now from devout *Mussulman* Pilgrims; or *Medina Talnabi*, where the *Prophet* rests in Peace, than such an one should have from me, who could with unfeigned Truth discover how we shall be dispos'd of, when we die. But I am cloy'd and nauseated with the dull Romances of the *Priests* and *Derviches*.

My Friend, let thou and I learn to improve the Joys of present Life, and not by damn'd Mistakes deprive our selves of double Happiness. But let us so comport our selves, that our *Transmigration* may be but from the Pleasures of *Earth* to those of *Heaven*; from one *Paradise* to another.

Paris, 6th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

THE Blessings of *God* and his *Prophet* cheer thy Heart, as thou hast exhilarated mine by thy last Letter; wherein thou encouragest me with the Hopes of being remov'd from this disagreeable Post, to one more Delightful and Happy, even to a Sweet Country Retirement, either in *Arabia*, or any other Part of the *Grand Signior's* Dominions, which is the very Mark of all my Wishes.

I have a Natural Aversion for Great and Populous Cities. They seem to be so many Magnificent *Sepulchres* of the *Living*, where Men are shut up, Imprison'd, and buried from all Commerce with the Elements; or they are like *Hospitals* and *Pest-Houses*, where People crowd, infect, and stink one another to Death with a Thousand Pollutions. They hive together like *Bees*, and build their Apartments in Darkness. Like Nests of *Pismires*, they trudge up and down all the *Summer* of their *Youth*, to heap up Treasures, that they may spend the *Winter* of their *Old Age*, in loathsome Ease, and benumm'd Stupidity; not daring to venture out of the Purlieu of their nasty, smoaky Habitations, and yet they're ready to be stifled with their own Breath.

'Tis with Pleasure I contemplate the Face of the *Infant* Earth, before it was deform'd by the unnecessary Arts of the *Carpenter*, *Smith* and *Mason*: When Men had no other Houses, save what they made themselves, every one for his
Family

Family, of the Branches and Boughs of trees, interwoven with Osiers, Reeds and Ivy; and cover'd thick with Leaves and Grass to shelter them from Wind, Hail, Rain, and other Injuries of Weather. Or perhaps some had found out a Den or Cave in the Earth, or the Hollow of a Rock, for a Sanctuary in such Cases, where they repos'd in perfect Tranquillity, without Fear of Snares or Violence, without Apprehension of Robbers, or any Tragical Surprize. They went out and in, slept and wak'd, labour'd and rested in safety and quiet. Avarice, Envy and Injustice had not as yet corrupted the Minds of Mortals. The Earth brought forth Corn. Herbage, and Fruits, without the Husbandman's or Gardners Labour: All Places abounded with Plenty of Innocent Refreshments, and those Primitive Inhabitants coveted no more. The Cattle and Bees afforded them Milk and Honey, and the Fountain-Waters were Generous as Wine. This *Globe* was a complete *Paradise*, and no mistaken Zeal had taught Men Religiously to invade one anothers Rights, and in a pious Fury to murder their Neighbours, in hopes of meriting *Heaven* hereafter. There was no such thing as Bigottry or Superstition to be found among any of Humane Race. The *Law* of *Nature* was in Universal Force: Every Man pursu'd the Dictates of Reason, without hearkning after *Religious Sophistry*, and *Sacred Fables*.

But when once the Lucre of Gold had corrupted Men's Manners, and they not contented with the Riches and Sweets which they daily croot from the Surface of the Earth, had found a Way to descend into her Bowels, stung with an Insatiable Desire of hidden Treasures; then began Injustice, Oppression and Cruelty to take place. Men made Enclosures to themselves, and
encom-

encompass'd a certain Portion of Land with Hedges, Ditches and Pales, to Fence them from the Invasions of others; For the Guilt of their own vicious Inclinations, fill'd them with Fears, and made them Jealous of one another. They built themselves strong Holds, Fortresses, Castles and Cities. And their Terrors encreasing with their Criminal Possessions, they perswaded themselves, that the very Elements would prove their Enemies, if not pacified by Bribes and Presents. Hence sprung the first Invention of *Altars* and *Sacrifices*, and from these vain Panick Fears of Mortals, the *Gods* deriv'd their Pedigree. For one built a *Temple* to the *Sun*, another to the *Moon*, a third to *Jupiter*, *Mars* or the rest of the *Planets*. Some ador'd the *Fire*, others the *Water* or *Wind*. Every one set up to himself such a *God* as he fancied would be propitious to him. Thus Error being equally propagated with Humane Nature, they created an Infinite Rabble of Imaginary *Deities*, paying to those *Idols*, the Supreme and Incommunicable Honours, due only to the *Eternal Essence*, *Father* and *Source* of all things.

Besides, they liv'd in Intolerable Pride and Luxury, in constant Wars and Strife, in Darkness, Ignorance and Confusion. I speak of such as dwelt in Cities, and were incorporated together by one common Interest. For still there remain'd some who obey'd the Original *Laws* of *Nature*, and the *Traditions* of *Primitive Humanity*.

These dwelt in Tents or other Moveable Habitations, as our Countrymen the *Arabs* do at this Day, with the *Tartars* their Brethren. They scorn'd to fasten themselves to the Earth, by possessing any part of it in propriety: Every Field and Wood, Hill and Valley, River and Well, were with them in Common. They straggled whither they pleased.

This

This is the Life so emulated by me, or instead of that at least, a Retirement from Cities, that I may breath out my last Hours in a free Air, remote from the stifling Company and Contagion of Mortals. I long to range at Liberty through unfrequented Paths of Desert Ground, o'er wild, unpolish'd Heaths, from thence insensibly to fall into some Venerable Solitude, where the dry, mossy Barks of Trees, in silent Characters proclaim the Antiquity of the Place; and gentle Whispers of the Winds, instruct the Methods of *Platonick* Love; inspire strange Passions, which we never felt before, and teach us to converse with *Satyrs*, *Nymphs*, and other harmless *Tenants* of the *Shades*. How great is the Pleasure to be thus surpriz'd with some harmonious, warbling Stream, or Silent, soft, deep, Chrystal River? To speak *Incognito* with *Dryads*, *Hamadryads*, and the Sporting *Echo's*; To lie dissolv'd in Loose, yet Innocent Enjoyments on the Banks, to talk with *Nature*, with *Immortal Substances*, and with *Eternity* it self? Oh *God!* Is not this ravishing?

'Tis difficult to say, whether it would be Pleasant or Painful to return from these Ineffable Parades of the *Soul*, to our Domestick Felicities, tho' even in a Rural Life, which I acknowledge to be the Happiest on Earth. Yet there to trace the Herds and Flocks, to walk amidst the High-grown Corn, and Grass, to pluck the bearded Ears of Barley, to let our Eyes rowl o'er the various Figures of the Wind-blown Wheat and Millet, our Noses to suck the Fragrant Airs of Marjoram, Thyme, Oranges and Limons, with Innumerable Spices; our Ears to hear the Inimitable Melody of Birds, and every Sense to be transported, snatch'd away and lost in Sacred Ecstasies; must needs me rank d among the Highest Kinds of Earthly Pleasures.

But

But to descend from these Enjoyments, to the Meanest and most Common Diversions of a Country-Life; methinks there's something peculiarly charming in the very Ellenge Situation of the Houses; whether it be on the Brow of a Hill, or the Bottom of a Valley; in the midst of a Wood, or the Opening of a Heath; on the Side of a Road, or in some obscure Corner of the Country. 'Tis agreeable, when waking in the Morning, to hear the Bleating of Sheep, Lowing of Oxen, Screaming, Quacking and Crowing of Geese, Ducks, Cocks, and other Homebred Animals; to hear the lowder Winds, threatning to tear up Trees by the Roots, demolish Houses, and remove the Globe it self, if possible, from off its *Basis*. This would be better Musick to me for a Change, than a Consort of *Dulcimers*, *Theorbo's*, *Tymbrels* and *Viols*. Humane Nature delights in Variety, and there is a certain Audacious Curiosity in the *Soul*, which loves to venture on Extreame. The Rain, the Dirt, the Stink of Hogs, Camels, Dromedaries, and other necessary Rural Beasts, would please me better, than the constant tedious Ease, and Fulsom Sweets of *Court* or *City*. I sweat whilst thus shut up within these Walls: It cloyes me to be daily walking in a Circle, to trample always o'er the same Ground, in a vast Labyrinth of Houses, where my Senses meet no new refreshing Objects, but my Ears are hourly nauseated, vex'd and tir'd with the Ratling Din of Coaches, Carts, Artificers, and the harsh Voices of such as sell Flesh, Fish, and other things about the Streets. My Eyes can find no grateful Prospects, but dash'd with furly rugged Looks of proud and wealthy *Infidels*; or with the sly Satyrick Smiles of well-shap'd People, who condemn me for my Bandy-Legs, and Crooked Back.

In a word, my dear *Bassa*, I long to feel the gentle Breezes of the *East*, purifying my *Soul* and cleansing it from so many Pollutions. I languish for the Sight of *Turbants* and *Crescents*, for the devout Call of the *Muezens* on the lofty *Minarets*: I die in Contemplation of the Sacred *Fasts* and *Feasts*, the Nocturnal Joys of *Ramezan*, the Revels and Chearful Illuminations of *Beiram*, and the Imperial *Dunalma's*. When I think of these things, my *Soul* bursts forth in fervent Invocations, and every Faculty crys *Alla, Alla*.

May that *Divine* and *Immortal One* hear my Prayers, and grant me the Happiness to see the Face of Noble *Kerker Hassan*, in an *Horizon* pure and free from the Defilement of *Infidels*.

Paris, 14th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER XVIII.

To *Isouf*, his Kinsman a Merchant
at *Astracan*.

I sent a *Dispatch* to thee in the Year 1664. wherein among other things, I recommended our Cousin *Solyman* to thy Friendship and Patronage, if ever he should travel to *Astracan*, as I advis'd him. For thou know'st he has a Roaming *Genius*, without the Wit to improve himself in in any Foreign Country, unless he has a Friend to guide and take care of him: And then 'twill be a difficult Task to make him sensible where he is. He'll always think he is within the Verge of the
Grand

Grand Signior's Hunt, where he may domineer at large, under the Notion of a Retainer to the *Sultan*. He's a strange humour'd Fellow. I know not what to make of him. He's as Changeable as *Proteus*, or a *Chamelion*: Sometimes Religiously dull and Flegmatick, like a *Hadgi*; at another Season you shall feel his Pulse beating to the Tune of Youthful Pride, Ambition, Lust and other Vices. To Day he'd be a *Dervich*, *Santone*, or any thing that bears the Form of Holiness: But when he's slept upon't, the vain Young Convert would return again to the World, and be a Soldier, Courtier, Professor of the *Law*, or any Thing that makes a Figure in the eyes of Men. So unwelcome are the rigid Paths of Vertue, to a *Soul* not well establish'd in its *Principles*.

And yet our Cousin *Solyman*, as I am told, is the *Mussulman* of the *Mussulmans*, as to his *Exterior*. With Hand devoutly laid to Breast, and humblest Couch o'th' Head, he gives the *Salem* to his Friends and Neighbours: Soft, as the Signs of *Mutes* in the *Seraglio*: Humble as the *Grecian* Chapman, walking through the Streets, is forc'd to imitate, when he is hector'd by the Rampant *Fanizaries*.

But, Oh my Cousin *Isouf*, 'tis Grief to say, that *Solyman*, Partaker of our *Blood*, is Base, Ungrateful, and Perfidious: That he shou'd be thus Unnatural, studying the utmost Period of our Life; instead of Honest, Just, and Noble Presents, to prolong it.

I had Reason, long ago, to compare him to *Pontius Pilate*; and if I had gone on, and scum'd off all the most Enormous Crimes of Humane Race, 'twould be too little to express his Enmity against *Mahmut*, the kindest Uncle, and the truest Friend, that e'er poor *Solyman* cou'd boast of.

But

But he is Degenerate, and that's too little, without the mournful Sighs of thee and me, to increase the Aggravation of his Crime.

In Fine, he's our Kinsman, and let us shew Mercy. He has been perfidious to me, and I wou'd retrench the Words I have spoken in his Disgrace. If he comes to *Astracan*, do as thou pleasest: But have an Eye over thine own Affairs. Take not *Solyman* for an *Angel*. He is still but a *Turbant* maker; a Frolicksom Blade; and a Merchant that makes a very small Figure.

Cousin *Isof*, forget not the *Maxims* thou hast learn'd in thy Travels: Be true to thy Friends, and thy self. Honour the Memory of thy deceased Parents. Love all Men, that are good. And be not remiss in praying for the *Soul* of thy deceased Uncle, whenever *God* shall call for it.

Paris, 26th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1664.

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